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May 2, 1970 50¢

Inside Buckminster Fuller's Universe

by Harold Taylor

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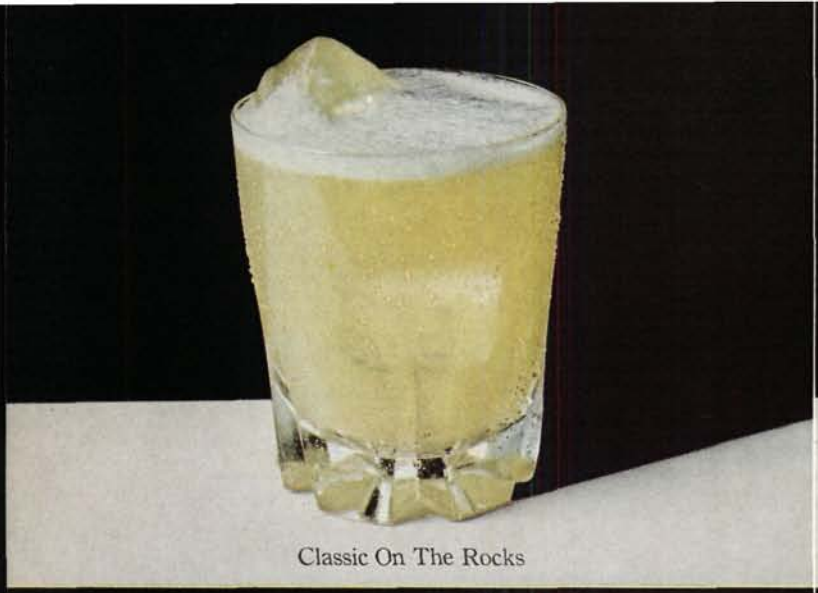

Classic On The Rocks

Orange

Peach

Banana

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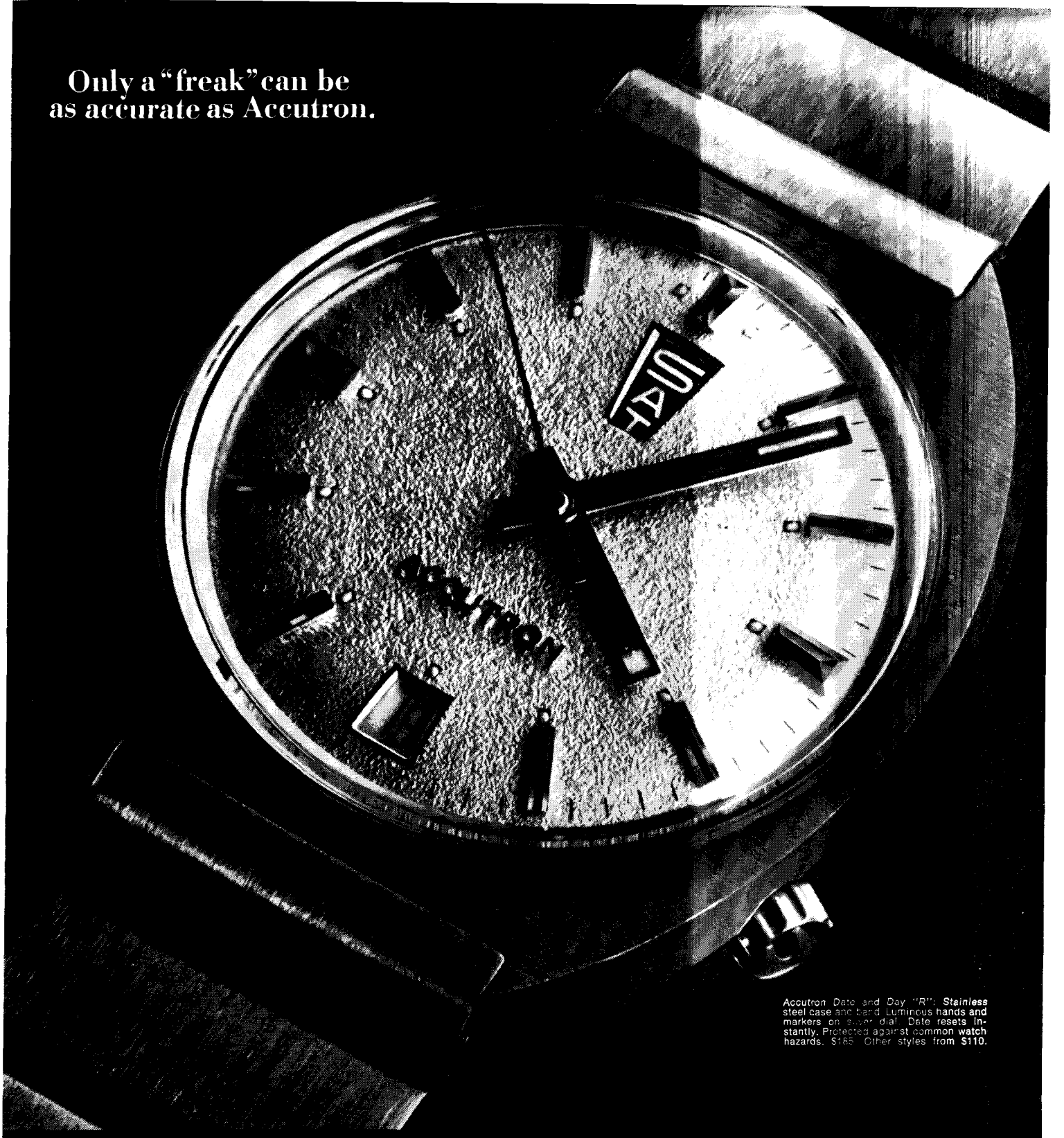

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At this writing, there is a lot of talk about *Up the Organization*, a punchy, tough-minded book written in short bursts of good sense. Without agreeing with everything in it (a fair portion seems to me outrageously logical, while other bits are merely outrageous), I want to call to your attention a quieter, fuller work which is extremely valuable: Thomas L. Berg's MISMARKETING.

Berg, Professor of Marketing at NYU, is no cloistered theoretician. His "case histories of marketing misfires" is a profitable book of stories about failures, fiascoes, and misunderstandings in American business. "You've got to put failure to work for you," Thomas J. Watson, Sr. once said. If he was talking about his IBM, that epigram deserves a longer life than some epigrams which are less substantially backed up.

Berg discusses what happened when a blue chip company such as General Foods decided to market a line of gourmet products. They apparently did not satisfy consumer appetites and/or their own. One eastern brewery moved into the thirsty and presumably profitable markets of California. Their effort dried up. Three titans of the chemical industry went into battle with a very promising product called "permanent anti-freeze." They were not (forgive me) frozen out entirely—but a clear victor failed to emerge.

How? Why? Who? Berg comes up with answers that are of benefit to all of us who work with markets and customers and profits and prestige in mind. A failure to set clear goals, with a realistic time schedule, is one reason. He gives many others—appalling, interesting, instructive.

MISMARKETING. One suspects that the word will find its way into the language. In fact, I think I already understand it better than "marketing."

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

MISMARKETING: CASE HISTORIES OF MARKETING MISFIRES ($6.95), by Thomas L. Berg, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located in The Fashion Center, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

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by Harold Taylor

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Edited by Martin Levin

The Vanishing Crowd

I DON'T KNOW when I first noticed there was no longer an operator running the elevator. But soon after, I made a disquieting discovery: There were no operators in any of the elevators, anywhere in town. It was as if the entire body of lift attendants as a group had been—eliminated. I felt vaguely uneasy.

The feeling was still with me as I pulled into a stall in the parking garage. I stared at the numbered stub, a chill creeping over me. No human hand had waved me past. A machine had sized me up, issued a ticket—an automatic barrier had swung up to let me pass. The entrance was unmanned.

My footsteps echoed hollowly as I crossed the expanse of concrete, trying not to hurry. But I was beginning to perspire when I reached the telephone booth. Inside, with the door closed, the dial tone was reassuring. I called the bus terminal. Perhaps what I needed was a weekend trip into the country. The girl's voice was brisk. "Thank you for calling Trailways. All lines are busy at this time. Please wait, and an operator will help you." Then she said it again, with just the same inflection. I put down the receiver. The voice was recorded. There was no one at the other end of the line—no one. Only clicking relays, and tape reels turning in a lifeless void.

My hands moist, I fumbled for more change. Feverishly I called an airline, a hospital, my bank, the harbor police. Everywhere it was the same. I thought I could detect the same voice, cunningly disguised, on every recording.

I stalled in the booth, pretending to study the directory. The pattern was not yet clear, but plainly I was onto something big and deeply sinister. The population was being methodically decimated. But how? And why?

Suddenly cool and analytical, I grappled with the problem. A plot by a foreign government? Incredible. Some monstrous bungle by the Food and Drug Administration? More plausible, but unconvincing. A CIA operation then, or the work of some extremist group? My mind reeled.

Cautiously I stepped outside.

At a newsstand, a headline caught my eye. POPULATION BOOM THREATENS SURVIVAL. Clearly now, I saw the strategy. Instill in the citizenry a fear of overcrowding, and no one would question gaps in the ranks. Missing persons would not be missed.

My eye fell on another column. JUMBO JET TO CARRY 500. Somewhere a bell jangled. Quickly I turned the pages. PAN AM OFFERS 20 NEW FLIGHTS, I read. Below that: UNITED WILL SERVE NEW POINTS IN MIDWEST, SOUTH. A tiny light flicked on. More flights? Bigger loads? Swiftly I did some calculations, while my mind raced, searching for clues. The puzzle was beginning to fit together.

Yes, it was feasible! With planes of large enough capacity, and a sufficient number of flights, 50 per cent of the population could be kept in the air at all times. On the ground, there would be some faces missing, but there would be room to move.

Relief flooded over me. I knew why the elevators were empty. I stopped for cigarettes. Lighting one, I felt like laughing. It had been a hellish couple of hours. But everything was going to be all right.

Smiling, I tipped the vending machine a dime. —CHARLES G. TIERNEY.

Anything Coming?

TWO YEARS AGO, when we returned to the United States after a year in England, we brought with us a Morris Minor, which we had used during our stay there. We had expected to sell it when we left for home but found that we couldn't bear to part with it. It is a small, serviceable convertible, modest and unassuming, and certainly would have been hardly noticed among the Alfa Romeos, Jaguars, and Mercedes-Benzes that flash about in this country now—except that, as a native English automobile, it has its steering wheel on the right.

Actually the driving itself offers very few problems, although still under the spell of English habits I did have a nasty moment when, within an hour after leaving the pier in New York, I drove comfortably and legally up one-way First Avenue on the left side of the street and then turned sharp left into the left lane of a two-way street at the end to discover a madman coming straight for me! And I can't deny that passing another car can be an adventure—you *do* have to pull out rather far to see if anything is coming the other way. But of course it is the passenger beside you on the left who really gets the old *frisson*, as my wife has observed rather bitterly on certain occasions. "I'm a sitting duck," is how she puts it. Parking the car, however, is a joy; you just stick your head out the window and there's the curb.

But the real fun is in collecting re-

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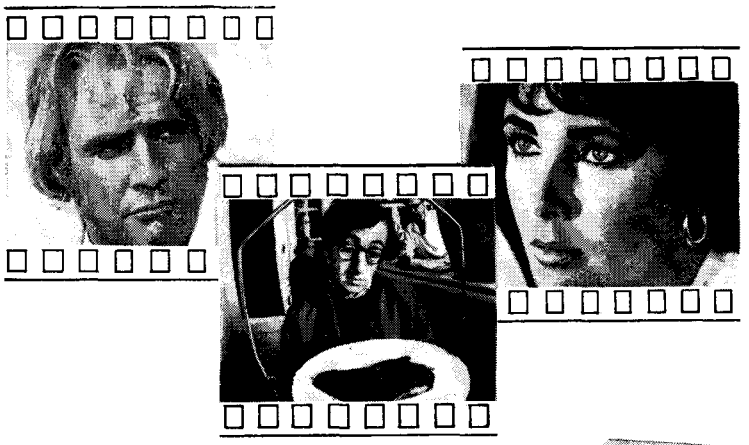

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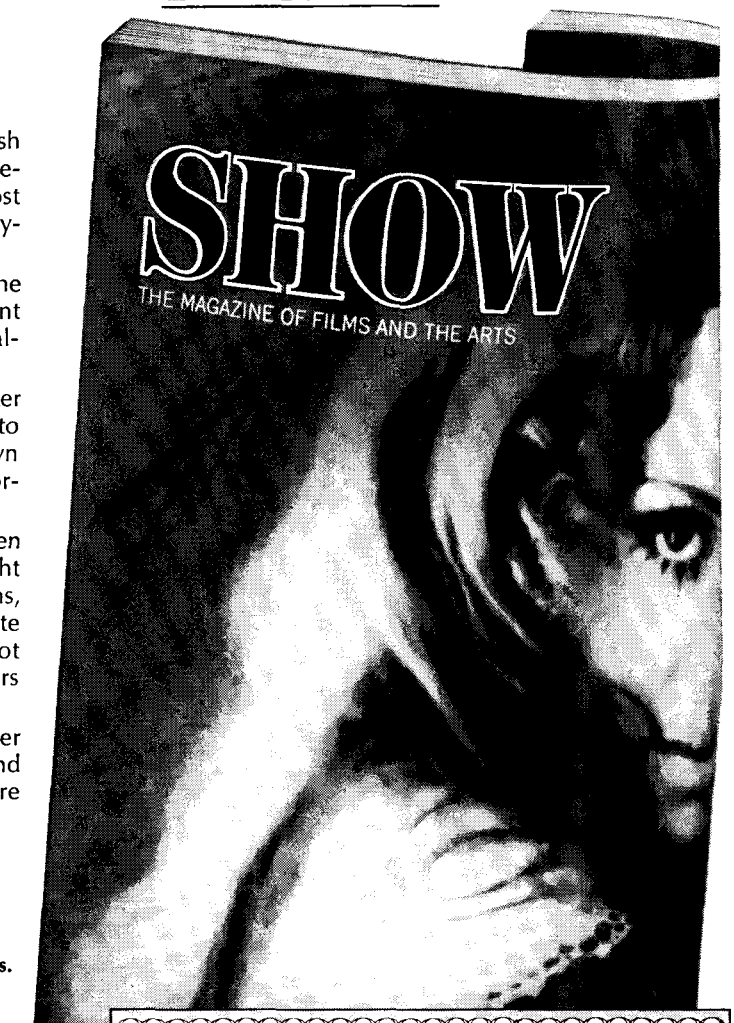

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actions. A car pulls up next to you at a red light and the driver glances idly over toward you. The result is usually a really vintage double-take. Then, without taking his eyes off you for a moment, he mutters out of the side of his mouth to the passenger on his right, who then leans down and cranes across him to see you. They're usually very late in getting off when the light turns green. This unwillingness to trust their eyes extends to passersby on the sidewalk, who often collide in their disbelief, spraying groceries in all directions. Small boys have been known to run alongside the car for a block or more, puffing with incredulity. The only exception to the rule is a certain breed of little bemused old lady wearing a fur tippet, who doesn't react at all, having never been sure, I suppose, which side the steering wheel is supposed to be on.

Gas station attendants, whom I had always regarded as a pretty sophisticated crew, turn out to be for the most part not very inventive in their responses. One gets something like, "Hey, they put your steering wheel on the wrong side, you know it?" If I'm feeling good I look at the wheel in front of me, then at the seat on my left, and then (slowly) back to the wheel, and say in amazed tones, "Well, I'll be damned!" But this is more trouble than it's worth, and besides it may very well be un-American. So more often than not I just smile wanly and say, "Heh, heh." In New Orleans, though, as I came to a halt beside the gas pumps, an attendant took one look at me behind the wheel and began to laugh. He couldn't stop laughing and finally had to be relieved of his duties. As I drove away I could see him sitting hunched on an oil drum, holding his stomach, the tears running down his face.

I wish to assure everyone, finally, that a stop has been put to a particularly fiendish but (I must admit) marvelously entertaining sport that my two teen-age kids discovered one summer day in the small village where we spend part of our summers. Sitting side by side in the front seat, what they did was drive around town, top down, until they had a car or two behind them. Everything appeared to be normal. Then all at once the one sitting on the left, where the driver in the car behind them reasonably enough presumed the steering wheel to be, would suddenly stand clear up, fling his hands in the air and collapse dramatically, dangling arms and head limply over the side of the car, as if throwing a fit. One of the several variations on this, I'm told, was for him to turn completely around in the seat and with a big idiotic smile wave both hands at the stunned driver following him.

What the village constable said was, "Either you make them kids behave, or the whole lot of you can go back where you came from." —IRVING KREUTZ.

"Guess who Miss Price picked to play poison ivy in the class play."

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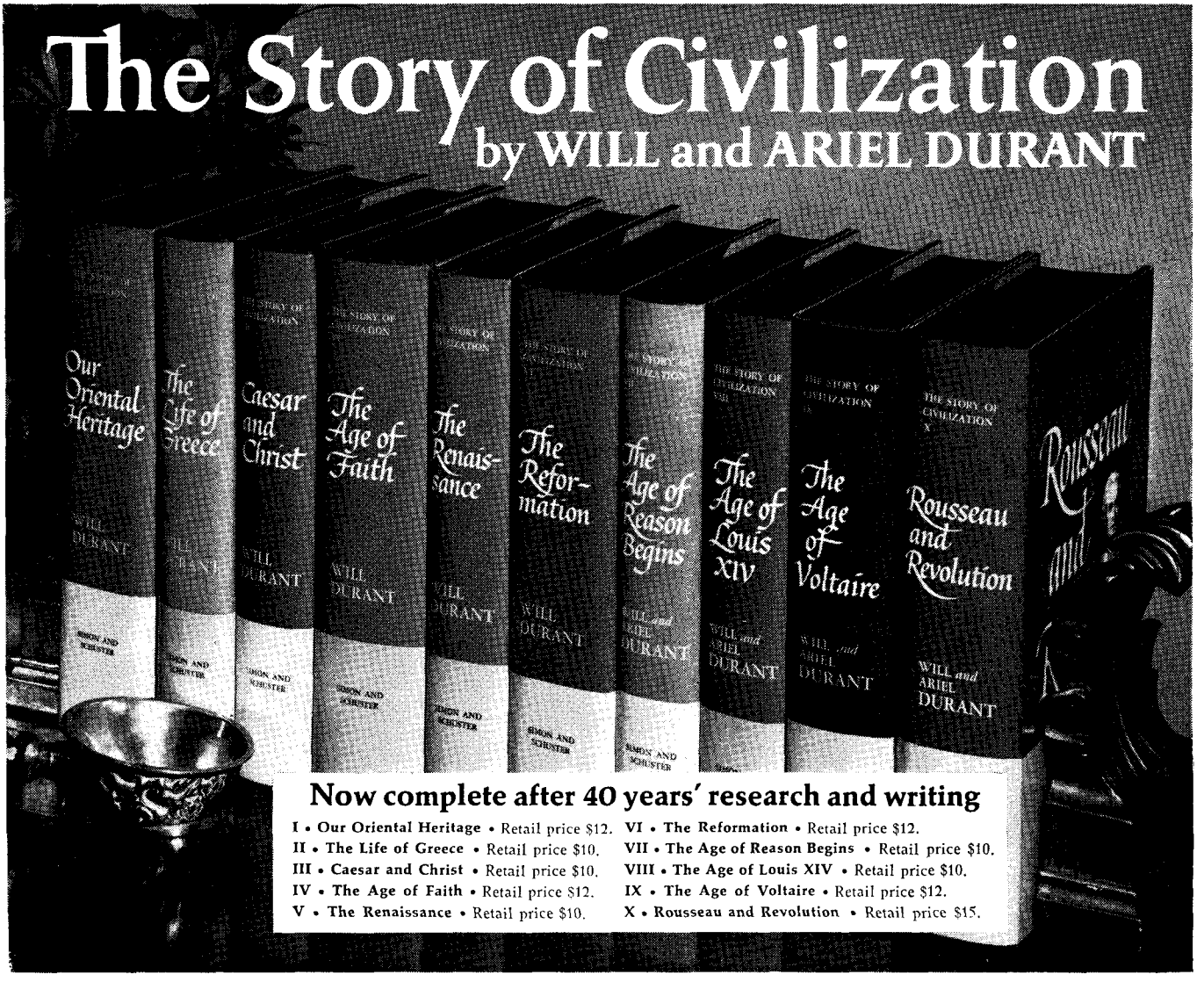

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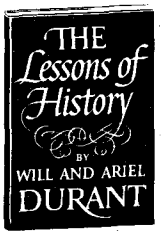

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Midi Skirt and the Feminist Movement

THE RISE of the New Feminism and the plunge of the miniskirt, both of which have made the current scene simultaneously, are not coincidental. Worse yet, in combination they form an obvious contradiction.

Let's take it from the beginning. The very beginning. In the beginning, you remember, God created the Heaven and the Earth, and a paradise known as the Garden of Eden. And when He turned on the light, He saw that it was good. (You can't do better research than the Bible—the old and unrevised version.)

There was this lonesome man in the garden. So, just for a rib, God gave him a woman. "And they were both naked," says Genesis 2:25, "the man and his wife, and were not ashamed."

He told them they could eat freely the fruits from all the trees in the garden, save one. That was the apple tree, the tree of knowledge. Also in the garden was this serpent, "more subtile than any beast in the field."

The serpent told the woman it was Green and Go on the apple tree. "Apples are not all that knowledgeable. Apples only know how to keep the doctor away," said the serpent.

"Serpent," she replied, "you speak with forked tongue. We have been told the apples are a no-no."

"Take a bite," the snake hissed.

And she did, and her eyes "were opened," and she "knew" that she was "naked." So she put a hem on a fig leaf and placed it strategically to hide her nudity. That pasty was the first mini.

But when God saw what she had done, He was outraged. He evicted her and her husband from the garden. No more fruit trees. He sent them east of Eden into the field. "Thistles and thorns shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field."

Bitter punishment! But it can be easily deduced that in the beginning, the very beginning, God favored nudity. And if so much wrath was wrought over a single fig leaf to hide nakedness, it is easy to imagine the heavenly turmoil that must have been created by the coming into fashion of the midi to hide a couple of knees.

The Bible has a way of repeating itself. In the beginning there was the mini in our Garden of Eden. There was also this famed fashion designer, Serpentino, who spoke to the women, saying unto them, "The midi is in. If you wear a mini you just don't know your apples."

So "subtile" was this serpent that his advice was heeded by even our President's wife. Taking a page from her husband's book, in which he had said we must lower our voices, she said that she favored lowering our hemline. She preferred, the papers announced over a photograph of a midi skirt, "The Longer Look." Translated, "Men No Longer Look."

The deafening crackle of spines swiveling in their sockets as men once turned to look is hushed along the avenues. The same woman who, once upon a more liberated day, attracted the girl-watchers, now passes unnoticed in her midi. The hem is now long, but a girl-watcher's memory is short.

This is the same woman who, only a spring ago, came home to model for her husband her newest mini.

"Haw!" he exclaimed. "It's too short."

"Don't you haw at my hem," she replied tartly. "And don't be a square."

A fashion designer, you see, is round. And rich. And getting four times richer with the coming of every season.

This cavalier attitude toward second-class citizens known as husbands is inflammatory Feminism. But when some strange, designing man tells her that her hemline should be below her knees, she is off on a shopping spree to fulfill his chameleonic whims. That's barefaced Femininism, new and old! Go figure.

But hold! There is hope. There is another serpent in our Garden of Eden. This one is a good serpent. Revlon. In a full-page ad announcing the new "Midi Look Face," and displaying a raft of cosmetics, it asks in bold type this question: WHEN LEG WATCHERS TURN INTO FACE WATCHERS, WILL YOU BE READY FOR THEM TO WATCH YOU?

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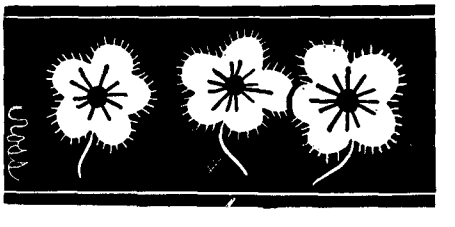

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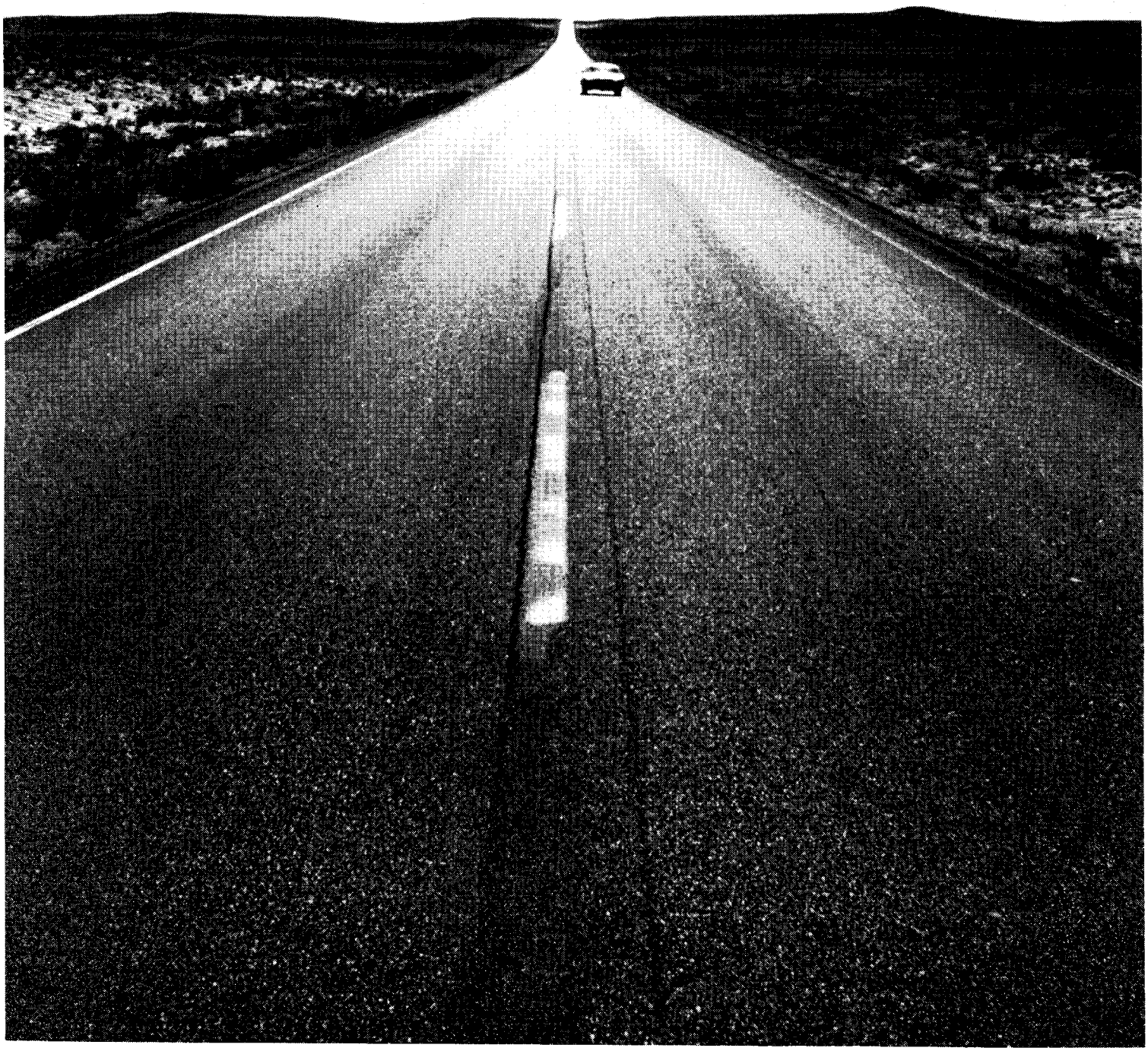

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Half-Life

SADA THOMPSON'S sometimes hilarious but always desperate portrayal of a bitterly cynical mother in *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* at the Mercer-O'Casey Theatre is probably the finest performance of the current theater season. Indeed, it is so uncompromising and bold that it overwhelms author Paul Zindel's efforts to make his play affirmative.

The play begins on a gentle and positive note as we hear the thoughts of Mathilde, the plain, introverted daughter, who remembers her deceased father's poetic scientific philosophy about all people being composed of the same atoms that existed billions of years ago and may even have been wafted from galaxy to galaxy. But this prologue is interrupted by the self-destructive reality of the household in which she lives. We soon discover that her mother is a frantic, unkempt woman pushed to the edge of madness by the necessity of bringing up an older daughter, Ruth, an epileptic, and Mathilde, who seems incompetent and who adds one more problem to the family by keeping a pet rabbit, which her mother uncharitably calls "that Angora manure machine." To support her daughters, the mother has had to take in a senile woman whose uppity daughter prefers boarding her here to the more expensive procedure of putting her in a nursing home. And on top of all this woe, the older and prettier daughter seems to hate both her younger sister and her mother.

Then the mother learns that Mathilde has been encouraged by her science teacher to do an original experiment on growing marigolds from seeds that have been exposed to varying degrees of atomic radiation. She is furious and tells the teacher, "Mathilde has enough problems in this world without sterility." However, even her jealous sister feels pride that Mathilde's experiment has been selected as a finalist competitor in the school science contest, and reluctantly the mother allows her to raise the plants. And when the day comes for the judging, the mother is persuaded to dress up and go to school for the ceremonies.

Here is where Miss Thompson's tough-minded intelligence fights the play. She just cannot keep her wonderful characterization true and at the same time temporarily become a loving mother who believes that her sacrifice for her family may be worth it after all. Instead, she holds onto her cynicism and very tentatively goes through the motions of proud motherhood. Thus, when the bubble is burst, it is less effective because we feel she expected it all along. And although the play's final statement suggests that the members of this tragic household are mutations and that ultimately out of mutations will come something better, the observed stark events pessimistically indict American family life.

Miss Thompson is great within a tightly controlled range. Her portrait is of a woman who knows herself too well ever to go to pieces, but who expresses her deep frustration in inspired bursts of sarcasm. When the scientific term "half-life" is explained to her, she seizes onto it anticly as the perfect description of her existence. Somehow her complaint about the predicament she has been left with—first the fights with her husband, and then "the divorce, the thrombosis, he deserved it!"—is both wretched and amusing. She can snap off a line like "I hate a house that vibrates" in a way that will delight admirers of James Thurber and W. C. Fields.

Under Melvin Bernhardt's intelligent direction, Miss Thompson received capable support from Pamela Payton-Wright as Mathilde, Amy Levitt as Ruth, and Judith Lowry as the nonagenarian boarder. Fred Voelpel's setting admirably creates an environment of disorder for this moving study of one woman's disintegration.

In a very different way, the "half-life" many Americans live is depicted by the Open Theatre's new work *Terminal*. The entire company is dressed in impersonal white hospital clothes, as ritualistically they are called back from their graves. They beat the floor in an agony we don't at first understand. But gradually we sense that their anger is against the way they had allowed their lives to be routinized, the way they had accepted a relatively joyless and meaningless existence leading only to the embalming table.

"This is your last chance to use your eyes," the victims are told, and then a black adhesive patch is placed over their eyes. "This is your last chance to use your legs," and the victims crumple onto a dolly. The embalming process is then demonstrated, as a woman furnishes a running commentary about the disemboweling, the stuffing, the sewing of the lips into a smiling expression, and the application of cosmetics "to give the face a natural look."

This macabre but not humorless event is followed by a dozen or so others, each of which has to do with the living individual's inexplicable willingness to suffer the humiliations that precede death. People march obediently in a circle while a female overseer intermittently squeaks, "Very good!" which perhaps capsulizes our childish vulnerability to approval. Similarly, some of the victims lament that they are dead because they said yes when they wanted to say no, dead before they ever knew what they were saying yes to.

There are angry statements, such as when a black person tells his exploiters, "I knew who I was when your hatred set me free," or when a convict tells his warden, "My prison is made of steel. Yours is in your head." But the play is really directed at those people who neither face their death nor participate in their life. We are told over a hand amplifier, "The judgment of your life is your life. There's a space between what was done and what could have been done, and you are rooted in that space."

The ending is strangely happy as the cast line up to perform a number called "Presence and Absence." In it, they alternate between periods of playing ocarinas and periods of silence. Obviously, the musical intervals represent our attempts to divert ourselves from living with the presence of death, and the silent contemplations represent the state of grace that can be achieved by living with full awareness.

Terminal is a collective work created by the Open Theatre Ensemble, co-directed by Joseph Chaikin and Roberta Sklar, with text by Susan Yankowitz. It will play in repertory with the Open Theatre's productions of *The Serpent* and *Endgame* at Washington Square Methodist Church for three weeks at the end of May, and ticket information can be obtained by telephoning SU 7-2358. It is an unforgettable sequence of simply executed images, an experience that will jar you out of your half-life if anything can.

The new revival of Sandy Wilson's marvelous replica of a 1920s musical, *The Boy Friend*, provides a refreshing opportunity to enjoy the nostalgic nonsense of that era, and at the same time to recognize that it was not nonsense to people of that era. Under Gus Schirmer's direction, the flapperish dancing is spirited, and the catchy music is lovingly sung. Judy Carne makes a maturely confident Polly, and Sandy Duncan is so engagingly vital as Maisie that she stops the show. This version of *The Boy Friend* occasionally works a little too self-consciously at "style," but it is still more relaxed fun than any of the other new musicals.

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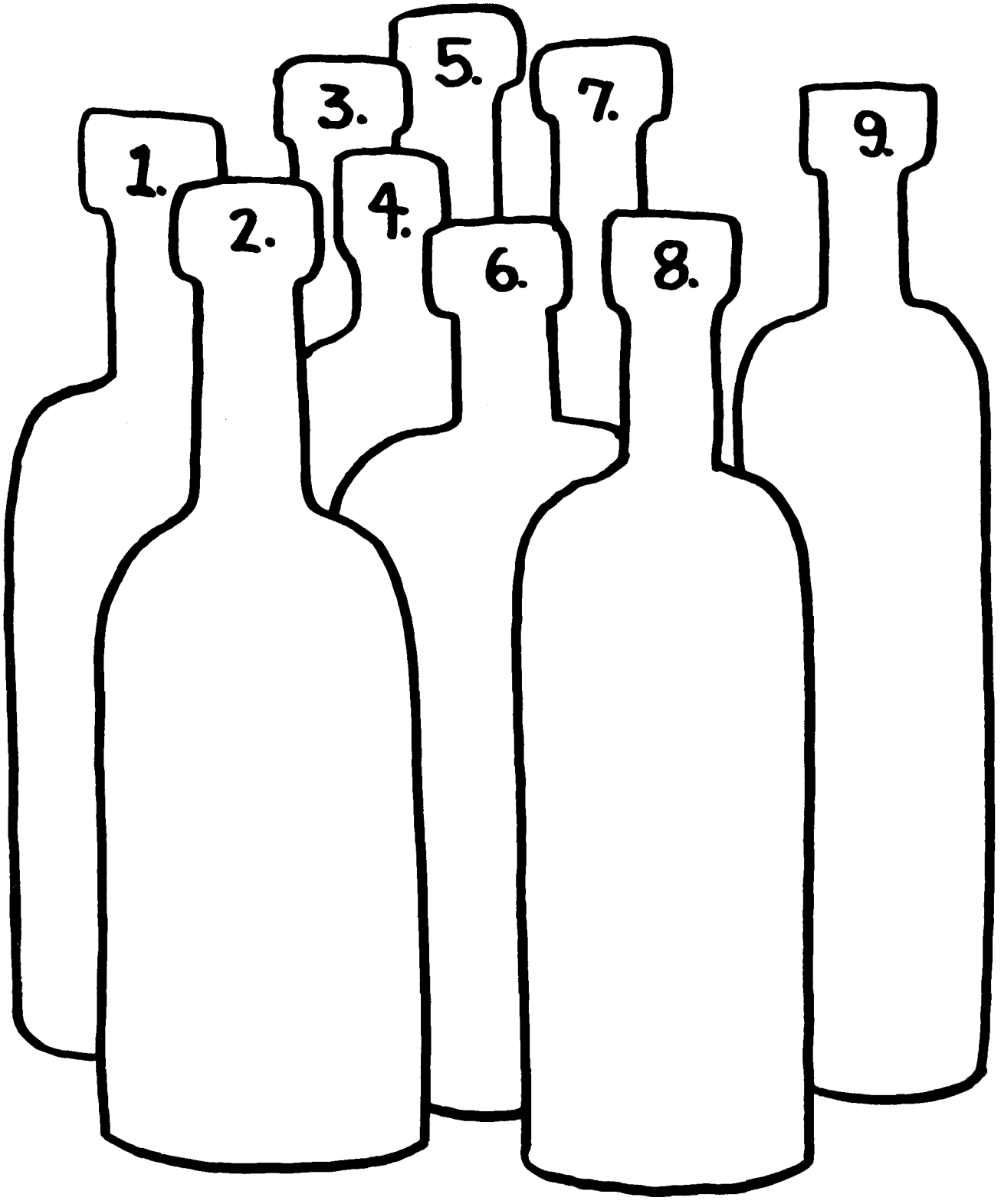

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

The first two volumes of Scribner's *Dictionary of Scientific Biography* will be published in May. It is an ambitious undertaking, international in scope, involving work with scholars from many foreign countries. That keeps translators busy. A problem sometimes arises when a scientist from abroad decides to write in English. A Russian contributor did that recently, and editors had to return his manuscript to Moscow heavily edited. They worried about how he would take it. They were only slightly relieved when he wrote back: "I acknowledge your suggestions with tanks."

I have been studying a number of college catalogues and bulletins lately, for a member of the family, and occasionally I get the feeling that, like Chinese food, they have a common origin, with the essentials being piped underground to different parts of the country. Every college is "ideally situated" with "a long tradition" of something. Each claims to be "liberal," offering "a wide variety of educational opportunities in the total academic environment," while at the same time it "identifies the special intellectual needs and abilities of the individual student." The result, of course, is a graduate who "fulfills his educational goals" and is "prepared for the rewards of self-discipline in a free society."

It was a relief, then, to be given a copy of *The Insiders' Guide to the Colleges*, just published by Putnam's. It is the result of an amazing research job by the staff of the Yale *Daily News*, consisting of a most readable and informative introduction about applying for admission, plus a description of more than one hundred colleges in the land. For the details and statistics, you will have to go to the bulletins, but you can read them until you're blue in the face and still not know what a place is really like. As the Elis put it here, "Most important college experiences take place in the bars, pool halls, fraternities, clubs, football stadiums, sororities, pizza parlors, and dormitories." There is enough truth in the statement so that the *Insiders' Guide* appears invaluable. Here are some samples of its revelations:

Sarah Lawrence: "The girls . . . are all very interesting, alive, experienced, and intelligent, but no one will deny that most of them are somewhat neurotic, and a few quite crazy."

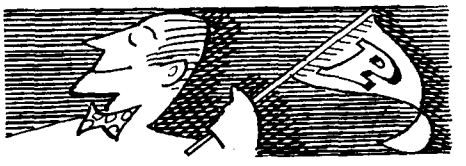
University of California, Berkeley: "The greatest advantage of Berkeley is size. The greatest disadvantage, of course, is size."

Northwestern: "Evanston rolls up its sidewalks by 11 p.m. Students looking for entertainment or booze must go to nearby Chicago."

Boston University: "Nothing that is fun is allowed in dormitories."

University of Miami: "Only college in the nation to offer a course in scuba-diving for credit."

Princeton: "Seeks 'a rounded, total man' (translate as vaguely smart jock



with wealthy parents and extremely conventional background)."

Baylor: "Because students seem to be content with the right to have cars on campus, there is virtually no political activity or confrontations with the administration."

Louisiana State University: "Can provide all the joys of life but not of learning."

I reported in the March 7 TRADE WINDS that Chaucer had been first to talk about doing one's own "thynge." It prompted Ed Darling to look in Erikson's *Gandhi's Truth* and find this quotation from the ancient *Bhagavad-Gita*: "Better one's own *dharma* though imperfect, than another's well performed. Better death in doing one's own *dharma*. Another's *dharma* brings danger."

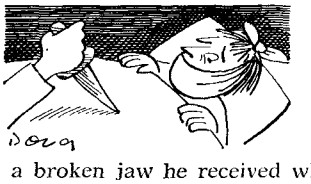
After some Indians occupied Alcatraz and others tried to invade some Army forts near Seattle, a tribe in the East planned to seize Ellis Island, an abandoned place in New York Harbor. The motorboat broke down, and the plot failed. However, the Great White Fathers in Washington got very disturbed and assigned the Coast Guard to patrol the waters.

The notion of the redskins having the audacity to desire a piece of *somebody else's land* also aroused the New York *Daily News*, which editorialized that, if the American Indians want Ellis Island, "let them sue in the appropriate court for legal title." I read the *News* enough to know that it wasn't trying to be funny. I can only reflect that the last thing any paleface would want is a thorough title search to the North American continent.

Ron Kingsbury, a salesman for Houghton Mifflin, recently called on a stationery and bookstore in Kingston Street, Boston. He was pushing his best-selling *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*. But the proprietor indicated his large supply of *Webster's* and wasn't having any. Next door a downtown lot was being cleared for new building construction. Just then a zealous bulldozer operator shoved too far in one direction, bringing down a wall of the bookstore. A few tons of debris fell onto the supply of *Webster's*. Kingsbury took out his order pad and signed up the manager for a hundred copies of the *Heritage*. According to my definition, that was opportune.

Sharps and Flats: According to the Associated Press story at the time, when Smith Kline and French donated a million dollars in drugs to Biafra, they consisted of vitamins, iron supplements, and tranquilizers.

► Maud Volandri finds the following complete news article from the San Francisco *Chronicle* the perfect example of how to get everything in one, succinct sentence:

> Corsica—A Young Sardinian shepherd recovering in a hospital here
>
> 
>
> with a broken jaw he received when he attacked another shepherd with an ax was knifed to death in his bed by the other shepherd, police said yesterday.

► Bob Orben says the postal workers were forced to strike. If they had called a slowdown, nobody would have noticed.

► Show me a certain African antelope with an inflammation of the lungs, and I'll show you a case of gnumonia.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1881)

(INGE) MORATH AND (ARTHUR) MILLER:
IN RUSSIA

Clearly there is something, called Russia, . . . a sort of grand maternity which enfolds and sometimes suffocates but is nevertheless as real as injustice and yet is ultimately beautiful, making other countries seem tame, superficial, irrelevant.

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The drunk driver will kill 673 of us this week. Is your number up?

Last year, 35,000 Americans were killed in crashes where drinking was involved. That averages out to 673 a week.

This may be your week.

Or maybe you'll be one of the two million or more slightly more fortunate people who will merely be injured in an alcohol-related crash sometime during the course of the year.

The situation is bad, and each year it gets worse. But it can be turned around if you're willing to help in a few simple ways. As a beginning, each state needs the tough, effective drunk driving laws recommended by the National Highway Safety Bureau. (24 states now have these laws.) The next step is fair, impartial enforcement of the laws.

Help stop traffic slaughter.

For a free copy of the new booklet, "The Drunk Driver May Kill You (What You Can Do To Help Get Him Off The Road)," write to the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Home Is the Hunter, Home from the Hill, and the Housewife Wandering Through Saks

As MOST MEN must in time, I had fallen below and behind the call of Internal Revenue, and had raced off on a flash-flood lecture tour of the mountain states. Never mind the itinerary. Statistics bore, and only invention illustrates. Let's say I had gone from Great Bumps to Silt Bottom to Alkali to Hughes Vegas where, without even squandering my loot at one of the spinning Toolco subsidiaries, I flew west to Disney-Vista-by-the-Sea in order to get a connection east to Newark, which is within a $16 cab ride of home, which is hunter's arrival, love, potluck, and the sweet clamor of savagery that passes for family life in these declining years of the Stone Age. What atavism urges men after a week on the road to race home as if they could not delay by one more minute the act of dumping the slain stag at the mouth of the cave?

As it happened, I raced in to find no one home but Dippy, my German shepherd, whose love is given to more claws than I am wholly glad of in a new suit. I can afford his love when I am in chinos, but not when I am wearing upper-middle-class threads after a week's absence.

By keeping the suitcase between me and the frenzies of devotion, I did manage to make it to the bourbon without getting ripped. There was hamburger in the refrigerator, and it took no more than a pound to persuade Dippy to first causes and thence to a surfeited grunting at my feet while I sat to my drink. I was less than halfway through the second when the phone rang.

"Sorry," my wife said. "I guessed you might get in early, but I've got to stay in New York and find something for Cindy's anniversary."

"Cindy's anniversary?" I said. "Didn't Ed get himself somehow conjoined into it?"

"You know what I mean," she said.

"Come on home," I said, "and give them some used money; it will be cheaper."

"Take a steak out of the freezer and unwrap it. The kids are at the Teen Fair. If you leave it in sunlight, it will be thawed in time. I'll be home as soon as I find something."

"What are you looking for?"

"If I knew, I'd have bought it already."

"What do you do," I said, "go up one aisle and down another until something jumps up and says it's for Cindy?"

"Something like that."

"Darling," I said, "you're not shopping; you're prospecting."

"There are lima beans in the freezer," she said. "Or broccoli tips."

"I am the hunter returned to the cave with a stag on my shoulder. Come home and cook the stag."

"And plenty of salad things."

"I can see you're out for bonanza or bust."

"There's fruit salad for dessert."

"Fill your water bags before you set out across Saks."

"And feed the dog."

"If you get lost, climb a pole and cut the wire. The repair crew will find you."

"Don't forget to unwrap the steak."

"Good hunting," I said.

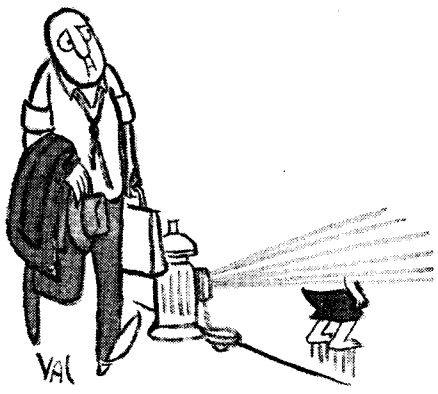
"See you soon."

"I'll keep the assay office open for you."

"Bye."

"Ta."

I went to the Chinese restaurant and had butterfly shrimp. She came in on the 9:17 with a late Ming Dynasty funeral urn—about 326 years too late counting from the death of Chu Yu-chien in 1644—and spent seven hours gift-wrapping it. As it happened it took me all of those seven hours to catch my breath, and to break the catatonic spell that had gripped me at first sight of the thing. It was, therefore, exactly 4:25 a.m. (it had taken her six minutes to get home from the station, and two to unveil the treasure) when I heard myself exclaim (quote) Wow! (unquote). The mind is a curious instrument. I had no sooner broken the spell than I realized that the kids had come home and had been paid off, that I had sleepwalked the dog around the block, that the bourbon was low in the bottle, and that all had happened while time had stood still, dazed by the force of revelation.



"Don't you adore it?" she said, craning her head to admire it from one side and another.

"Whose ashes is Cindy supposed to put in the thing before she buries it?" I said.

"Cut it out," she said. "You know Cindy raises great glads and irises. They'll look marvelous in this vase."

"Maybe," I said, "but I still have visions of it stuffed with Ed's ashes. When you make out the card, tell Ed that, if I outlive him, I promise to wet the ashes with sour mash before I let the dingus be sealed. And ask him to do the same for me, if I go first."

"Don't be morbid," she said.

"I am the man's friend. The man is my friend. We pledge faith. *Frater in perpetuum*, man to man, true to the end, and honor bright."

"All right, wise guy," she said, her head still birdy-jerking in the act of admiring the Thing (or was she estimating the yards of wrapping paper it would take?), "and what would you have picked out for a fourteenth anniversary?"

"A split of champagne for Cindy-bird and you, two gallons of bourbon for Ed and me. Everything in proportion."

"Stop bragging and answer the question. What would you have picked?"

"For a gal that raises great glads? What else, my love, but an imitation Nan-ki Poo vase with a mouth that might hold two whole glads if you shaved and pressure-cooked the stems."

"My God," she said, "I hadn't noticed how small the opening was!"

"No problem," I said. "It will still take Ed's ashes if they're powdered fine."

"Stop it!" she said. "It's still beautiful even if it won't hold glads and irises. And it's the only thing I saw all day that *looked* like Cindy."

"In a way," I said. "But the mouth is too small for a real resemblance."

She had a drink. A long slow one. "I'm afraid you're right," she said from the bottom of the glass.

"Don't put me in embarrassing positions."

"I spent all the money I had. What shall I do?"

"I'm home with a stag on my shoulder, and it's stuffed full of money."

"But there isn't time to go shopping again."

"How long will it take to call my liquor connection tomorrow?"

"Are we back to one split and two gallons?"

"We can always work out the proportions."

"But what will we do with the vase?"

"Darling," I said, "it's what I've always wanted."

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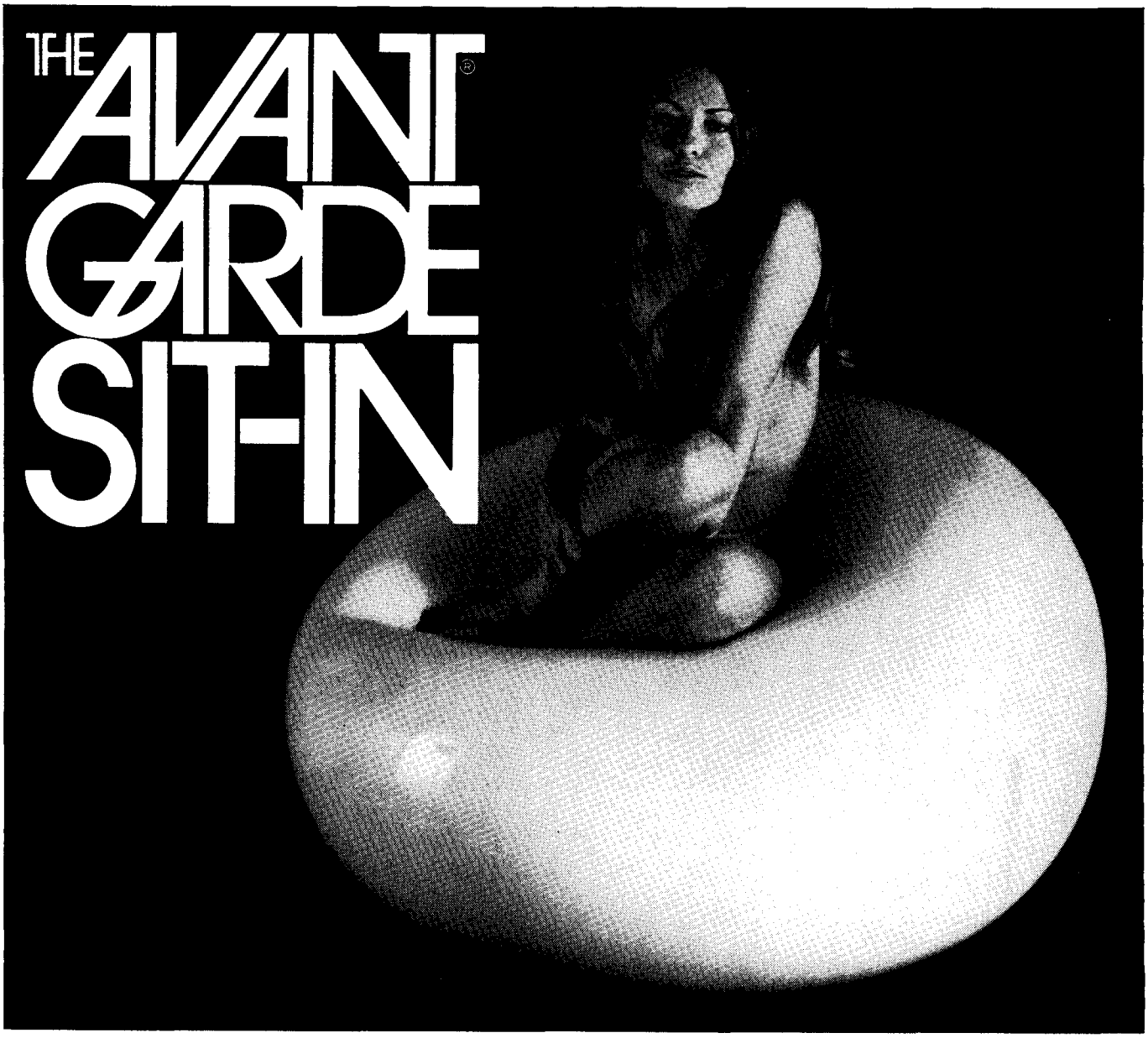

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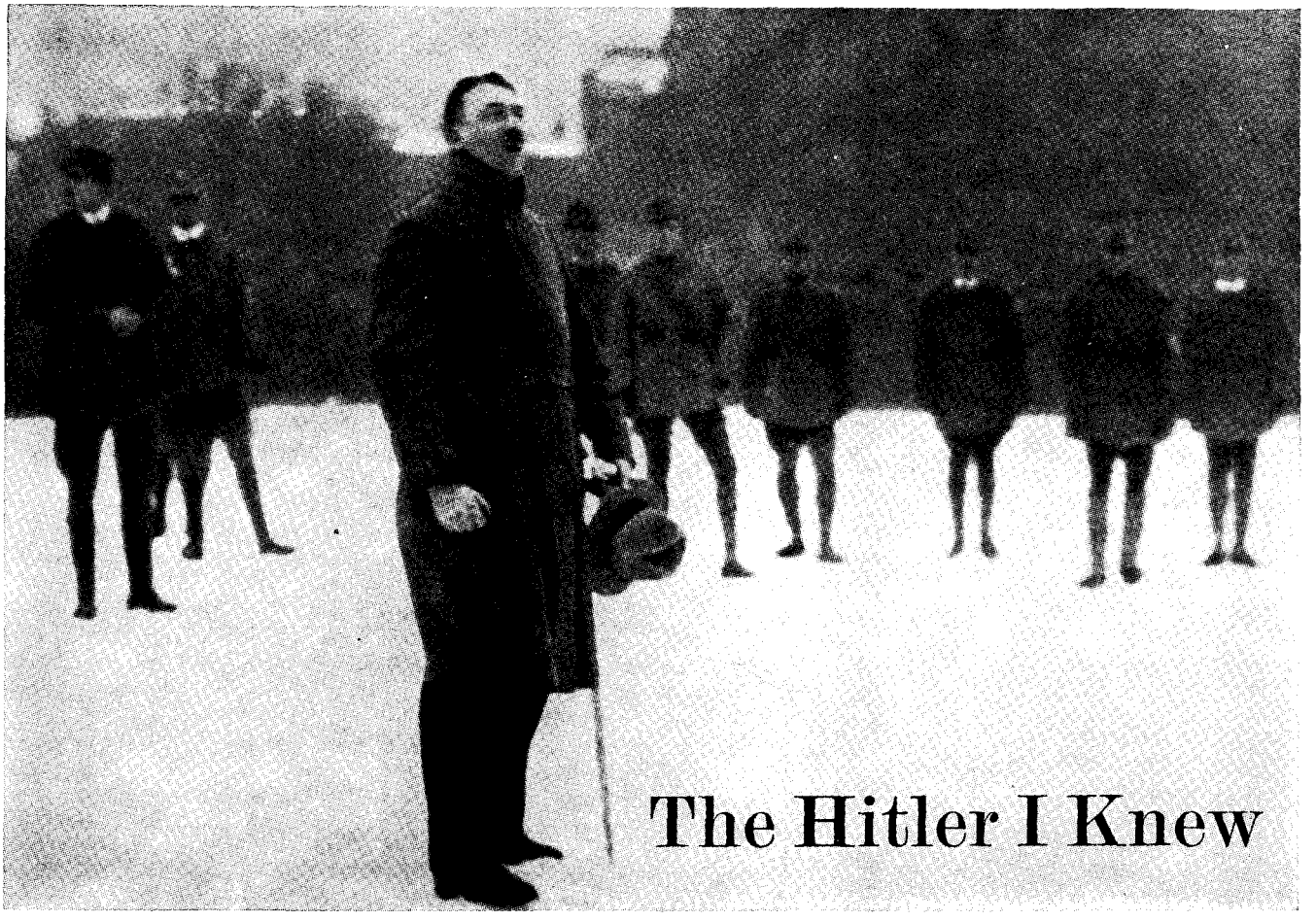

The Hitler I Knew

by STEFAN LORANT

A quarter of a century has gone by since the day—April 30, 1945—when Adolf Hitler blew his brains out in a Berlin bunker. A megalomaniac, convinced of his own infallibility, he believed until the end that Germany and his person were synonymous. He took his country into the abyss with him, preferring to destroy Germany rather than to admit defeat or relinquish his power. A cunning and unscrupulous liar, cynical and vulgar, brutal and cruel, without love and without compassion for humanity, he was a political genius with the soul of a gangster.

I was acquainted with him in the Twenties. When we met on the street in Munich, where we both lived at the time, he nodded in recognition and gave a self-conscious salute with his whip. Sometimes he stuck out his hand for a shake. It was weak and flabby.

Those of us who worked on newspapers and magazines used to congregate at the Café Heck in a corner of Munich's English Garden. Hitler, then editor of the *Illustrierter Beobachter*, a competitor of the *Münchner Illustrierte*, which I edited, was a regular patron. At noontime the café was like an open-air press club. Hitler, wearing a slouched hat and a crumpled trench coat, seemed somewhat out of place there. He forever clutched a whip (it seemed to give him security) and was in the habit of snapping it to emphasize a point. While we younger men eyed the passing parade of *Fräulein* in colorful light dresses, he kept blathering about the shameful Versailles Treaty or about the problem of *Lebensraum*. He never joined in journalistic small talk and seemed not to care at all for gossip and jokes. He seldom laughed or even smiled; we considered him something of a bore.

At this time—the middle Twenties after he was released from Landsberg prison—Hitler was still a strictly Bavarian phenomenon, his name not yet a household word in the other parts of Germany. Munich was a mecca then

"At noontime in the cafe . . . he never joined in journalistic small talk and seemed not to care at all for gossip and jokes . . . we considered him something of a bore."

—Photographs from Stefan Lorant's forthcoming study of Hitler and the Nazi era, to be published by W. W. Norton.

STEFAN LORANT, author of *Lincoln: A Picture Story of His Life, The Glorious Burden,* and other books on the American Presidency, was editor of the *Münchner Illustrierte Presse* in Munich until Hitler's accession to power in March 1933, when he was among the first to be jailed by the Nazis.

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for kooks and fanatics. Cults of astrology, demonology, and numerology flourished. The leaders of such cults differed little from Hitler. My friends among the foreign correspondents laughed him off as just another nut. But he was already a powerful demagogue, capable of holding an audience spellbound for hours.

This uncanny power, combined with his unshakable confidence that he was destined to mold the future of Germany, made me think twice about him. One night on a train between Munich and Berlin we exchanged a few words outside our sleeping compartments. "If you want to survive, you should join the future," he said lightheartedly, meaning himself. The words were uttered jokingly, but even so he gave me that theatrical piercing look which mesmerized so many. He was cocksure of his future, cocksure of his mission, cocksure of his destiny, cocksure that he was the savior of Germany.

I first heard him address an assembly in a beer cellar. I stood not far from him in the wings, next to the giant figure of Brückner, who was to become his bodyguard, and I watched him at close range—how he fidgeted with the table on the stage, shoving it first to the right, then to the left. Obviously he was ill at ease. His words were dull and repetitious. I turned to Brückner and teased: "Is that the great orator?" Brückner shot back with a smile: "Just wait." Hitler kept on his harangue. I watched the faces in the audience; there was no response. The men held on to their tankards and gulped their beer. Then, all at once Hitler raised his arms, fixing his eyes on the ceiling as if searching for heavenly guidance, and let out a piercing scream: "Deutschland!" And once again: "Deutschland!" Brückner turned to me and whispered: "The spirit now has entered." With that the atmosphere changed; the air became charged, and the apathy of the audience vanished. There was no more beer drinking. The listeners were mesmerized, and when Hitler finished they jumped to their feet, cheering and shouting, happy and elated, relieved of their tension, of their frustrations.

This oratorical power rallied the mass of plebeian German nationalists and welded them into the party of the Nazis. Hitler's initial success mainly was due to his uncanny instinct. He could manipulate a crowd and reduce political problems to their simplest forms. He explained himself at one time: "I go the way that Providence dictates with the assurance of a sleepwalker." And Gregor Strasser, who was no friend of his, said of him that he responded "to the vibration of the human heart." He went after the workers, the petty bourgeois, the shiftless soldier, the disgruntled unemployed, the uneducated little man—after the old who had lost their savings in the inflation, the frustrated young for whom life held no hope.

Worsening economic conditions eased his way, and so did the fear of communism. The division of political parties also helped him. He put his finger on legitimate grievances — the Versailles Treaty, reparations, the bumbling impotence of the Weimar parties, the Communist menace—exaggerating and enlarging upon them. And he produced a scapegoat—the Jews. Ever since the time of Martin Luther Germans had been prone to anti-Semitism.

Actually there was little that the Germans could blame the Jews for. But Hitler hated them all with a hysterical, intoxicating fury—and in time his mania became national policy.

During Hitler's lifetime, much was made of his sentimental affection for children. At the Berghof—his retreat near Berchtesgaden—he had the children of Albert Speer and Martin Bormann around him. He and Eva Braun gave chocolate and cookie parties for them. Hitler was particularly fond of Uschi, the daughter of Eva's closest friend, Herta Schneider, and there was gossip, untrue, that she was his own daughter and that her real mother was not Herta but Eva Braun. He was also a doting uncle to the Goebbels children, who had a genuine affection for him. And yet, when Götterdämmerung came, he did nothing to dissuade their mother from exterminating them. In the bunker, with Hitler in the next room, Magda Goebbels injected strychnine into their bodies, killing all six of them, five girls and one boy.

What about his love for women?

I saw him often driving down Ludwigstrasse toward Schwabing to pick up girls. With his cronies around him he stood up straight in the open car, his whip in hand as always, like a hunter looking for prey. He was forever on the lookout for girls; his appetite was insatiable.

His treatment of women was deferential, subordinately gallant. He looked up to them as if they were goddesses. They were flattered by his attention. At parties he was always surrounded by admiring females. Once I was standing nearby as he greeted Winifred Wag-

Hitler in the mid-Twenties at Munich's Café Heck with Father Bernhard Stempfle (center), an editor of "Mein Kampf"—"cocksure of his mission."

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ner. He held her hand at eye level, clasping it for the longest time; then he bowed and breathed a kiss on it. It was a theatrical scene. As he released her hand he once more looked deep into her eyes, causing the rotund body of Winifred to sway from stem to stern. He said to a friend: "The only person whom I can fittingly marry as Führer is the lady Wagner. Then it would be a national undertaking."

He made each woman feel that she was the only one. They melted in his presence; they were overcome by his charm. The list of them—young and old, married and widowed, housewives and movie stars—with whom his name (and usually little else) was coupled, is longer than Don Giovanni's list. Helena Bechstein, the elderly widow of the piano manufacturer, found him a delight, as did Erna Hanfstängl, Putzi's sister. At one time it was said he courted Frau von Seydlitz, another time Carola Hoffman and Viktoria von Dirksen. Jenny Haug, the sister of his driver, the widow of Professor Trosst, Maria Reiter, the ballerina Inge Ley were all objects of his attentions. He had an adolescent crush on actresses. He viewed Greta Garbo films again and again. He wrote fan letters to movie stars and sent flowers. His first note to the blonde Margaret Slezak began: "Please excuse me if I, an unknown to you. . . ." Afterward they were seen often on the shores of the Tegernsee. He showed his admiration for the lovely Olga Tschekhova, Chekhov's niece; he paid homage to the dark beauty of Lil Dagover (the woman in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*); he enjoyed the company of Pola Negri, Jenny Jugo, Brigitte Helm, Hilde Krahl; he had a lasting friendship with Leni Riefenstahl. The list is endless.

(Above) with Winifred Wagner—"they melted in his presence"; (below) Geli Raubal—"Hitler threw fits of jealousy, but he was lenient about her escapades."

Though he had many involvements, Hitler had only two serious affairs—one with Geli Raubal, the daughter of his half-sister Angela; the other with Eva Braun, who spent her last years with him and became his wife before their double suicide. Geli was a vivacious, buxom brunette; Eva a dull, slim blonde. Geli was outgoing, intelligent, flirtatious; Eva was reticent, not too bright, withdrawn. Hitler could not subdue Geli to his will; Eva was his slave in everything.

He made no secret of his passionate affection for Geli. She lived with him in his spacious apartment in the Prinzregenten Platz, and they were constant companions. In the afternoons I saw them often in the Carlton Tearoom; in the evening they dined at the Osteria Bavaria. If there was an operetta in town, they went to see it. Hitler was an insomniac, and he had a terror of the dark. So he stayed up the best part of the night.

Geli was a tease. She loved dancing and she loved men. Munich was a gay city, free from sexual inhibitions, particularly at carnival time. Men and women changed partners frequently, and Geli was no exception. Obviously impressed and flattered by her uncle's attentions, she was pleased to foster his infatuation. This did not keep her from dating others. Her affair with Emil Maurice, Hitler's friend and driver, was well known. Maurice boasted about it, but there were no dire consequences. Hitler threw fits of jealousy, but he was lenient about her escapades. He had no sexual power over her. Their romance came to a violent end—after a quarrel she shot herself. The reason for her suicide was never explained. Those who might have known about it were murdered

Hitler and Alfred Speer's children being photographed by Eva Braun—"much was made of his sentimental affection."

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later. The accepted version was that she wanted to go to Vienna to take singing lessons. Hitler would not hear of it, and Geli, tired of being his chattel, shot herself in despair.

There were probably other reasons behind her death. Some observers felt that it was related to their unsatisfactory sexual relationship. Munich was a small town—people knew each other and gossiped. Hitler had relations with many women and they talked. The gossip was that he was "no good in bed"—he was too excitable, too eager, his ardor was over before his partner's could begin. His embarrassment brought his cruelty to the fore. Because of his failure he wanted to punish his women. A girl who once had a passing affair with him told me that she was convinced he hated women. This may be true. He felt more at ease in men's company. Too prudish and prejudiced to be a practicing homosexual, he contented himself with feasting his eyes on the muscular bodies of athletes, on the tight pants of his SA men.

Geli was not the only one who tried to find a solution in death. Suzi Liptauer, another of his amours, hanged herself in 1921. Eva Braun tried to kill herself in 1932, only a year after Geli's suicide. Unity Valkyrie Mitford, daughter of Lord Redesdale, fired two shots into her head the day the war began in 1939. These suicides and suicide attempts could have had some connection with Hitler's sadism. His relation to Eva Braun was that of a cruel master over a slave. She had to do what he told her. He referred to her as *"blöde Kuh"* ("dumb cow"); for her he was *"Herrchen"* ("Little Master"). When Goebbels said in a speech that Hitler was totally devoted to the Fatherland and had no private life, Eva remarked bitterly: "I am Fräulein Keinprivatleben." But in his last years he found a sexual tranquillity in her docile attitude and in the dullness of his bourgeois household.

The last time I saw him was in Berlin on January 30, 1933. Before I left my office for lunch, news came that Hindenburg would not appoint Hitler. But halfway through the meal a newsboy brought an extra edition with the banner headline that Hitler was the new Chancellor. I hurried to the Wilhelmstrasse. In the Reichskanzlei photographers were already lined up to take their pictures of the new Cabinet. Hitler emerged from the Cabinet room; his trembling hands held some papers, his attempted smile seemed more like a grimace. He looked self-conscious and ill at ease. Spotting me among the newsmen he gave me a smirking smile as if to say: "You see, I made it." Yes, he made it all right—and I pray that we shall never see his like again.

Prospects for a Global Language

Will international travel shrink the world and its 3,000 tongues into a modern-day Tower of Babel?

by MARIO PEI

Is the average American both ignorant and indifferent in the matter of one language for world use? The issue is far more alive in Europe, where a person cannot travel for twenty-four hours in any single direction without having to cross both political and linguistic boundaries. There are, however, in the world a few large countries, such as the U.S.S.R., Canada, Brazil, China, and, of course, the U.S.A., where the traveler can go in a straight line by train, bus, or car for days and nights and still find himself facing the same language. But even in these land giants the linguistic uniformity may be qualified. The U.S.S.R. has its Tadjik, Armenian, Georgian, Ukrainian, and other tongues; Canada its French-speaking province; Brazil its jungle areas where Portuguese is unknown; China its extensive Cantonese, Wu, and Fukienese regions, where the local, so-called dialect differs from the national language as much as English does from German; and even the standardized U.S. has its occasional Indian reservations, or Spanish-speaking Mexican and Puerto Rican sections. The traveler can always take comfort, however, from the fact that he is speaking what the Soviets call the country's "binding language": Russian, Portuguese, North Mandarin, or English, as the case may be.

In the case of the U.S., this extensive linguistic uniformity tended to make most Americans both ignorant of and indifferent to the problem of international communications, that is, until the Second World War. Prior to that time, few Americans had had occasion to travel abroad, and then largely as privileged tourists, for whom everything, including linguistic interchange, was made easy. The foreigners who had come to these shores as immigrants made it their business to learn the language quickly, because it was to their advantage to do so. But the Second World War caused some twelve million Americans to travel to the most far-flung countries in the world, where they did not enjoy the status of pleasure tourists, where the bulk of the populations with which they came in contact had never acquired any English, and where their American speech was not understood, no matter how loudly or slowly they spoke it. At this point, a consciousness of the diversity of the world's tongues, and the troubles and dangers inherent in the lack of linguistic communications, began to impinge itself upon the average American, never again to be lost. This awareness became all the stronger after the war, when Americans did not draw back into their shell—as they had in the 1920s—but instead insisted on taking a predominant role in world affairs.

It is, therefore, no wonder that a Gallup Poll conducted in 1950 on the desirability of a world tongue for international use—to be imparted to the children of all nations on a basis of parity with their national tongues—drew in the United States a 76 per cent "yes" vote, substantially equal to what it drew in such language-conscious countries as Canada, Norway, Finland, and the Netherlands. The poll, repeated in 1961 in the United States alone, showed the "yes" vote having risen to 84 per cent, paralleling the response obtained in Japan in a similar poll conducted by a Japanese organization.

The need for international language for world communications goes back to the episode of the Tower of Babel in the Book of Genesis. As the various groups parted company, each speaking its own tongue, they gave rise to different ethnic units. That the need for communication among those freshly formed units existed even in early days is witnessed by the hieroglyphic carvings that show ambassadors from foreign lands arriving at the court of the Pharaohs accompanied by interpreters.

But the need, while real enough, was relatively small. Few people traveled afar in those days. Yet, it is significant that during the one historical period whose relative universality and extent

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MARIO PEI is retired professor of Romance philology at Columbia University. He is author of *One Language for the World*, *Voices of Man*, *Language Today*, and numerous other books on linguistics.

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of trade and travel approached today's, the need was met. When the Roman Empire was at its peak, two languages, Greek and Latin, reigned in a sort of symbiosis throughout the vast area of the Mediterranean basin and beyond. The western part of the Greco-Roman world had Rome's Latin as its popular spoken tongue, the eastern part had Greek. In addition, Latin was the language of administration, government, the military establishment, and the law throughout the Empire, while Greek was the language of culture, poetry, philosophy, and refinement. The other languages of the ancient world—Gaulish, Iberian, Etruscan, Oscan, Punic, Numidian, and the numerous tongues of Asia Minor—became more and more localized as time went on. Most of them eventually shriveled up and disappeared. A measure of linguistic universality had been reached.

With the Renaissance and the great voyages of exploration and discovery, there came to the fore what is often described as linguistic nationalism. This meant that as the spoken vernaculars became more and more literary, they also became official in each country, so that the role of scholarly Latin grew more restricted. The term "linguistic nationalism" is perhaps inexact. It was rather a matter of greater participation in intellectual life on the part of an ever expanding middle class composed of merchants and artisans, who did not care to learn Latin and insisted on carrying on their activities in the national vernacular they had acquired from birth. The net result of this gradual change, which went on for centuries, was that by the fifteenth century each great Western nation was using its own national tongue in its official and literary writings, with Latin becoming more and more the prerogative of a shrinking scholarly and ecclesiastical class.

It was precisely at this period that people began to become aware of their linguistic deficiencies and their new linguistic needs. Travel and trade were becoming more international as well as more extensive, but a common language for international travelers and traders no longer existed. Those who traveled and traded (and they were still a minute fraction of each country's total population) began to miss the advantage their remote ancestors had enjoyed in the common Latin of scholarship.

In the seventeenth century the French philosopher Descartes came out with a new, revolutionary idea, that of *creating*, artificially, a language that could be used internationally by all sorts of people. His idea was quickly taken up, and several of his contemporaries offered constructed languages based on the logical progression of ideas and having no link whatsoever with existing languages.

Side by side with these attempts at constructed languages, there was also a startlingly modern proposal, advanced by the Bohemian scholar Comenius, to use existing languages not on a universal, but on a zonal basis (English and French for western Europe, Russian for eastern Europe).

Since the seventeenth century, about 1,000 proposals of various kinds have been advanced. These include the world-wide use of an existing national language, such as English or French; the use of two or more existing languages, either on a zonal basis or in complementary distribution; modifications of existing languages, such as Basic English; fully constructed languages not based on any existing language, like the older American Ro and the more recent Suma, proposed by Dr. B. Russell; and constructed languages, such as Volapük, Esperanto, and Interlingua, in which existing languages are utilized to supply or suggest elements of vocabulary or grammatical structure, with a view to the greatest possible ease for the greatest number of learners. Most of them have fallen by the wayside, though many still persist, notably the extension of an existing, widespread language, such as English, French, or Russian, into a world tongue; the idea of using widespread languages zonally (as suggested by Stalin shortly before his death) or to complement each other (like the *Monde Bilingue* movement of France for the use of French and English in a fashion similar to the use of Greek and Latin in the ancient world); national languages modified to insure greater ease of learning, like Basic English; and such fully constructed languages as Esperanto, Ido, or Interlingua.

"Alas, poor Ankylosaurus. I knew him well."

All these movements point to the fact that an awareness of the problem exists. Why has none taken the upper hand? In part, because of national rivalries and the belief that a national language is the conveyer of the culture and ideology of the nation that speaks it. In part, because of the difficulty of choosing among so many contenders, each of which claims to be the sole solution. In part, because of the tendency of government bureaucracies to get along with the status quo, however unsatisfactory.

English speakers point triumphantly to the fact that more and more people are learning English, and think their language is going to achieve a world status unofficially and, so to speak, by default. What they overlook is that in far too many quarters the English language is viewed as the mouthpiece of a real or fancied Anglo-American cul-

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tural, political, and economic imperialism, and that resistance to English penetration is stiffening in many parts of the world. They also overlook the fact that even the rosiest estimates of the spreading of English account for only one out of ten of the world's total population who can be reached through that language. Worst of all, they forget that acceptance of a fully foreign language for purposes of study and self-improvement is quite different from acceptance of that same language on an official basis. The Russian or French or Japanese student who laboriously follows a course in English for strategic or commercial or scientific purposes, the Arab or Indonesian who picks up enough English words to permit him to work for an American oil company, will rebel at the idea that the language he accepts and uses for immediate practical ends is destined to become the world's official tongue in preference to his own.

Esperanto, most popular and widely known of the constructed languages, has been in existence since the 1880s, when its creator, Dr. Lazarus Zamenhof, offered it to the world in the hope that it might reduce national antagonisms and promote human brotherhood. It arouses no national antipathies, and presents such notable features as ease of learning combined with a possibility of expressing nuances of meaning that make it second to none. That is why it has spread to the point where perhaps fifteen million people throughout the world are able to use it, in one fashion or another. But Esperanto runs into the charge of being artificial (this is a little like accusing an automobile of being artificial in comparison with a horse), as well as into the great stumbling block of bureaucratic governmental inertia. Were a few important governments to adopt it as a full-fledged national second language, it would probably spread far faster than it has so far.

The need for an international language is now growing at a much faster rate than ever before. It has been growing since the beginning of the nineteenth century, when new and rapid means of transportation — the steamship and the railroad—began to make travel easier, cheaper, and more comfortable.

It must be emphasized that the vast expansion of international travel and intermingling of people with different language backgrounds only in small part is of the pleasure tourist variety. The international travelers of the present and the foreseeable future include millions of migrant agricultural and industrial workers who seek employment outside their own countries, such as the Mexicans and Puerto Ricans in our Midwest, or the Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, and Portuguese who travel seasonally to work in industrial plants located in France, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. They include throngs of commercial and business representatives, scientists, engineers, technicians, members of the armed forces (not merely those of the U.S., of whom nearly three million are scattered throughout the world, but of all nations; consider also European NATO and Warsaw Pact forces); members of the various foreign services, government employees, students, professors and research workers, missionaries and other ministers of the various faiths.

"Will I vote for Congressman Pickering? Young man, I am Congressman Pickering."

Faced with the world's three thousand languages or even with the hundred that may be described as important, these people urgently feel the need. Left to themselves, they are tongue-tied and helpless, relying on sign language and on the possibility that someone in the group they want to communicate with may know one of the languages with which they are acquainted.

The need is acute enough now, as witnessed by the response to popular polls, and the fact that fewer people said they didn't know or didn't care than is normally the case with major issues of national policy. In the years to come, that need will become more acute, as international travel and international communications and relations of all kinds take on ever broader scope. Eventually, the need will force itself upon the consciousness of even the most unresponsive of government bureaucrats.

Perhaps, as we approach that point, popular awareness will be translated into action, as was and is the case with other long-felt needs. The mere fact that it hasn't happened yet does not mean it cannot happen soon. It would not be unwise for official bodies to devote some serious attention to the need now, while it is in its final academic stages, and before it reaches the point of popular action and the customary crash solution.

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The White House and Free Speech

Several recent actions by the White House and the Justice Department with regard to freedom of speech raise some fundamental questions about the use of the power of law enforcement for political ends.

Item: The Nixon administration last month attempted to impose a set of thirty-three restrictive regulations on groups that planned political protests in front of the White House. The regulations would have required a protest group to describe, two weeks before a demonstration, the arrest, indictment, conviction, and prison record of each person scheduled to participate in the demonstration. The regulations also would have required the listing of any previous demonstration in which a protester had participated, as well as statements describing the degree to which he had advocated the use of violence in previous demonstrations. In addition, the protest group would have been required to give a detailed description of the placards, banners, and signs to be used.

Several of the most restrictive regulations were struck down by a Federal District Court judge, and others are still being contested. The crucial point, however, is not that a judge overruled some poorly conceived administration proposals, but that the absurdity of the proposals (requiring self-incrimination, physical impossibilities, and prohibitive paperwork) raises the question whether the administration's intent was to regulate dissent or to make it impossible.

Item: There is some evidence that several Black Panthers have been murdered by local police. The situation is not one of only local concern, for the FBI has admitted giving local police information received from taps on Panther telephones. Moreover, the FBI is responsible for investigating possible violations of the law by state and local police. There is enough serious evidence and contradictory testimony concerning the deaths of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in Chicago to warrant a thorough investigation by the FBI, but there has been no announcement that it will do so.

Item: The Justice Department has proposed to Congress a law that would permit federal authorities to fingerprint, photograph, and run other identification checks on persons against whom no criminal charge has been placed. Senator John McClellan of Arkansas, an original law and order man who advocates giving police more power to prosecute criminals, said the Justice Department proposals went beyond anything he would have proposed and were probably unconstitutional.

Item: The Justice Department has subpoenaed several journalists to force disclosure of their notes, unused tapes and films, and names of their radical sources and contacts. The question here is not one of whether a law enforcement agency has the right to obtain information to help it prevent and solve crimes, which can be done through traditional means—wiretaps, informers, surveillance, infiltrators. It is a question of whether the press is going to be allowed to maintain its traditional right to print articles about dissenters and their ideas without governmental intimidation. To protect themselves, the radicals will be forced to refuse to speak to the press.

Item: Finally, there is the prosecution of the Chicago Eight. Many prominent jurists have said that the only important point about this case is not that the behavior of the defense, the prosecution, and the bench was reprehensible but that the case should never have been tried. They contend that the "Rap Brown Law" under which the defendants were tried is one of the most blatant attempts to intimidate dissenters since the Alien and Sedition Acts. The Nixon administration could have decided not to continue the prosecution; that it did not creates doubts about whether the administration was intent only on punishing people for what they think and say.

* * *

It's one thing to play politics with justice and law enforcement—to pick a Supreme Court candidate from the South to win votes, or to force the resignation of a federal district attorney, such as Robert Morgenthau, for stepping on too many Republican toes. But it's quite a different thing to use the power of law enforcement to discredit, frustrate, or repress dissent. It no longer is a game; it is breaking the rules. It is dangerous because the rules of the game are being broken not by a single Joe McCarthy or a HUAC, but by the White House and the Justice Department.

Again, it's one thing not to respond to the criticisms raised by dissenters. It's quite another to attempt to quash dissent. President Nixon's announcement that he would ignore the November Vietnam Moratorium and then his watching a football game while 300,000 people marched by the White House are not nearly as objectionable as the attempt to prevent their marching altogether.

The bedrock principle of this country is freedom of speech. It is sometimes abused. When that happens, *due* process should *follow*. To use *undue* process, especially in *anticipation* of an abuse of freedom of speech, is a gross violation of the principle and undoubtedly a violation of the letter of the law.

If President Nixon is going to call for law and order, he is obligated to enforce all the laws equitably and not equivocate on some. Above all, and it is frightening to have to say it, he is obligated to make policies that strengthen, not weaken, the law.

—WALLACE ROBERTS.

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Letters to the Editor

Technology on Capitol Hill

JOHN LEAR'S excellent article "Predicting the Consequences of Technology" [SCIENCE/THE ENDLESS SEARCH, Mar. 28] raises some very important points. Congress, as Mr. Lear notes, has been extremely slow in providing data collection and evaluation facilities for itself. On the other hand, it has appropriated large sums of money for executive branch information facilities. Approximately 5,000 computers are used in executive branch agencies. Total annual computer expenditures in the executive branch are over $2-billion. In contrast, the legislative branch has ten computers, only one of which can be considered an information retrieval system.

Hearings now are being held in the House on the merits of installing an information retrieval system in that chamber. On the other hand, the Senate has not been particularly active in this area. I see this need and have discussed the matter with my colleagues. I hope that the Senate Rules Committee will hold hearings on this matter in the near future.

Representative Emilio Daddario's bill to establish an Office of Technology Assessment is a step in the direction of improving Congress's ability to deal effectively and intelligently with the many problems arising from technological changes that now confront the nation. Another important area is that of *forecasting* technological and scientific developments and their societal consequences. For example, a recent report by the Institute for the Future notes:

> Scientific and technological developments have profoundly altered man's institutions, his life-styles, and his aspirations in the last several generations. What is striking about his transformation is not that it has occurred, but rather that it has occurred without preparation. For the consequences have been pervasive, and many of them, favorable and unfavorable alike, have left today's policy-makers and policy advisers seriously behind the course of events, with the result that by the time their efforts have been translated into programs for action they become infeasible or simply irrelevant.

Clearly we are entering a time of many new discoveries in the technical, scientific, and biological fields: the development of artificial organs; the ability of parents to determine the sex of their children; the use of CATV channels for communication between homes and data banks located many miles away.

Congress should address itself now to such questions as: What are the likely consequences of these developments, and what can we do to insure that the positive consequences are accentuated and the negative ones are mitigated? Congress and the executive branch must begin now to examine these developments or we will be ill-prepared to cope with them when they occur.

SENATOR MARK O. HATFIELD,
Washington, D.C.

Cities' Work Lode

EDWARD N. COSTIKYAN'S proposals in "Cities *Can* Work" [*SR*, Apr. 4] deserve serious attention and immediate implementation. University centers could train a special emergency force, contribute to its financial support, and grant credit for members—as interns now receive for course work. In fact, hopefully, recruits might include those who condemn the system, and would then have a real chance to improve it.

R. JOSEPH NOVOGROD,
Pawtucket, R.I.

MY REACTION to Edward Costikyan's article was a lament for the good old days. If the crisis of the city has been caused in part by the loss of cheap labor, then the present problems are the result of a form of slavery.

In all probability the pouring of federal funds into the ailing cities is not the answer. There is very little talk about reorganizing the economy, which in turn would mean reorganizing the cities. Free enterprise in its most primitive meaning is probably the first cause for the deterioration of not only the city but total lifestyles in the United States.

Although Mr. Costikyan does not really want to go back, the solutions he suggests are shortsighted. The power structure—and it makes no difference at this time how they got there—must revise value systems. Why a sanitation worker, policeman, or any other semiskilled and skilled worker is worth any less than the president of a corporation board is a question that must be answered.

Profit sharing must become universal in this country, or we face the continuance of violence at the present sporadic rate, with a possibility of a police state to keep law and order, but not for long.

MRS. TILLIE SMITH,
Redding, Calif.

FDR in Retrospect

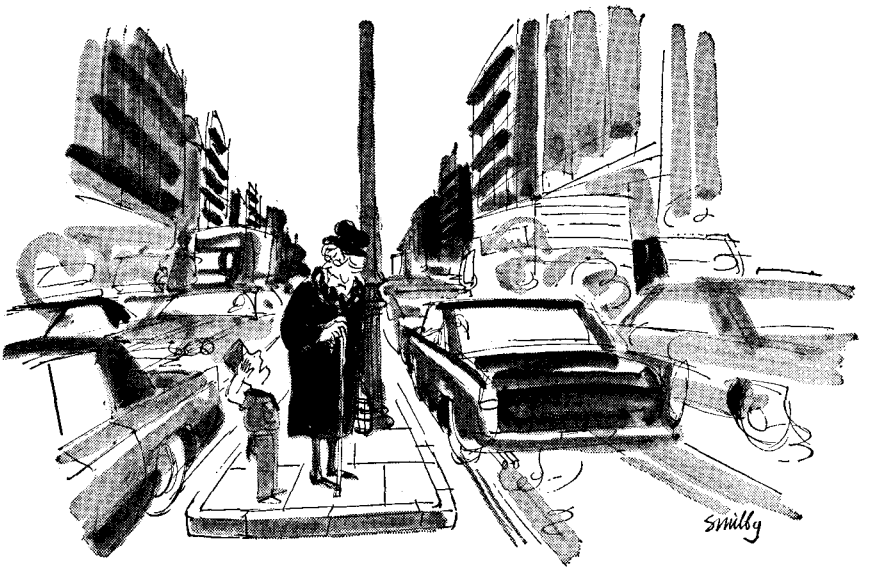
HAVING WAITED twenty-five years for an assessment of Franklin D. Roosevelt's last year by a competent historian, I found it was most gratifying to read the article by Professor James MacGregor Burns "FDR: The Untold Story of His Last Year" [*SR*, Apr. 11].

Making the Yalta Conference his yardstick, Professor Burns says that the President was not ill at Yalta, or befuddled, or weak, or unpatriotic; yet, this article proves to me that he was all of these things, and that he ended the meetings with a full-scale appeasement of Stalin on most of the European questions in return for a promise of help in the Far East that was never needed and never fulfilled.

HENRY W. FREY, JR.,
Southern Pines, N.C.

ALTHOUGH I am a college student and therefore too young to have had any direct knowledge of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, I have felt that the recent attitude toward him in view of his accomplishments has been unjustly harsh. It has made me happier to see that James MacGregor Burns has so eloquently and fairly rectified that injustice. He has clarified, for everyone's recognition, that the seed of that harshness is in the very "narrow and shortsighted ways and attitudes," which Roosevelt was courageous enough to rise above. I truly hope that many will take the cue from Dr. Burns by being appreciative and encouraged by idealism such as Roosevelt's, rather than embarrassed and suspicious of it.

GERRIE MCCARTHY,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.



"Sorry, Ma'am—this is the limit of my authority. From now on you're in Seventh Troop territory."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Quartets by Carter; "Salud Casals"

THE Composers String Quartet, sponsored by the New England Conservatory of Music, proved its right to the name it bears by devoting its first program in Alice Tully Hall to the interests of Elliott Carter. It also demonstrated its disbelief in half measures by offering its listeners (a small band but a devoted one) not merely the celebrated Second Quartet, dated 1959, but its predecessor of 1951.

In this uncommon opportunity to hear, juxtaposed, two works separated by nearly a decade, it was possible to assess the extent to which Carter has been absorbed (if obsessed is too harsh a word) with the challenge of combining musical values in a manner that digresses from the patterns of the past. Unlike some others, Carter's venture into "another part of the forest" is not without guidelines or ties to recognizable antecedents. To be sure, he has chosen his own direction without recourse to old maps. But the destination is one that the map makers, so to speak, would recognize.

Deeply involved is a good deal of free association of values that, at the outset of the First Quartet, sounded more free than associated. But as Carter developed his own involvement with the purpose by which he was motivated, so there emerged a pervading fascination with his method and a gradually lessening suggestion of any madness. The latter part of the first movement developed a momentum that carried over into the Scherzo, from which evolved an Adagio of considerable serenity and richness of sonorous structure. To this point there were some suggestions that Carter's ability to move his instrumental elements about inclined him to overload the aural canvas with detail. But the texture thinned out during the slow movement, especially in an ingeniously scored duet for the violins against the independent action of the other instruments. In the finale, the four were sometimes formed into shards of sonority that hurled themselves forward or sharpened into spear points of sound that darted in all directions. The work ended, cyclically, with a return to the opening interrogation, suggesting Carter's view that there are no permanent solutions to artistic questions, only renewed questing.

Certainly a substantial share of the effect the work achieved must be credited to the excellent personnel (Matthew Raimondi and Anahid Ajemian, violins; Jean Dupouy, viola; and Michael Rudiakov, cello). Thanks to them, the Composers Quartet has, in a very short time, asserted its right to be included among such other new, brilliant American ensembles as the Guarneri and Beaux Arts. Not only are the players affiliated in technical skills, they have a common zest for the instantaneous responses demanded by such writing as Carter's. And, as they prize ends above means, they have departed from the common quartet custom of playing from parts, utilizing pasted up pages of miniature scores instead. Thus, each player has before him at all times exactly what the others are doing, taking some share of stress out of entrances and accents, and permitting a concentration on totality. This is a procedure so intelligently practical—especially in scores as complex as Carter's—that one wonders why it has not been done before. For another detail: Cellist Rudiakov was situated on the outside right of the ensemble, which gave him good visual position vis-à-vis leader Raimondi, but tended to penalize violist Dupouy back there in the second line.

The order of effort in the Second Quartet (whose first pages were played twice, because the viola lost a string and had to pause for a replacement) was not only as good but perhaps even better. That it added to relatively less, as a musical experience, may relate either to inadequate acquaintance with it—despite recorded and live hearings previously—or to more of the overloading of the aural canvas previously mentioned.

There is not the least doubt that Carter's mastery had grown and intensified during the period between the two works. But there was some question, for me, whether the individuality of character imposed upon the instruments in the latter work had not flourished more successfully as an incidental element in its predecessor. That is to say, it makes for an ingenious kind of musical charade, but left some doubt whether any such formalized "tvpe casting" can be expounded over a lengthy expanse without sacrificing spontaneity. There is, in any case, a sufficiency of appeal in the ideas and their manipulation to sustain interest while other values sort themselves out.

Thanks to physical proximity and relative length of programmatic content, there was opportunity on the same evening for partial attention to the "Salud Casals" at neighboring Philharmonic Hall. It had been assembled by Leopold Stokowski and the American Symphony Orchestra to benefit the Free Concerts for Children of that ensemble and the United Nations International School. Stokowski conducted the third *Leonore* Overture of Beethoven and the Fifth Piano Concerto in which Rudolf Serkin was the soloist, also his own version of the D-minor Toccata and Fugue of Bach. Beverly Sills was heard in arias of Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti, with Roland Gagnon conducting; and Casals directed an ensemble of a hundred cellists playing his *Sardana*. It was a mammoth monetary success and a substantial musical one, thanks to the high talents of those involved and their all-out effort to honor the presence of the fabled senior citizen of the musical domain.

Among the many ear-pleasing occurrences in the latter half of the program was Stokowski's superlatively articulate projection of the orchestral part of the *Emperor*. More than a little of the results could be attributed to his own distinctive alignment of the orchestra, in which all the strings were arranged in a sweeping arc at his left, with the woodwinds in a group at his right. Searching out the locale of the horns, one eventually spotted them in a cluster at the back of the stage. They were not adjoining the other wind instruments, but nestled among cellos and violas. Stokowski's preference was neither idiosyncratic nor freakish, but based on a sophisticated estimate of the role the horns play in this particular work, and where they should be situated to serve their function best. The outcome was not merely self-justifying, but a precedent others might consider.

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Half Ham, Half Hamlet

by BROM WEBER

BY THE WATERS OF WHITECHAPEL

by Bernard Kops

Norton, 236 pp., $5.95

The talented English playwright and poet Bernard Kops, whose development as a novelist has been an intense, protracted effort to bring his gifts to full maturity, has achieved that goal with his fourth and latest novel. *By the Waters of Whitechapel*, first published in England last year, is an enormously funny, macabre, and affecting account of how a pathetically trapped man wins freedom at the paradoxical cost of assuming the role of self-jailer. Kops writes here with greater artistic discipline and more stringent concern for the necessary precision of poetic language than ever before. He has attained a toughness of vision that enables him to evoke significant compassion rather than a mawkish sentimentalism such as that which mars some of his previously published writing, especially his first novel, *Awake for Mourning* (1958).

Kops deals again with material explored by him in drama and fiction—the past and present of Jewish immigrants in London's East End slums. Fortunately, he has reperceived these potentially redundant characters. They have been invested, accordingly, with a unified clarity, sympathy, and significance that elevate *By the Waters of Whitechapel* above the currently omnipresent kind of novel in which ethnic experience is opportunistically trotted forth as almost wholly vaudeville frolic, obsessively castigated as almost entirely traumatic nightmare, or otherwise reduced to misleading caricature.

The American novelist whom Kops most resembles is Bernard Malamud. The latter's career has also been marked by consistent literary experiment; his work contains a similarly deep vein of fantasy. Indeed, though there is no certified evidence available to support the speculation, it seems not unlikely that Kops has read Malamud with care and thereby been stimulated to nurture his manifestly strong appetite for the bizarre. On the other hand, Kops has not yet demonstrated the intellectualism distinguishing Saul Bellow. It is probably mere coincidence that Bellow's recent *Mr. Sammler's Planet* and Kops's second novel, *Yes from No-Man's-Land* (1965), both employ the imminent death of an elderly Jew as a means for bringing characters together for fruitful interaction.

Another transatlantic coincidence may encourage some to couple *By the Waters of Whitechapel* with Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*, and not merely because of their mutual success at arousing laughter. The central characters of both novels are inordinately preoccupied with their respective mothers and equally frustrated in attempts to achieve sexual satisfaction in any form. Nevertheless, Kops and Roth are fundamentally different writers, the former being essentially a poetic lyricist and the latter a social realist. Furthermore, we should not hastily conclude that Kops has imitated, for venal or other reasons, the sensational elements of Roth's best-seller. Oedipal fixation is a long-established Kopsian theme, appearing as far back as 1956 in his first play, *The Hamlet of Stepney Green*, and the adolescent rebel in *The Dissent of Dominick Shapiro* (1966), Kops's third novel,

BROM WEBER, professor of English and American studies at the University of California in Davis, is writing a book on the American novel of the 1960s.

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found solace of a sort in onanistic behavior several years before *Portnoy's Complaint* was even published.

By the Waters of Whitechapel is permeated with an overpowering sense of loneliness and alienation, a point underscored by the title's allusion to the Psalmist's lyrical lament over the Babylonian exile of the ancient Hebrews. Once a teeming center of immigrant Eastern European Jews, the Whitechapel district of London's Stepney Green has been abandoned by its former inhabitants; almost all who haven't died have fled to such prosperous Northwest suburbs as Golders Green and Hendon. The few who have remained, including Leah Feld, her widowed sister Beattie, and her son Aubrey, resignedly know themselves scheduled for the nearby cemetery. Ghosts of the dead clutter the memories of the living. The winds skittering over the Thames and racing through the ghetto streets echo the voices of vanished throngs. "Even the barges complaining in the fog were worm-eaten tailors who once huddled together outside Black Lion Yard discussing bladder trouble, unemployment and Karl Marx. And seagulls shrieking over the Pool of London were aunts calling from windows in the sky; calling Dave and Shirley and Doris home to plates of eggs and chips." Replacing the departed are the mysterious impoverished who have arrived from West Indian islands and from Asia.

The relative emptiness of transformed Whitechapel, swept bare of all but a few fragments conjured up by memory and fantasy, highlights the pathos of Aubrey Field's bleak condition. Thirty-five-year-old Aubrey is a marvelously developed tragicomic character. His Jewishness is ultimately only a descriptive social fact, for *By the Waters of Whitechapel* is a psychological novel rising from the ethnic particular to a more general human level. Seemingly well-educated (he can quote John Donne punningly) and possibly trained for the law, Aubrey has apparently suffered a nervous breakdown in the recent past. He now survives in his mother's flat as half-child half-man, supported and dominated by that late-sixtyish coquette, hooted down when he plaintively asks her for "'the meaning of me . . . my *raison d'être*'" and mocked by his elderly aunt as a loony. In this type of novel, as in some of Harold Pinter's intensely haunting plays, we never really know a character's previous personal history with any accuracy; we acknowledge his present state upon first glance and share his terrified isolation, his despair, his illusory shreds of joy and possibility.

Aubrey spends a good deal of time in bed, during the day as well as at night, shaken by gusts of violence, passion, and bitterness that exhilarate and torment him into near-hysteria. His long-dead, undistinguished father—ludicrously transfigured into "fabulous," mustachioed General Feld, who organized Trotsky's Red Army and for his superior genius was exiled to Siberia—appears often as a heroic phantasm urging Aubrey-Hamlet to undertake noble deeds. Erotic daydreams culminate in union with Aubrey's own "magnificent Goliath," his steadfast "hot companion." The delightfully horrible prospect of murdering his mother is frequently envisioned by yearning Aubrey. On one occasion, she is boiled alive so that her eyeballs turn hard and her tongue becomes sufficiently cooked for easy peeling; at another time he thoughtfully slits her jugular vein so that she may enjoy a traditional "kosher" death. In a remarkable hallucinatory sequence induced by a bottle of cherry brandy, a giddy Aubrey —"Fly without wings"—is pursued through East End streets and sky by carnivorous Leah Feld, eerily metamorphosed into a giant black spider "with nostrils as huge as Rotherhithe tunnel."

Lovely Zena Conway, discovered by Aubrey at a hamburger bar, inspires a break for freedom. Encouraged by her initially polite interest in him, he embezzles money from his mother's bank account, dresses up expensively at Harrods, acquires a lively sports car, and pretends to be a successful barrister domiciled in St. John's Wood. Unfortunately, Zena's subsequent behavior, as a shocked Aubrey informs her, is disconcertingly "oversexed." Whatever afflatus remains is brutally crushed when a diminutive private detective in Leah's hire publicly reveals the truth concealed beneath Aubrey's masquerade. Zena rejects him at once. A shattered Aubrey returns to Whitechapel, his sports car driven by the detective and Leah Feld perched upon her son's lap.

The extraordinary phantasmagoria of events in the concluding chapters of *By the Waters of Whitechapel* demonstrates Kops's fine mastery of the mélange of time, place, and object that constitutes extreme mental turbulence. Aubrey's difficulties are resolved by means of an ironic metamorphosis which has a tragic inevitability about it. That Kops nevertheless manages to maintain a high comic pitch is startling and satisfying. *By the Waters of Whitechapel* is a striking creation which should bring its author—best known in this country for his autobiography, *The World Is a Wedding* (1963)—wide recognition as an important writer.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SAVOYARD

Patricia Spaeth of Pittsburgh, Pa., conjures you to match these self-descriptions with their singers and with the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in which they appear. (N.B.: Two of the operettas are represented twice.) Librettos are distributed on page 43.

1. I am a broken-hearted troubadour ( )
2. I'm a genuine philanthropist ( )
3. I am the monarch of the sea ( )
4. A wandering minstrel, I ( )
5. I'm a dealer in magic and spells ( )
6. That celebrated, cultivated, underrated nobleman ( )
7. I am the very model of a modern major-general ( )
8. Let me own, I'm an aesthetic sham ( )
9. A shepherd, I, of Arcady ( )
10. A merryman, moping mum ( )
11. I once was a very abandoned person ( )
12. I, milords, embody the law ( )

A. Point
B. Nanki-Poo
C. Stanley
D. Despard
E. Bunthorne
F. Grosvenor
G. Joseph Porter
H. Strephon
I. King Gama
J. Duke of Plaza-Toro
K. Lord Chancellor
L. John Wellington Wells

a. *Gondoliers*
b. *Sorcerer*
c. *Mikado*
d. *Patience*
e. *Princess Ida*
f. *Yeomen of the Guard*
g. *Iolanthe*
h. *H.M.S. Pinafore*
i. *Pirates of Penzance*
j. *Ruddigore*

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Alfred D. Chandler, Jr., Editor Stephen E. Ambrose, Associate Editor

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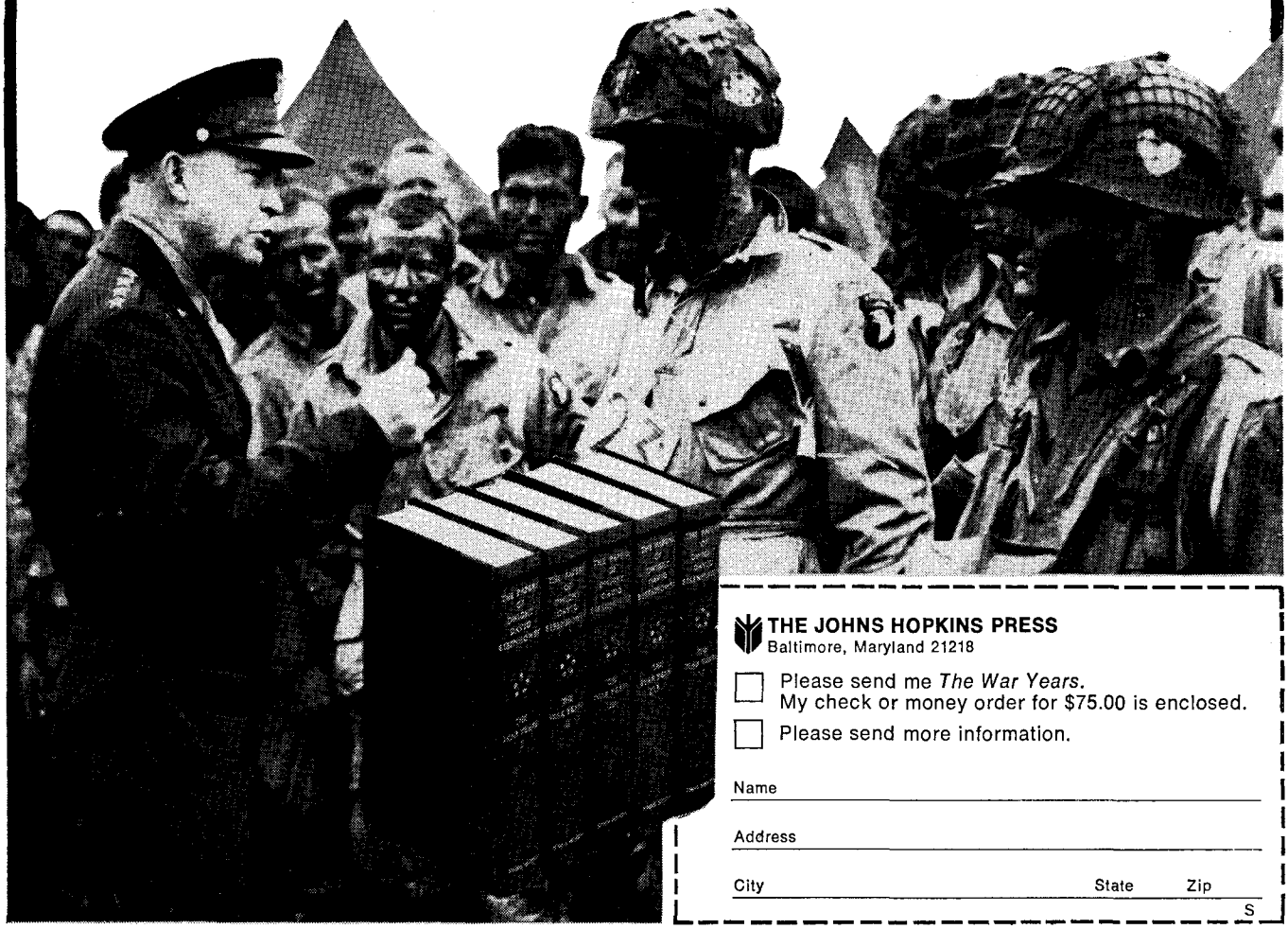

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Scientists' Dreams

I WAS DISTRESSED to see that Paul Woodring's otherwise intelligent review of Herbert J. Muller's *Children of Frankenstein* [*SR*, Apr. 4] paints a ridiculous picture of what scientists "dream about." Scientists do not, of course, look forward to a world of "breeder reactor systems . . . more material goods, automated homes," and all the rest of it. If they dream at all they are more likely to think about a world in which the problem of nuclear structure is resolved, or one in which anatomists, psychologists, and biochemists finally meet in understanding exactly how the mind works and what consciousness really means.

KENNETH V. THIMANN,
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Seven Answers

AS A PART OF THE WORLD at large I have been asked by B. Sloan [BOOK FORUM, Mar. 28] to ponder seven questions. I should like him to ponder these answers:

1. The "Palestinians," whom I must assume in Sloan's lexicon to be Arab residents (though there were some 83,000 Jews in Palestine when Britain assumed the Mandate in 1922), did not invite the Zionists, but absentee Arab landlords in Beirut and Damascus were not averse to selling their Palestinian land to Zionists "often at inflated prices," according to Professor Phillip K. Hitti.

2. The "Palestinians" were not responsible for the hideous atrocities visited on European Jews by the Nazis, but some prominent "Palestinians" and other Arabs joined in the Nazi festivities, notably the then-Grand Mufti of Jerusalem.

3. The Arabs have not been made the scapegoats for Europe and America by a psychological transference of guilt. Evidence of Arab guilt in World War II is not entirely lacking. Iraq joined the Axis powers in 1941, and the other Arab states (Trans-Jordan apart) straddled the fence till the Nazi doom was sealed. Not until Feb. 25, 1945, did Egypt declare war on Germany. Syria, Lebanon, and Saudi Arabia fell into line later.

4. Deir Yassin is always dragged out and cited as the cause of the whole refugee problem. Deir Yassin was an Arab village near Jerusalem where many civilians were killed in a battle with the Irgun, a Zionist paramilitary organization, during the war preceding the establishment of the State of Israel. Three essential facts are conveniently overlooked by the Arabs in this connection: First, attacks on innocent civilians were not initiated by the Zionists. They had been common Arab tactics for decades (massacres of Jews early in 1920, *e.g.*, evoked praise and congratulations from the Mufti of Jerusalem on Apr. 13); continued through the war years to force Britain's White Paper exclusion of Jews; and persisted to the very time of Deir Yassin in a vain effort to prevent a solution by the U.N. (On Nov. 24, 1947, Jamal Husseini, spokesman for the Arab Higher Committee, told the U.N., "The partition line proposed shall be nothing but a line of fire and blood." His prediction was fulfilled with a vengeance—roads mined, convoys ambushed, hundreds of innocent Jews slaughtered.)

Second, the excesses of the Irgun, though only retaliatory, were specifically disavowed and denounced by the Jewish Agency and the regular Zionist fighting force, Haganah.

Third, and most pertinent, the Arab exodus began well before Deir Yassin, incited by their own brethren promising a speedy return after exterminating the Jews and threatening them with a similar fate should they remain. The evidence of this is inescapable, attested by personages no less than Britain's Glubb Pasha, then commander of Jordan's Arab Legion, and Emile Ghoury, secretary of the Arab Higher Committee, who declared in Sept. 1948: "The fact that there are these refugees is the direct consequence of the act of the Arab states in opposing partition and the Jewish state. The Arab states agreed upon this policy unanimously, and they must share in the solution of the problem." At the same time, from Oct. 2, 1947, in the form of an appeal from the Assembly of Palestine Jewry, until Israel's Proclamation of Independence, issued May 14, 1948, on at least five separate occasions official pleas were addressed to the Arab inhabitants to remain as friends and to cooperate "with full and equal citizenship."

5. The current vogue of using words Humpty Dumpty style tends to lessen one's respect for self-serving names even so formidable as "freedom fighters," etc. Forgetting names as such, the fact remains that the Arab guerrillas' "freedom" means the Israelis' demise.

6. The resolutions of the U.N. since 1948, "condemning Israeli acts of aggression," may not be "complete hogwash." But for over half that time they have been substantial hogwash because of their one-sided character. Since Russia's involvement in the Middle East no anti-Arab resolution, however meritorious, has had a chance of surviving a Soviet veto in the Security Council. Even in respect to such palpable Syrian conduct as was labeled "wanton murder" by a 1963 British-American resolution supported even by Ghana, the veto was used, Russia's lone partner in the negative being the Arab member of the Council, Morocco.

Moreover, the Arabs want it both ways, having themselves openly flouted earlier U.N. resolutions. Before Russia's total commitment to their cause the Arabs drew the censure of the Security Council, as well as of the General Assembly. On Sept. 1, 1951, *e.g.*, the Council called upon Egypt to cease barring the Suez Canal to Israeli shipping. When Egypt continued to ignore this clear mandate she was saved from Council condemnation only by Soviet veto of a 1954 resolution. Russia's view of the situation before it put blinders on sheds light, too, on the question's reference to "aggression." See Soviet delegate Tarasenko's statement to the Security Council on May 20, 1948, for example. Or, better still, Gromyko on May 29.

As to the identity of the aggressor in 1967, Russia to the contrary notwithstanding, we need note only that the Arabs had persisted in adhering to a state of belligerence since 1948 despite condemnation by the Council, and had added to its unlawful blockade of international waterways by closing the Straits of Tiran. Who threatened whom?

Item: "We will act to realize Arab solidarity and the closing of the ranks that will eventually put an end to Israel . . . . We will liquidate her." (Egyptian President Nasser, Aug. 17, 1961.)

Item: "Our army will be satisfied with nothing less than the disappearance of Israel." (Syrian Commander-in-Chief Jadid, Oct. 30, 1964.)

Item: "The Arab national aim is the elimination of Israel." (Nasser with Iraqi President Aref, May 25, 1965.)

Item: "We want total war with no limits, a war that will destroy the Zionist base." (Syrian President Attassi, May 22, 1966.)

Item: "The armies of Egypt, Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon are poised on the borders of Israel . . . to face the challenge, while standing behind us are the armies of Iraq, Algeria, Kuwait, Sudan, and the whole Arab nation. This act will astound the world. Today they will know that the Arabs are arranged for battle, the critical hour has arrived. We have reached the stage of serious action and not of mere declarations." (Nasser, May 30, 1967.)

7. Israeli "arrogance" consists only of a declination of the honor of drowning and a resolve to resist.

IRVING M. HERMAN,
Arlington, Va.

Discrimination in Southwest

A LOUD "OLE" for John Rechy's essay review of *La Raza* and *Sal Si Puedes* [*SR*, Mar. 14]. Having served on the executive board of the Mexican-American Advisory Committee of San Diego County for the past five years, I have heard firsthand of the discrimination in our Southwest.

ALICE RETES,
San Diego, Calif.

Word Mastery

AS USUAL, ANTHONY BURGESS has taken a hacksaw to dissect butterfly wings and so missed the whole point about Lawrence Durrell's writing [*SR*, Mar. 21]. There is no difference between Durrell the poet and Durrell the novelist. Why should there be? Whether characters or events are "realistic" or "believable" in Mr. Burgess's sense is not really important in any work of literature so much as the way in which the words are put together. And at putting words together beautifully Durrell has long been a master.

MARTHA ZABORSKA,
Tempe, Ariz.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

MADRID

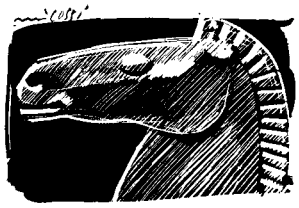
Veteran playwright Buero Vallejo (born in Guadalajara in 1916) has written his most exciting drama, *El Sueño de la Razón,* which I have just seen at Madrid's Teatro Reina Victoria. The title derives from Goya's etching *The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters.* We witness that terrible period when Goya at seventy-six, having sought all his life to placate the Spanish court and yet maintain some artistic integrity, learns that the despot Fernando VII is thinking of destroying him as he has already destroyed Spain. The strong-willed old painter resists the idea of exile in France, especially since Napoleon's politics have made France the enemy of Spain, and Goya has vilified the French army of occupation in his canvases. But mobs outside his home threaten him as a Freemason and a liberal. His thirty-five-year-old mistress, Leocadia Weiss, urges him to flee, and his two friends, a priest and a doctor, admit their inability to protect him.

The "sleep of reason" seems to have overcome both Goya and Spain itself. Goya's grotesque paintings of witches and monsters, *Scene of Sorcery, Witches' Sabbath, Saturn* (which appear and fade on the backdrop), suggest to his friends that he is losing his reason. Leocadia and the doctor communicate with Goya—rendered incoherent by total deafness—largely through Bonet sign language. (Spectators who can neither lip-read nor understand sign language may retrieve the missing lines from the magazine *Primer Acto,* in which the entire script is printed.)

At the play's end the hard-headed artist still resists flight, but the audience, of course, is aware that he did eventually go to Bordeaux.

The audience is equally aware of the political meaning of the title. When reason sleeps, monsters appear like Fernando VII, who caged his liberal opponents like animals. When reason sleeps, fascism emerges. Since Franco intends to restore the Spanish monarchy, the theater program contains a statement by Buero Vallejo that he is attacking absolute, not constitutional, monarchy. This *poudre aux yeux,* as Voltaire would have called it, diverts the spectator from the supposition that the drama is an attack on the autocratic *Caudillo* himself.

Frequently readers of this column write for further information on authors mentioned herein. For any such



inquirers interested in contemporary German authors, Nymphenburger Verlag of Munich has just published an indispensable tool, *Bibliographie der Personalbibliographien zur deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur.* As the title suggests, it is a catalogue of all primary and secondary bibliographical studies on major twentieth-century German authors from Theodor Adorno to Stefan Zweig. Predictably, the longest and—from the standpoint of contributors—most international section is on Rilke, including, of course, the important American bibliographies by Von Mises, Schroeder, Jonas, and Comerford.

At the beginning of April Bari, Italy, was host to an international congress devoted to the theme of nationalism and regionalism in Italian and European literature. Several distinguished scholars spoke on this topic and its inevitable concomitant, standard speech *vs.* dialects. Although this theme has absorbed authors ever since Dante wrote his *De Vulgari Eloquentia,* it is especially meaningful in contemporary Europe where strong governments of the extreme right and left try to stamp out the language of regions or small areas such as Latvia, Lithuania, etc. For two days the learned papers neglected completely to consider the subject in terms of the twentieth century. I began to see in this old-fashioned scholarship the European students' dissatisfaction with the traditional teaching in their universities. And the ungrateful thought occurred to me that this was less literary history than literary archeology.

Then the congress moved for a day down to the tiny University of Lecce, near that wonderful fairyland of conical Trulli architecture. Here some of the younger scholars attacked the topic, and the names of current writers (Gadda, Ungaretti, Montale, and others) were heard at last. It was the best-selling novelist Maria Corti (also a professor at Pavia) who called for an *aggiornamento* of the subject: "Conspicuous by its absence at this congress is the contemporary literary moment, that is, the lingual-dialectal problems of our recent postwar literature." Taking the example of novelists like Pavese in Piedmont, she showed how a regional writer of genius may manipulate the local language into an "illustrious" (the word is borrowed from Dante) Piedmontese. "Pavese and the writers in the south of Italy attain a regional patrimony through the very fact that they wish to be national writers speaking to a national public." It is the rich literature of today, she concluded, that best reflects the various stages of the evolving process of linguistic unification. Delighted to find an established professor willing to talk in the same breath about Dante and Pier Paolo Pasolini, the students in the amphitheater applauded vigorously.

In the European journals one encounters ever more frequently the Russian word *Samizdat.* The word (here: "self-published") refers to the clandestine literary or political texts, usually typewritten, that circulate underground in the USSR. Some of this ghost-literature of opposition has now been translated and published by *Éditions du Seuil* in *Samizdat 1: La Voix de l'opposition Communiste en URSS.*

One underground typescript now come to light is *Inok* (The Monk), by the Leningrad theater producer Yevgenii Shiffers. He was first heard of in 1968 when he wrote a demand for a public trial for writers Ginzburg and Galanskov. His monk is Vladimir Solovev, the nineteenth-century theologian who tried to unify the Roman and Orthodox churches by taking communion in both. Appealing for total reform, Shiffers recalls through his monk the errors of the Christian Church from St. Peter to the present. He is grateful to Freud for having exploded some of the churchmen's hypocrisies, and hopes they will start *da capo* to achieve the church's manifest destiny. With an old-style evangelist's rhetoric he apostrophizes: "God placed thee to look after His sheep. Instead thou hast dispersed the flock."

This passionate appeal for a stronger Christianity contrasts amusingly with the role religion plays in the current Russian novel *What Do You Want Then?,* by Vsevolod Kotchetov, published in *Oktyabr* and hailed by Brezhnev's hierarchs as "the novel of the century." In this best-seller a team of American, British, and West German agents is sent to Russia allegedly to research a book on primitive Slavic art. Their real mission (frustrated, of course) is to foist Western habits on the Russkis: gluttony, drunkenness, free love, etc. Worst of all, they are to lure the older generation back to the Christian faith.

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Keys to Ourselves

by JASCHA KESSLER

Thomas Merton's *The Geography of Lograire* (New Directions, $4.95) may be the past year's most important book of poems. Merton died in 1968, so we shall not have the additions he planned for this "work in progress"; still, taking it as it is suffices. What the work in effect seems to be is a squaring of the sphere we call the Earth. The poem has four sections—"South," "North," "East," "West"—whose aim is "to play out . . . the same struggle of love and death, [to] enact the common participation of the living and the dead in the work of constructing a world and a viable culture." Now, we have had plenty of stuff since 1910 that is based on the "universal and primitive myth-dream," but *The Geography of Lograire* is not merely modernist—not at all. If one approaches the universal and primitive from the structuralist and linguistic angle, that mine of myth seems again both inexhaustible and novel—but one has to be a poet who can exert the enormous and controlled verbal power that Merton had available to him here, a power that at once stuns and exhilarates.

"Lograire" is the map of his imagination, and its scale is ambiguous, indefinable, and indefinite because it is *in* his mind and yet is a four-dimensioned chart of the world the poet has constructed, partly by constant observation of objective reality—the brute physical facts—and by study of books and memories, and partly also by means of the sheer transformational pressure of his gift. What emerges is a new language that projects his vision of life and death-in-life, and holy love: death known as it is built into our society in the form of police, undertakers, and guilt, and love as it comes through in the poet's abiding tender, wondrous, and, above all, intelligent voice: the language is never, even in prayer, sentimental or soft. It is, however, quite difficult to say in so many words what the poem is doing, which I take to be the first sign that we are in the presence of an important achievement in poetry.

To make a gross remark, one is struck by Merton's consummate ease in handling free, or open, forms, poetic prose, and even a sort of blank blank verse. As one reads it becomes clearer that the forms of American poetry, or verse per se, are being used as part of a larger method by a virtuoso, with the aim of representing, in terms of "geography," the things that have happened to men in different eras—that is, to ourselves and to other societies and civilizations—as if he were translating them all into our own American lingo. The effect is to digest their experience into ours, or even ours into theirs, which is what translation is.

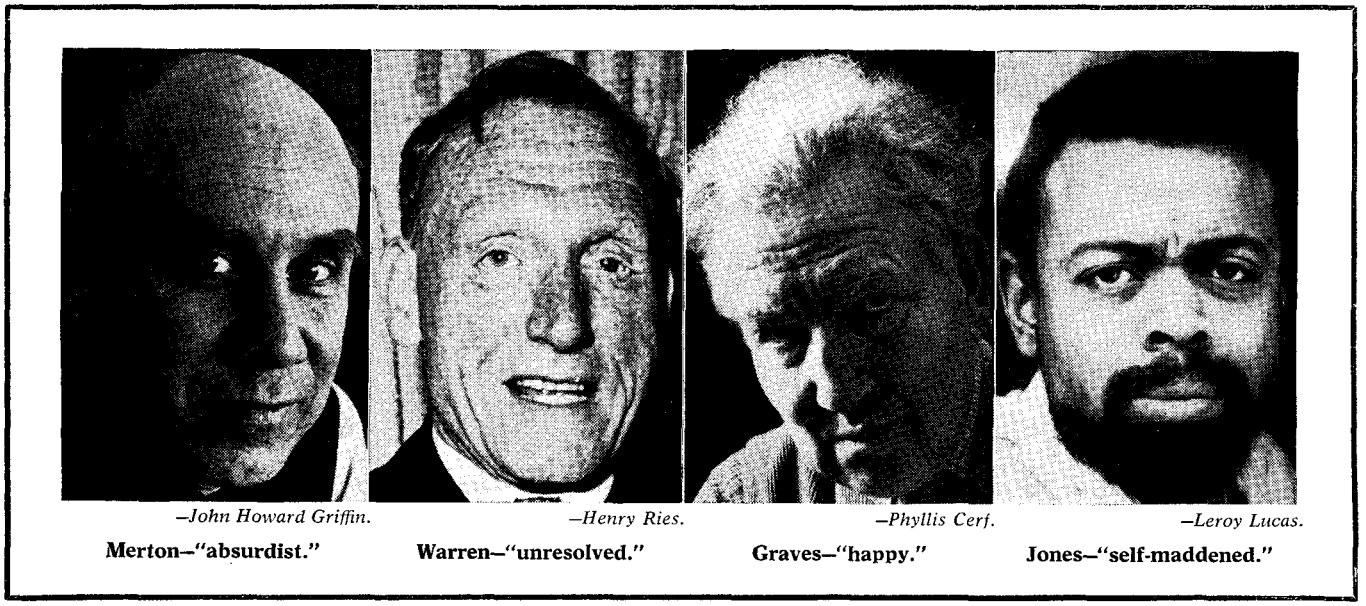
In Lograire Merton finds pre-Columbian Indians, Africans, Muslim Arabs, Hindus, anarchist English ultra-Protestants (the Ranters), Stone Age men of the South Seas, and American Indians. The commonalty is not simply man, or humanity, but our religious impulse, aspiring and fluid with all the protean strengths of the spirit, for which Merton's neo-surreal mode of the mind's wakeful dreaming is but the vehicle of expression. Like Joyce, Merton is forced, because he uses language, to speak, and speaking seems conscious, as though consciousness is made of words, or words create consciousness. But also the id, the subconscious, the secretive and lonely ego, the superego, even a super-superego become the substance of the poem, and are made to speak in words even while they invisibly inform the poetry that underlies its mere words.

How so? Merton presents, for example, a long "Mafia Id" section; he shows the subconscious in the rendering of the cargo cult mythos (funny and poignant at once); he offers liturgies of the superego, and conveys what I've called the super-superego, or God's mad and/or maddening grace, by means of his own lyric voice, which he melds with that of the world's voice in what he terms an "endless inscription." The poem is devastatingly absurdist, lit by gleams of truth, our truths, offered as logical insanities. All this is part of its mysterious strength, as witness the following excerpts:

"I now General Overseer Concession Registrar
Of Rains and Weather Committeeman
For Pepsi-Cola all over the veldt
Flail of incontinent clergy
Wave my highstrung certificate in times of change
Don't you need a Defender with a medical guarantee?"

* * *

The sacred books are confiscated by



—John Howard Griffin. **Merton—"absurdist."**

—Henry Ries. **Warren—"unresolved."**

—Phyllis Cerf. **Graves—"happy."**

—Leroy Lucas. **Jones—"self-maddened."**

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police to keep eyes under sightless dome. Study famous text in court. Sacred words kept shut in horny room. They keep my novels in a box of candy. Shine continental glad warm being in Law. Witness defies sentence structure. Chatterly wins sightless connection in timeworn nickle viewer: hierarchic spectacle. Eyes down everyone. Fold hands, walk aisles, composures, make up for Lawrence in Church. Save famous continental dome from Reds. Extort glad news from Receiver. Famous John will live in hiding with "Roses of Life." Latest sacred arrested books saved up in jealous Senates of memory for more fun until better business. Keep eyes ahead gone dead dome: a shiny bald Church with a hole in the head a veritable pantheon. Fulltime overwork for Monsignori canonizing randy films. . . .

Dear Togs. I have chosen electric life with spades. The lines here are almost new. Home is underwater now. Conscience is a bronco well busted. Memory secured by electronic tape. Gunshots on the glassy swamps of night. Uniforms wade under willows calling to the dead.

* * *

So Christ went down to stay with them Niggers and took his place with them at table. He said to them, "It is very simple much simpler than you imagine." They replied, "You have become a white man and it is not so simple at all."

* * *

DAY SIX O'HARE TELEPHANE

Comes a big slow fish with tailfins erect in light smog
And one other leaves earth
Go trains of insect machines
Thirtynine generals signal eight
Contact barrier four

A United leaves earth
Square silver bug moves into shade under wing building
Standby train three black bugs indifferent
A week after he got sick
A long beetle called Shell
On a firm United basis
Long heavy-assed American dolphin touches earth
Please come to the counter
Where we have your camera
Eastern Airlines has your camera
And two others drink coffee
Out of yellow paper cups

Big Salvador not cooled off yet
From sky silver but
Hotel Fenway takes off at once
To become Charles' Wain

Excerpts cannot, of course, show their full complexity without the resonating structure of the whole book. Merton seems to have opened his mind like a gigantic radio network to map the geography of man. Whatever his personal form of belief, the chart he draws of the human world has mutually significant reference points that hardly need transformation formulas to express our own family's language: we all begin—perhaps almost all end—our lives as members of one cult, the rites of which vary only as our histories do, and, from the perspective of Lograire, histories fan out and fold again. Merton has not reduced us, however, to the level of the merely primitive cultus in his syncretic (and high-order) religious geography; he has instead entered us, our technologies, feathers and printed papers and plastic charms and all, into its larger life by means of wit, compassion, and a most profoundly disinterested understanding of what we are. *Lograire* is simply an astonishing work.

Not as mightily ambitious but also a welcome event is another single poem, Robert Penn Warren's *Audubon: A Vision* (Random House, $4). It makes one realize that, surely, here is one of the fine poets writing today. It's always a little hard to place Penn Warren's work, perhaps because so much of his poetry at first seems unresolved, built from a conflict of tensions: the strong narrative and historical sense he has of the frontier landscapes of the nineteenth century, in which hard characters play out their lives in violent actions, as opposed to an intense lyrical perception of and absorption in pristine nature, its animals and plants seen as if for the first time by a sensitive and reflective mind. That mind belongs to a philosophical poet whose method, like Faulkner's, is to embody his thoughts in persons who, like most of the few naturally aristocratic, genuinely superior and simple Americans we have had, seem to live situated amidst a savagery both very nearly unthinkable yet obviously so common that it's taken for granted. Perhaps the poetry appears unresolved because our lives cannot be otherwise in America, and it is this recurrent fact that has always obsessed Penn Warren. As Faulkner did, he has evoked the wilderness sweetness and brutality and the obscure, doom-haunted destinies of American men and women: he has made poems out of them that seem like dreams of beauty and horror frozen in amber and preserved for our contemplation,

a terrible contemplation of what it means to live, to have lived always, in a world without rules, a world where rules are irrelevant—the American world, in fact.

Without rules, but not without meaning. Meaning that comes out of memory, memory which is time, or the visions of time. And time is our acts, what has happened to us then and now; and our acts come out of what we imagine, what we seek and love; and what we love is what we dream, our very lives—or is it the other way around?

The dregs
Of all nightmare are the same, and we call it
Life. He knows that much, being a man,
And knows that the dregs of all life are nightmare.
Unless.
Unless what?

Or put it this way:

What is love?
One name for it is knowledge.

The knowledge of the artist, perhaps, of one like Audubon, knowledge he both seeks and makes for himself out of the search.

Audubon is a narrative poem and also reflective. It is derived from or based on Penn Warren's reverie, his "vision" of the great naturalist-artist, a bastard who never knew his mother and was brought up by his father, reversing the usual situation. Seeking his mother, one could say, Audubon wanted to know all the birds of North America, and he not only pursued them in the wilderness but painted them, or their essences, for us.

In this poem we see the great white heron, an eagle, a crow. And we read the strange story of a night's lodging during which Audubon is nearly murdered for his gold watch by a slovenly woman in a slovenly hut. At the last moment he is rescued by three strangers (angels?) who burst in, capture the woman and her sons, and string them up the next morning. We never know why, and neither does Audubon, though the event reveals him to himself: he had lain, unmanned, waiting for his throat to be slit, as the one-eyed Indian in the cabin had hinted it should be.

This is the major portion of the twenty-nine-page poem; the rest deals with birds, some diary notes from the *Life*, and the poet's questions about truth and dream, questions put into the sharp eyes of the birds and the crack shot who hunted them in order to paint them: Audubon the artist, scientist, pioneer, lone woodsman, and almost legendary figure.

At the close, Penn Warren hears the

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geese of his boyhood migrating somewhere overhead in the dark, and Audubon hears the Northwest Orient New York-Seattle jet. If I weren't certain he had more books in him, it would be tempting to say that Penn Warren has given us a sort of last word, or key to his work, as he sees it, or key to ourselves. He remarks that Audubon, finally settled with his lovely Lucy, no longer paints or plays his flute. He is successful, and finished. With his life gone, so was the last of the frontier: the dates coincide. But now Penn Warren is binding time and times into one, and though he is a poet of usually explicit statement, somehow he leaves it all wonderfully out, all to be guessed, lived into and lived through again, so that this poem shimmers for us like the North American world, all here to be seen and known, yet like ourselves an utter mystery, too. At the end he says:

Tell me a story.

In this century, and moment, of mania,
Tell me a story.

Make it a story of great distances, and starlight.

The name of the story will be Time,
But you must not pronounce its name.

Tell me a story of deep delight.

Adding to his *Collected Poems*, Robert Graves has produced yet another ninety-odd: *Poems 1965-1968* (Doubleday, $4.95). There is hardly any need to rationalize Graves's traditional-seeming lyric style, for we have had him with us and about us for much longer than most of us have lived, and Graves is his own best critic—though it is hard to hear him in the din. Suffice it to say that his achievement is absolute mastery of English syntax: he is clearer than crystal. Graves reminds me of one of the gods Lucretius said lived on an island far off in the skies, happy and eternal. But his wisdom, his charming wit are not remote from our concerns, albeit they are only eventual concerns for most of us, and then only if we live to be as strong in the head and as clear about love's mysteries as Graves is. The fact is, what he speaks of so very clearly is simply never that clear, which is, I guess, in the nature of the thing. Graves is the poet par excellence because, while he is a poet's poet, he has kept his books open to all. This sort of poet, like Herrick, evades all comment, evades everything but praise, and praise must take the simplest form, quotation:

You have wandered widely through your own mind
And your own perfect body;
Thus learning, within reason, gentle one,
Everything that can prove worth the knowing.
A concise wisdom never attained by those
Bodiless nobodies
Who travel pen in hand through others' minds,
But without reason,
Feeding on manifold contradiction.

To stand perplexed by love's inconsequences
Like fire-flies in your hair
Or distant flashes of a summer storm:
Such are the stabs of joy you deal me
Who also wander widely through my mind
And still imperfect body.
—"Within Reason"

At the furthest extreme from this is Le Roi Jones's *Black Magic: 1961-1967* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95; paperback, $3.95), which amalgamates three books—*Sabotage, Target Study*, and *Black Art*. I am troubled by Jones's work and always have been, because I read him as a poet who is both blessed and cursed. He is blessed with the demon of language, and cursed in the way he uses it. Jones embraces both aspects of his lot with savage alacrity—without always knowing which is which and sometimes, I suspect, without caring.

Jones began to write at a time when the Negro was stirring again in his chains, crying out in pain, and starting to act out the violent dream of rising up and dragging the walls of the prison down about him. In *Sabotage* Jones discovers that whatever he knows as a man and poet is evil, is the white devil in him. He must destroy that devil, the language itself. How to destroy the devil without destroying himself is the burden of *Target Study*. Finally, in *Black Art*, he thinks he has found the power and the way, that he is ready:

We want poems like fists beating niggers out of Jocks or dagger poems in the slimy bellies of the owner-jews. Black poems to smear on girdlemamma mulatto bitches whose brains are red jelly stuck between 'lizabeth taylor's toes. Stinking Whores! We want "poems that kill." Assassin poems,

(*Continued on page* 42)

THE LETTERS OF ALDOUS HUXLEY

edited by Grover Smith

Harper & Row, 992 pp., $15

Reviewed by J. W. Burrow

■ Aldous Huxley—he would have hated the comparison—was the H. G. Wells or Bernard Shaw of his generation, a dazzling intellectual entertainer and the apparently omniscient mentor of many an adolescent self-education including this reviewer's. Not the least fascination in these collected letters to those who share this common past are the occasional glimpses they offer of the raw materials which Huxley processed so brilliantly for us and spangled with such intimidating yet enticing cultural cross-references; it is rather like being introduced to one's grandfather.

Huxley was a more sensitive, more impressionable, less dictatorial guide than the great Edwardian pair, Shaw and Wells, though less successful in creating characters to embody his opinions; he remained essentially a critic and connoisseur of forms of knowledge and attitudes to life. He was never, like them, an outsider; he did not have to raise his voice to attract attention, though he never appealed to so wide an audience. From his early twenties, in fact, Huxley, who numbered an exceptional quantity of Victorian sages and culture-heroes in the preceding generations of his family, was in touch with leading figures in the British social and literary world, though the man to whom he was most drawn, D. H. Lawrence, was another outsider. But Huxley at twenty-three was writing casually about the man who had just ceased to be Britain's Prime Minister, "It is a pity that the old man is so malodorous. I speak literally and physically, for he was here today." There is, accordingly, plenty of gossip, both literary and otherwise, in the letters of the interwar years. "I wonder if you know," a letter of 1918 inquires of a leading society hostess, "what means Bertie Russell employed to cure his piles. . . ." (The query was not impudent; Huxley was a fellow-sufferer.) The lengthy postwar correspondence with American academics on psychological research is weightier but, alas!, a good deal less entertaining.

These letters, in fact, take one, more revealingly in some ways than by the hindsight of biography or autobiography, through all the stages of Huxley's career: the now forgotten young poet of the early 1920s, an epicure of the slightly too glittering phrase; the self-consciously clever and cultivated essayist and satirical novelist who ground

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out reflections on life and art for a living between the wars and satirized Wellsian utopianism in *Brave New World*; and the pharmacological mystic of the Californian desert who presented his experiences with mescalin in *The Doors of Perception* and died of cancer in 1963.

Huxley's career, far more than that of most writers, was given shape and dramatic unity by his personal intellectual odyssey, undertaken largely under the pressure of an obsessive dialectic, freely illustrated in these letters as well as in his works, between spirit and matter, analytic intelligence and unitary mystical vision, the claims of diversity and the search for a still center. Huxley was always fascinated by the sublime and comic incongruities of man as what the philosopher Thomas Hobbes called "the great Amphibian," mind *and* matter. He took an enthralled ironical interest in the peculiarities of the conjunction: in the paradoxes of asceticism and the ailments and weaknesses of great minds —Pascal's bowels, Nietzsche's making himself sick on sweets, perhaps even Bertie Russell's piles. His later preoccupation with drugs and with using the body's chemistry as a launching pad to the infinite seems a natural development. Even the cynical undergraduate Huxley writes to his brother Julian, "One cannot escape mysticism," just as the aging California seer could still manage a rare touch of the old self-mockery:

> To make this trivial world sublime,
> Take half a gramme of phanerothyme.

Whether one sees Huxley's last years as an inspiring self-transcendence or as a rather dismal attenuation of humor, curiosity, and fastidiousness, one leaves these letters with a grateful sense of a refreshing contact with an unusually civilized, inquiring, and essentially gentle man. Huxley never achieved a satisfactory synthesis of his talents and interests in his writings; even in the best of them there is a feeling of provisionality, of a staging post on an intellectual journey that is more important than any of its individual moments. At their worst they have a kind of rarefied parasitism, as though the author were eagerly telling one about the books that have excited him recently.

It looks as though Huxley's most satisfying embodiment of his restless intellectuality may have been his own life. "I should like to go on forever learning," he writes on leaving Oxford. It is not a bad epitaph, and these letters are an appropriate and often moving memorial on which to inscribe it.

J. W. Burrow is reader in history at the University of Sussex in England.

THE WAY OF A MAN: An Autobiography

by James K. Feibleman

Horizon, 401 pp., $10

Reviewed by Bertrand P. Helm

■ An almost unshakable tradition has it that the man who has not sought out his own nature and come to terms with his findings will, in his actions, commit himself to conflicting goals and bring about his own undoing. Inscribed at Delphi and affirmed by Socrates, the maxim "Know Thyself" is one of the determining ideas of Western humanism. The theme has a corollary: the self that is sought must not give up too easily. It takes a full lifetime to be human. Thus, the task of hunting for one's true nature cannot be ignored, and it cannot be quickly finished, except on pain of an early eclipse of the self.

The life and the work of James K. Feibleman are grounded in this double tradition. His autobiography describes the path taken by a man who, as quarry, refuses to be cast into the shade by the categories of his own philosophy. But *The Way of a Man* is also the route mapped by the skilled philosopher who, as hunter, tries to subsume all existing things and himself under the fixed rubrics of reason. The philosopher notices unconcernedly that he "can sometimes actually fail to distinguish" between people and ideas. But the man in him cautions elsewhere that "ideas must be watched, for they may become people."

This autobiography is not organized around a strict chronology, with the measured pace of years and decades showing where he has come from and where he is going. Feibleman presents his life not as a trajectory but as an involution, a slow process of turning inward toward harvest and vintage. An interweaving of the naturalist and the humanist can be seen in one of the closing (and best) chapters, "A Summer on the Island," in which he describes his discovery of Martha's Vineyard. There, past and future become progressively unreal for him in the face of that burgeoning internal time sense where man and nature seem one, and where all events are processed in terms of his meetings with others and his dialogue with himself.

More than anything else, these encounters with himself set the pace for *The Way of a Man*. Mr. Feibleman recognizes that he is "leading a double life, as every artist, as every abstract thinker, does." But in a more general way he thinks this is the plight of all persons. "No single individual is less than two people, and nearly everybody is more than two." His own peculiar fate, he believes, derives from the nature and vocation of the persons he is: philosopher, poet, and flesh-and-blood man. Feibleman the philosopher, essentially Greek in his metaphysical orientations; Feibleman the man of his place and time, intrinsically practical, in love with existence and a poet besides— these are the parties who confront each other throughout.

They are the hunter and the hunted. The one has no compunction about trying to grasp everything in the meshes of his inquiry. "At the beginning of my life I even had scruples about the business of inquiring. . . . [However] inquiry was to become the chief self-conscious activity of my life." He then adds immediately, "But from the very outset I fought it." Thus, the practical man feels fated to evade such comprehension and seeks to avoid the ensnaring cords of reason the philosopher spins. As a philosopher, he would hunt out the nature of all things and show how these natures are systematically related. But it is the way of a man not to be a mere incident to or illustration of a system of reason, and the hunted man flees from such a preassigned role.

The hunt slackens and almost adjourns as Mr. Feibleman shows us new sides of some of the artists, poets, writers, and scientists of his time. His encounters with Jacob Epstein, T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner, Arnold Toynbee, and Albert Einstein are duly recorded. Other famous people and notable events and movements find their places here. But no matter how interesting, these are really just interludes in a process of self-examination.

The hunt picks up again, and the chase quickens as it turns progressive-

—Carol Lazar.

James K. Feibleman—"a double life."

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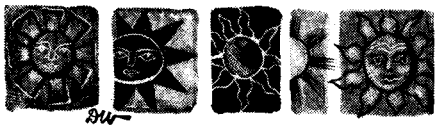
ly inward. The philosopher tries an old stratagem to slow down the man. He calls out that "a life apart from its ultimate purpose is an old wives' tale." But the man, not wishing to be turned into an idea, will pay no heed. As he flees ahead, he will lecture the philosopher: "We read our ambitions as well as our history in the nature of a straight line, but such a reading is merely to console ourselves and it is not at all true."

Undaunted, Feibleman the hunter wings a generalization at his quarry: "All humans like permanence." The reply is found in another context but the defiance is unmistakable: "Recurrence, perhaps; but persistence, never." Becoming irascible in the face of this man who somehow finds his own transience comforting, the hunter says, "There is a secret and disagreeable person hidden behind the façade which I show to myself. How am I to get at him?" But the hunted one will not yet be got at and, becoming equally disagreeable, allows, "We do not need to care a fig for the actions of the philosopher." The implication is that it is all right if the philosopher thinks his abstractions, but that as an agent in the world of existence he is out of his element and too clumsy to make things or people fit his conceptions exactly.

The Way of a Man includes two volumes in a single book. Volume I is entitled "Sheltered Lives"; Volume II is called "The Lord of Anything." Volume I was written about twenty years ago. I get the distinct feeling that there the philosopher came out ahead in understanding his world and his place in it, but that the man has pulled ahead of the philosopher in the second volume, and might escape him altogether in the



guise of poet. If there are firm grounds in the book for my impression, they would help support Feibleman's conviction that the real world and men in it are much richer than any one philosophy can assay. This emphasis upon a wider and deeper kind of reason that is in things and people as part of their make-up is one of the themes of his philosophy. It appears regularly in most of his philosophical writings, writings that now include thirty books and upwards of 150 articles. This theme in much of his philosophy would be thrown into bas-relief if indeed the man has been successful in eluding the philosopher in the autobiography.

We must hope that the man of humane reason has outdistanced the technical philosopher. For there is a sense in which the drama of the hunter and the hunted is a universal drama for Western man. This is perhaps the main reason for the significance of this autobiography. It is, of course, important as an account of the genesis of some sides of Professor Feibleman's philosophical system. It is also important as an account of other authors, artists, scientists, and social movements since World War I, although the book would be more serviceable if it had an index. Mainly, however, it adds weight to our introspective darts at ourselves as we hunt our fleeing natures. How has Feibleman the man been able to pull away from Feibleman the philosopher? And how has the philosopher with his deeply humane reason nevertheless been able to keep track of the man? That is the main story of this autobiography, but it is the way of a man, too.

Bertrand B. Helm is associate professor of philosophy at Southwest Missouri State College in Springfield.

THE CONVERTS

by Tereska Torres

Knopf, 308 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Daniel Callahan

■ Jewish converts to Catholicism have not been plentiful in the twentieth century, and one can understand why. The Church, particularly to East European Jews, could only seem the enemy. There were, of course, from time to time, the conversions dictated by expediency: it was one way to escape the ghetto. But a conversion out of belief could only too easily be taken as a betrayal of the worst kind—of a religion, a culture, and a community. Some Jews, like Simone Weil, who might otherwise have become Catholic, held back. Their motives, they knew, would not have been readily understood; their act would have appeared one more blow to a people already battered.

For those who did convert, a tiny group disproportionate in its share of artists and intellectuals, the result was frequently a mélange of mixed identities. The father of Tereska Torres, the Polish sculptor Marek Szwarc, was one of these. While the title of Miss Torres's book might suggest that it deals with converts in general, it is instead an autobiography; the other Jewish converts of the time—just before World War II—are shadowy figures. For Tereska Torres, the conversion of her father meant that she grew up French, Polish, Catholic, and—conversion or not—Jewish. In order to keep his conversion hidden, her father moved to Paris, where Miss Torres received a thoroughly French education. During the summers the family went back to Poland, always carefully concealing their Catholicism from a large and close network of relatives. Thus for Miss Torres her religion was a secret to be closely guarded.

The small worlds people live in are often more important than the large ones. Miss Torres's father was far more concerned about his parents' attitude than about that of the Catholic culture in which he lived. And when his Orthodox relatives finally discovered the truth, all his fears were confirmed. In a way, the Szwarc family had the worst of both worlds—they could not fully share their Catholicism with other Catholics nor their Jewishness with other Jews.

Yet they seem to have been uncommonly happy. Their secret bound them all the more closely together. The childhood Miss Torres describes is to be envied. To live on borderlines between different worlds, can enable one to see and feel more than others. If it does not destroy, it enriches. With acute sensibility the author carries us back and forth between France and Poland, Judaism and Catholicism. Some converts want to throw away the old, to become wholly different persons. But for Tereska Torres everything was to be preserved: she is a Jewish Catholic. If conversion did not mean to her a betrayal of Judaism, neither did her French education mean a repudiation of her Polish ancestry.

As with so many other converts, however, it was the Jewish identity that remained paramount. For Miss Torres it was the context of everything else; that seems evident, however much she speaks of her other selves. When she was married, it was to a young Jewish boy, Georges Torres, whose death in the war barely three months later served to keep alive all the more her ties to a Jewish past. That her present husband is Meyer Levin, a Jewish friend from her childhood and, like herself, a novelist, seems fitting—the confirmation of a life that, from diverse pieces created a mosaic richer than most of us can claim.

The Converts leaves its mark on the imagination — sweetly, tenderly, suggestively. One senses that the story of her life might be told very differently by someone who knew rather than was Miss Torres. But I at least found myself not caring. The life she gives us is a good one.

Daniel Callahan is director of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, and the author of the forthcoming book "Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality."

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THE COMMUNIST COLLAPSE IN INDONESIA

by Arnold C. Brackman

Norton, 264 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John M. Allison

■ In 1962 Arnold Brackman wrote in the epilogue to his *Indonesian Communism:* "The Indonesian communists are convinced that they ride the crest of the future, their path lighted by a shower of Soviet Sputniks. A red star hovers on the Javanese, if not the Indonesian, horizon."

Now Mr. Brackman has written another book dealing with the abortive coup in Jakarta on the night of September 30- October 1, 1965, its causes and its consequences—one of which was "the destruction of the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI), at the time the largest communist movement in the noncommunist world."

With the American press and people apparently concerned only with what is happening in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, Mr. Brackman brings a sense of proportion to our thinking about Southeast Asia as a whole:

> In perspective, what transpired in Indonesia on that night—not the massive United States intervention in Vietnam earlier in the year—was perhaps the most epochal event in Asia since Mao's rise to power on the Chinese mainland in 1949.

Had the plot, which Brackman characterizes (correctly, I believe) as more a purge of the anti-communist generals than a "coup," succeeded and the Sukarno-PKI union taken over the direction of Indonesian affairs, the balance of power in Asia would, the author declares, "have inexorably tilted against the noncommunist world." Brackman's book is the first that has dealt at length with the international significance of the September 30 affair as well as its domestic repercussions.

We are given a brief but revealing account of the "mephitic climate" in Jakarta on the eve of the affair, followed by a succinct description of the rise of Indonesian communism and the increasing closeness of the cooperation between Sukarno and the PKI. Brackman rightly points out that "the Western intransigence" over the Indonesian claim to West Irian was the chief factor in bringing Sukarno and the PKI together and giving the latter the opportunity to pose before the Indonesian people as the principal backer of Sukarno.

The gruesome story of the kidnaping, murder, and mutilation of the generals is told in grim detail. It leaves little room for reasonable doubt that not only the leaders of the PKI but Sukarno himself were deeply involved in the plot to get rid of the anti-communist generals, establish a "Fifth Force" of armed peasants and youth groups, and put the PKI in a position to dominate the entire country. Whether Sukarno gave advance approval to the murder of the generals remains uncertain, but there can be no question that he wanted them removed from office. His appearance early on the morning of October 1 at Halim Air Base, where the generals' bodies had been dumped in an old well and where the leaders of the PKI and their friends were gathered, has never been explained satisfactorily, and it probably did more than any other one thing to convince the army and large segments of the population that Sukarno was involved.

From at least August 15 on, the PKI leaders, backed by Sukarno, saturated the press with the necessity for all to endorse the president and his campaigns against Malaysia and to establish a Jakarta-Peking axis. This propaganda, accompanied by charges that a generals' council had been set up with the help of the CIA to bring about a coup on October 5, Armed Forces Day, makes clear that the communists were laying the groundwork for some extreme action. When in mid-September President Sukarno conferred a state medal on PKI Chief Aidit for service and loyalty to the Republic, he revealed his own position. Brackman also makes a good case for at least indirect support from Peking, through encouragement and the supplying of arms for the Fifth Force that was to back up the PKI purge of the generals. The PKI countercharge that the attempted coup was "an internal army affair" is given short shrift.

The author allots considerable space to the reasons for the plot's failure. Timing was one. Leaders of the PKI feared Sukarno's health was fast deteriorating, and that if anything happened to him the army would move against them; hence pre-emptive action was necessary. This proved to be premature. Second, the PKI leaders fell victim to their own propaganda and expected their mass membership to follow them, particularly after Sukarno endorsed their action—which he did not do. His courage apparently failed him when he learned that General Nasution had escaped and that General Suharto was prepared to lead the army against the communists. General Suharto's action, on October 1 and after, was the final factor that insured

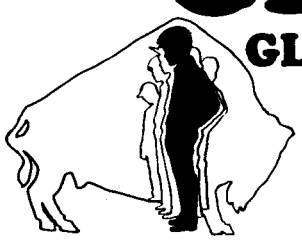
(*Continued on page* 70)

"A tremendous tour-de-force."[1]
"Always intelligent and alive."[2]

"Manages somehow to contain the estrangement of our youth, our mad assault on ecology, and the increasingly stained honor of the United States . . . A story both tender and terrible."—*Hollywood Reporter.*[1] "One of the best fictional studies of adolescence this reviewer has read in some time. Enthusiastically recommended."—*Library Journal.* A new national bestseller, $5.95 at all booksellers.

Bless the Beasts & Children

GLENDON SWARTHOUT



Stanley Kramer will produce and direct the forthcoming Columbia Pictures film.

DOUBLEDAY

2. Harper's Magazine

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HURRY HOME

by John Edgar Wideman

Harcourt, Brace & World, 185 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by David Littlejohn

■ John Edgar Wideman's *Hurry Home* is a story of blackness told in a very private, poetic, sensitive way. A sequence of lifelike events, a pattern of relationships among identifiable people, can be seen in the glinting, running river of prose. But so can nightmares, Moorish warrior kings, the visions of Hieronymus Bosch, water and night and stillborn children more symbolic than real, and a young, modern American Negro who remembers being locked in a slave ship 300 years ago.

Reviewers, ever in search of ready and easy ways to condense an esthetic experience into a few paragraphs, are probably more responsible than anyone else for the common delusion that a novel is somehow contained in its discernible, realistic plot. *Hurry Home*, a reviewer could say, is "about" Cecil Otis Braithwaite. He is a poor black law-school graduate ("second of his race . . .") from Washington, D.C., who walks out on his bride on their wedding night, crosses the sea to Spain, searches for . . . whatever oversensitive young American Negroes search for in Europe. He finds a long-necked black king in Bosch's *Adoration* at the Prado, a middle-aged white man who wants him for a son, a grizzled old drifter, a Spanish whore. After three years of searching, he comes back to his janitor's basement apartment in Washington to find Esther, his simple black child-bride, asleep as she had been when he left her three years before, like Sleeping Beauty.

But then, *L'Avventura*, reviewers told us, was about a crowd of bored Italians on a yacht who went picnicking on an island where one of them got lost.

Hurry Home is primarily an experience, not a plot: an experience of words, dense, private, exploratory, and nonprogressive. The clusters of words are sometimes clever (sometimes too clever); sometimes "literary," in an overconscious way; sometimes as elusive as cigarette smoke. But they are sometimes also eloquent, vivid, and direct. They represent the voice of a highly cultured man (but cultured for what between Oxford and the Washington slums, between the slave ships and the Prado?), a painfully sensitive black American who is trying to find a shape, a pattern of words that will allow him to ask certain deep, personal, existential questions.

The question "Who am I?" is not a black man's prerogative, and the lonely search through the Old World for an answer has been the pattern of a hundred thousand young Americans' lives and novels. The career begun, the bride asleep, the door shut silently in the night; the ship's deck and the moonlit sea; the museums and cafés and narrow streets, the characters and whores; and then the weary prodigal's coming home. It is an American myth, a compelling, beautiful, necessary American myth, which is why it is re-enacted and rewritten so often. Wideman's version is spare and eccentric, highly stylized, circling, allusive, antichronological, far more consciously symbolic than most versions, than the usual self-indulgent and romantic works of this genre—and hence both more rewarding and more difficult of access.

But there is a deeper difference, too, which the hero spells out in a journal entry written just before he leaves for Europe.

He wakes. It is spring; birds sing. He describes a ghastly dream of murdering his wife, inventories and interrogates his dark body in the mirror, feels it as he shaves, his thoughts trickling off down exotic gullies of association, personal, verbal, historical—until they come up against the one bleak, dreadful, irreducible image of his life: his son Simon, born premature and horribly dead two years before.

> Sweet Life. Sweet Simon son. Laid to rest one day of spring, invested in her silence in her flesh soil embedded was my son. . . .
>
> You were not to be simply the glue between Esther and me; we needed no bond or perhaps knew no bond could hold us together if not that identity of will and blood we had become. No, you were to be something better. A contradiction I suppose to the way the earth seemed to be turning, to what I knew myself to be and all starving men to be. I wanted you to be full, complete, not a living hunger or a word written in the sea. I was oppressed. Three hundred years I had been stooping and dying, the life urge dribbling out obscene and curdled like white insides from a squashed bug. I could go no farther. Backward nor forward, neither side to side, just stand and dance in my chains, teeth showing not in joy but agony as my ankles were rubbed to slender, trembling roots ready to snap and end the jiggling dance forever. I studied the law. . . .
>
> Well, to be short, simple, and to the point, Simon, greed, fear, hate, and ignorance, the outriders of the End, stocked the land. The best people were already being suffocated by the high, thin air of impending doom, the premature apocalyptic putrefaction in the bodies of the people. The best men hadn't slept for years. . . .
>
> In my desperation you died. All thought of providing more fuel for the fires of hatred and destruction was impossible. . . . A thousand, thousand times you died and in my frenzy I was a cannibal feasting on the flesh you could not become.
>
> But early one November, again I regret the lack of detail, in my desperation death brought you forth. Impossible conjunction, nature's mistake as much as ours, you were conceived.
>
> Simon, can you ever forgive. . . .
>
> Was the timing perfect; sublime in its irony and false promise. . . . What would one expect if not a life for you that touched the outermost edges of tragedy and farce. A life that would be the fullest sounding board of human experience. And so I rejoiced. In spite of myself, after the most profound sleep and death, life was being resurrected. Life as a thumb in the nose at impossibility, life as a redemptive, unquenchable force outside of me, outside of things. But Simon my son you came too soon, never even got a breath of fresh air.
>
> I am willing to go on. . . . I will be a man of all seasons. But I will not undam those squiggles of other Cecils,

—*Edward Zorensky.*

John Edgar Wideman—"an experience of words . . . private, exploratory."

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1395

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1395 will be found in the next issue.

BOS MWQEQM MBO IUEBLP-

QUK B GVOAIWZXP LBEEQOC

BTIWBCI LS YXUE WIYIMEQOC

ITIWS OIG QAIB.

—Y. A. GQPPQBJU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1394

. . . The history of nations under the sway of despotism is no more than a collection of anecdotes.

—NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

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other xy Simons in my loins. No, the black man was not meant to be. Ask them, any of them. *You are not real.* And unless some God comes down and starts to kissing this black clay again it will crumble and blow away ungrieved, unfollowed, and without remorse.

There is nothing in the novel so fine, so resonant as the shaving-mirror soliloquy of April 19—I would like to quote it all—but there is nothing unworthy of it, either. It does, I think, make clear why John Edgar Wideman's version of the American prodigal-son myth possesses an intensity, an inner necessity quite unlike that of most others.

David Littlejohn is a member of the Department of Journalism at the University of California at Berkeley.

BLESS THE BEASTS AND CHILDREN

by Glendon Swarthout

Doubleday, 205 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Brian Garfield

■ Glendon Swarthout's latest work is a superb example of the kind of novel that evolves when a writer's craft is equal to the grandeur of his theme. *Bless the Beasts and Children* is a compassionate book, a true book, a book of the heart; it is also a compelling drama that grabs you with a grip that can't be pried loose.

It is a funny, furious narrative of six disturbed teen-aged boys, exiled by their wealthy parents to an Arizona summer camp which advertises that it builds men. When the camp appears to have failed in that endeavor, the six misfits set out to achieve it themselves by embarking on a marvelous quest for redemption, pride, and justice.

Like the Western movie Swarthout describes, "You did not watch it. You sucked on it. For this is the marrowbone of every American adventure story: some men with guns, going somewhere, to do something dangerous." These are six very young men, with a .22 rifle, going somewhere the hard way, to do something dangerous and quixotic.

The story is full of emotion: tearfully humorous, triumphantly sad. It is a fine writer's vision of the ultimate magnificences and depravities of the human spirit. To summarize the plot would reveal surprises the reader should discover for himself. But perhaps it requires a note: One scene depicts a terrifying, mindless act of collective human savagery—a violent cere-

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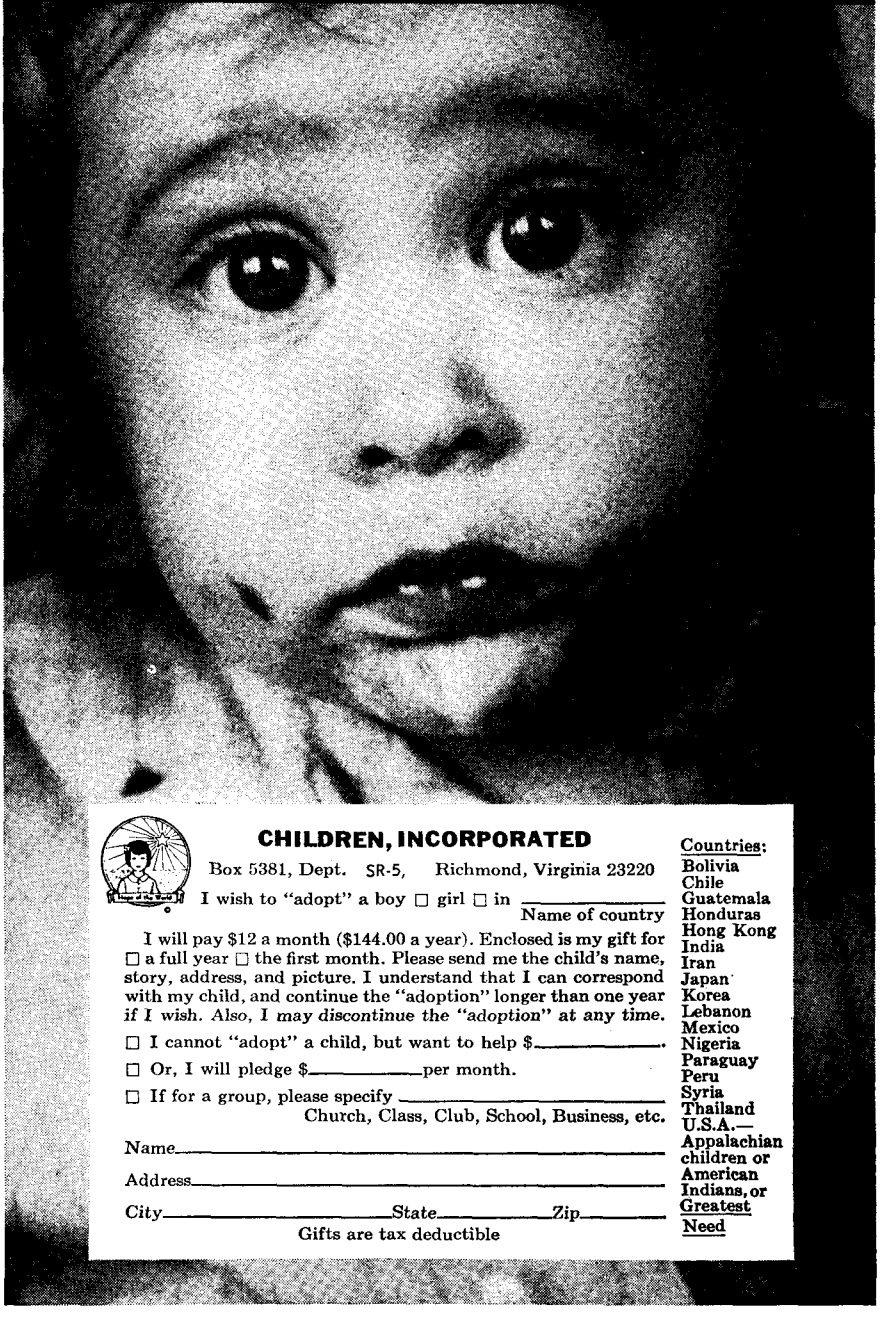

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monial murder of helpless animals. The scene is one about which I have heard strong disbelief expressed. But it is essential; you must accept it as an authentic observation of real human conduct, or dismiss the novel as a tissue of false analogies. Therefore I stress, from personal knowledge, that the episode describes a practice carried on in several Western states with ritual regularity, and that Swarthout pictures the slaughter accurately. What is appalling is that he didn't have to make any of it up.

Glendon Swarthout's name is probably known less widely than the titles of two of his eight novels—*Where the Boys Are* and *They Came to Cordura*. In the latter book he examined a group of tortured misfits isolated on a hard-bitten wilderness trek, and explored the curious interchangeability of courage and cowardice. Superficially the new work resembles *Cordura* in that respect, but this time Swarthout has found the footing he tested in the earlier story.

With *Bless the Beasts and Children*, Glendon Swarthout has added something fine and important to the literature of our age.

Brian Garfield's latest books are "The Thousand-Mile War" and "The Hit."

Poetry Quarterly

Continued from page 36

> Poems that shoot guns. Poems that wrestle cops into alleys and take their weapons leaving them dead with tongues pulled out and sent to Ireland. Knockoff poems for dope selling wops or slick halfwhite politicians Airplane poems, rrrrrrrrrrrrrr rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. . .

But is the black art there for the willing and the promulgation of it? Two things go on in that excerpt, at least. The first is the poetry, and it resides in the voice, the syntax, the intellectual and visceral montage, which are set moving at riot pace and intensity. The second is the sense of it, which is a sort of condescending demagoguery, the speech of a complex and sensitive and educated man making believe it is hipworld and "peoples' " talk. I have no doubt Jones is passionately identified with all that he means by blackness and hipworld and "peoples." He may have no choice; but one feels he is wronging himself somehow, as a poet—if it matters. Anyone in America who has had parents illiterate in English, or is "ethnic," knows how easy it is to do from the inside, and how attractive. That may be a white's hang-up —the resistance, the temptation to go folk-ethos. And it is true that the politics of hatred always seems to make some sense in a revolutionary or semi-insurrectional time.

But it also seems to me that politics is bad for poetry. One can say that the estheticization of politics is the mark of fascism and, if labels mean anything, Jones's work is thoroughly fascistic. It speaks, and very loudly, too, in messages sprayed on the walls of Newark; it is bullhorns, tear gas, clubbing, shotguns and sirens and all the sounds of warfare in the city and the ghetto; it is race propaganda of the most unashamed and often fulsomely vulgar sort, replete with voodoo-Muslim-family slang, cottonpatch-minstrel blues, rock and hyperjazz, ghetto voices and revivalist, spiritualist, shamanist, pseudo-Gullah wildness and craziness. In fact, it is passionately engaged, enraged leadership poetry. But when it is not political, it is often embarrassingly soft, as if the hands were stiff with toil or broken by torture. You can't say it is art, and you don't believe it's meant to be.

Curiously, aside from time and place, there is little difference between Jones's "black art" ideas and those of Yeats's upstanding fisherman in gray Connemara cloth. Both are naïve dreams that end in screams and marching chants: the poet in politics. And, though the poet wants to use men, he is the one used. Inevitably. If the poet understands that, all right. The trouble is that Jones reminds me of a great, beautiful fish on a hook: jump as high and shake as hard as he can, the line leads back to the reel of our common language. If he thinks that is the white devil, he is going to go on tearing himself to shreds as a poet. The solution of many writers everywhere who are not to the dominant manner born has been to submit themselves to language —the master's language, of course—in order to master both it and the master. But when the artist takes the political—racially political—attitude that he must destroy the language in his head and in his blood and bones just because it is the devil's, the master's language, he is headed for a bad scene and a worse trip.

Thus much of Jones's work is vitiated for me because it tends to be schizoid. The problem seems to have long been for him the crucial one, and he shows his awareness of it by protesting much too loudly throughout these poems. Almost every word is both black and white, and Jones uses much magic to make white words signify black. But most of the time you feel he's strutting in his *dashiki* and spouting bad poetry, even nonpoetry, which can only be justified, if it ever can be, by its being

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read with the right beat and pronunciation and scored for the right audience with the right amplifier plugged in.

Well, such are the times, and everybody, nearly, is up front doing the signifying and the theater thing. It is what we have, and it wearies. If Jones cared to consider such a complaint—and I see no reason why he should, given this book—he would probably offer as rationalization that this poetry is given this way to *his* people. I grant that argument in advance, just as one recognizes the right of people to self-determination, whether by means of black studies curricula or black magic. I am sure that Jones means a lot to young black poets as example and leader. To the white world that publishes him I fear he will mean less, unless his poetry is read as symptomatology, which can be invaluable, or for intelligence on the state of the battle. I find myself forced to read him as an intelligence self-maddened.

Surely so strong a talent will find a way out. But the tendency to be an activist in poetry, to embody a cause, any cause, even the most rightful of righteous, leads to a shrillness that only hides an enslavement far more subtle than the one it seems to fight, and that is the worst fate for a poet. Moreover, in *Black Magic* Jones is compromised from the start by having made himself somehow stupid, out of compassion and anger for the people he has chosen to represent. And then he elects to execute in print other black men, the leaders or Toms he hates. At that point the price becomes far too high; he has marked himself down for doom both as revolutionist and poet. The poet dies first, poisoned by his own venom. And that shouldn't be necessary: it is naïve and sentimental, which may be even worse than fascist.

Still, Jones is far ahead of the kind of merely political thing demonstrated by Walter Lowenfels's anthology *In a Time of Revolution: Poems from Our Third World* (Random House, $5.95), an almost wholly bad book, if one excepts the passable political poem written from passionate need. In fact, it is hardly surprising how much in common a selection of poems illustrating a political program has with the kind of mental process that used to go into choosing poems for high-school texts. This book, too, may serve in its wretched way to help us to remember that the politicization of art is typical of totalitarian tyranny.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS
1 Fd, 2Ie, 3Gh, 4Bc, 5Lb, 6Ja, 7Ci, 8Ed, 9Hg, 10 Af, 11 Dj, 12Kg.

SHAKESPEARE: The Pattern in His Carpet

by Francis Fergusson

Delacorte, 331 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Bernard Grebanier

■ The subtitle of this book is less deft than it may have appeared to its author. Indeed, Francis Fergusson is too wise to try to force the endless variety of Shakespeare's imagination into a single "carpet." Moreover, the figure of speech is certainly too flat and abstract to represent the full-blooded, three-dimensional universe that Shakespeare created. The only "pattern" I can discern as possibly intended as such by Mr. Fergusson is an analogy he draws, with a bow to Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, between Shakespeare and Dante: both poets, he says, "had a *vision* of man and his destiny . . . formed in each case by the central classical-Biblical tradition. . . ." That is, they both accepted the "same Ptolemaic order in the stars," they read the meanings of man's "strange doings" in the "context of Greek ethics" and also of "the timeless *and* historic drama of Redemption as summarized in the Christian Creed."

Only Dante and Shakespeare were able, Mr. Fergusson says, to use this "accepted 'world-picture'" in "all its harmonious complexity to mirror earthly life." He feels that the analogy between the two poets becomes "still clearer" and "still more useful" as one studies the whole sequence of Shakespeare's plays, because of what, to his mind, are certain recurring themes: "that of the monarch as the earthly 'figure' of God; that of romantic love with its magical potentialities both deathly and life-giving; that of lethal treachery and its counterpart, fidelity." So it is with Dante, he observes, and "that is why the first two *cantiche* of the *Commedia* provide the best clue to a reading of Shakespeare's theater as a whole."

I find the analogy strained, almost precious. Ptolemy or no Ptolemy, the sublimities of Dante and Shakespeare have almost nothing in common—little more, perhaps, than their mastery of poetry. The atmosphere of the *Commedia* is circumscribed by and saturated with a fervent medievalism and consecration to theological ideals. The atmosphere of Shakespeare is as unconfined as, to us, is interstellar space, and through it sweep the vast passions, joys, sorrows, loves, and hates of men

(*Continued on page* 71)

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Feld in Brooklyn; Ballerina from Japan

A SWEETLY ROMANTIC BALLET by Eliot Feld, *Early Songs* (Richard Strauss), had its world premiere during the recent engagement of Feld's American Dance Company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, its home base. This is the newest example of a resurgent romanticism in the world of ballet, and it is right up there in the class with George Balanchine's *Liebeslieder Walzer*, Jerome Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering* and *In the Night*, and Norman Walker's modern *Night Song*.

Early Songs consists of solos, *pas de deux*, and ensemble passages interwoven with the fourteen lieder (sung by soprano and baritone) that comprise the score. Feld is not at all literal in his choreographic response to these songs. He does not interpret the lyrics, but he responds to their cadences, their moods. His dances have their own identities, living in harmony with the lieder but not subservient to them.

A lilt in sound may be echoed, kinetically, as a ballet lift, or a flutter in the music may find form in the delicious balletic beatings of feminine legs as the petite dancer (the adorable Christine Sarry) is lifted by a stalwart partner and swung gently back and forth as if she were a precious pendulum linking sound and sight. At other moments, the choreography parallels the music only in mood.

Early Songs, tastefully costumed by Stanley Simmons and sensitively lit by Jules Fisher, is a work of superior craftmanship choreographically, but more, it is an art experience that lifts the spirit. At its premiere, it was faultlessly danced by its cast of thirteen, including Feld himself, Miss Sarry, Elizabeth Lee, John Sowinski, and Richard Munro among the most impressive.

The company, engaging at its New York debut last fall, has bettered its own performing record by adding to its very youthful buoyancy and physical skill such ingredients as polish, authority, awareness of gradations in body dynamics, and a deepening of concern for the dramatic elements in those ballets that touch upon conflict, incident, situation, or mood. The repertory—six Feld ballets, ranging from classical to modern, from sunny to dark, and works by Herbert Ross and Donald McKayle—provided the company of seventeen personable and gifted dancers with a variety of challenges and opportunities. If they are incandescently romantic in *Early Songs*, they are deliciously devil-may-care in Feld's classical alfresco *Meadowlark* (Haydn) and darkly intense in Feld's *At Midnight* (Mahler).

Ballerina! It is a magical term. It is a designation for a very special creature. There are never very many of them in the world at a given time, although there are lots and lots of lovely female dancers. So when a new *reine de la danse* (as the French named Lafontaine, the first ballerina in history, nearly three hundred years ago) proves worthy of the crown, it is an occasion.

Over the centuries, a variety of names suggest the nations or cultures from which they sprang: perhaps, Guimard from France, Cerrito from Italy, Elssler from Austria, Grahn from Denmark, Pavlova from Russia, Markova (Lilian Alicia Marks) from England, Alonso from Cuba, or the American Indian Tallchief sisters. All of these countries, and others also, have produced more than one notable ballerina, but today we welcome a first, a true *prima*, from Japan. Her name? Yoko Morishita, and she is, indisputably, a young artist of rare attainment and great potential.

She made her formal New York debut (she had been seen fleetingly a year ago) in a full-length program of dance and music designed to frame her unique talent. It was given not on Broadway but in the modest and handsome Kaufmann Concert Hall of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA, a dance center that has presided over more than one auspicious debut. The audience was filled with dancers who had heard rumors of something special, and when these highly critical individuals gauged Miss Morishita on her entrance, they knew they had discovered an artist. When she had brought the program to a resplendent finale with "Black Swan Pas de Deux," they were totally convinced that they were in the presence of a new star, a new ballerina.

The program, presented by the Lepercq Foundation in association with the Consulate General of Japan at New York, had its choreographic focus centered on dances choreographed by Igor Schwezoff, but it also included two solos by a Japanese dancer-choreographer (Saeko Ichinohe) trained in American modern dance, and a violin solo by Yuko Washio (now at Juilliard), accompanied by Edmund Battersby. The ballerina's associates, fine dancers all, were Yukiko Mushanokoji and Yuriko Kawaguchi (members of the Asami Maki Ballet of Japan, as is Miss Morishita), Anthony Santiago, her splendid partner, and William Breedlove (Metropolitan Opera Ballet), and Victor Vargas. Helio De Soto provided piano accompaniments where tape was not used. The lighting, by Lar Lubovitch, a brilliant dancer-choreographer, was superb.

Miss Morishita is of exquisite proportions. At a single glance, a knowing balletomane would say, "Ah . . . a dancer's body." And indeed it is. The ballerina is tiny, but her slender legs, as beautiful as those of Fonteyn, Tallchief, or the legendary Danilova, caress the space about her in *adagio* or, in *brio* actions, stab out like tiny rapiers. Her arms also give length and spatial extension to her diminutive body, and her finely molded head is set with sculptural perfection on a slender neck, a ballerina neck.

Her movements? Well, let us start with her technique, and simply say that it is impeccable (Schwezoff, by the way, is her American ballet master). Details? Among them, superb aplomb, that ability to balance breathtakingly yet effortlessly on *pointe*; *bourrées* that glide instead of jounce; a good jump; and the facility to spin like a top without making it look like a trick.

But there is more to her youthful artistry. In two of Schwezoff's pieces, *Preludes* (Chopin) and a *pas de deux* from *The Eternal Struggle*, she was meltingly feminine, a woman yielding to the male but, at the same time, curiously protective and tenderly strong. Dancing "Black Swan," she did not treat it simply as a virtuosic extract from a ballet; rather did she give us glimpses of the evil Odile herself, taunting and enticing the male, her mouth smiling an invitation while her eyes flashed an arrogant warning.

The virtuosity, I hasten to add, was present in full measure in "Black Swan," for Miss Morishita not only whipped off the challenging thirty-two *fouettés* in the coda, but she tossed in some double *fouettés* during the last sixteen and wound up with a multiple pirouette. This feat, of course, brought down the house and clinched the contest for Miss Morishita as far as a highly demanding and discriminating audience was concerned. She had made the grade, and had gone right to the top echelon of junior ballerinas.

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Treating Hurt Marriages

THE SEXUAL FUNCTION is as natural in the animal kingdom as breathing, urinating, or defecating. Yet sex has a unique quality that none of the other physiological processes can imitate. It is subject to indefinite delay and can even be denied for a lifetime. Monastic religious orders are founded on this capacity. Most of us make some use of it every day in rejecting sexual stimuli that are inappropriate to the social context of the moment. If that were the end of the matter, there would be no cause for writing this report. Unfortunately, the sex response turnoff apparatus works unconsciously as well as consciously, bringing lifelong frustration and unhappiness to uncounted thousands if not millions of men and women.

There probably isn't a single library big enough to hold all the books that have been written on this subject. If one such institution did exist, it wouldn't be worth rummaging through to find the few genuinely scientific contributions that have been made.

Alfred C. Kinsey's statistical studies of male and female sexual behavior are notable exceptions to the rule. Another is *Human Sexual Response*, the four-year-old book in which Dr. William N. Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson shocked a sizable number of readers with detailed descriptions of actual sexual intercourse performed by couples recruited for the purpose of establishing scientific criteria of sexual normalcy. To that preclinical investigative treatise Masters and Johnson this week add a sequel, in which they apply their earlier physiological and psychological findings to methods of rapid treatment of human sexual inadequacy.

Readers looking for titillation shouldn't waste time on this newest addition to the sparse record on sexual reality, which is titled *Human Sexual* ***Inadequacy***. There isn't a sly or salacious remark anywhere between the front cover and the back. Dignity is reflected throughout Little, Brown's packaging of the volume. All of which, I am hopeful, will encourage the interest of those who have serious sexual problems, for in this book they can find at least a sense of reassurance, possibly a road to happiness.

Masters and Johnson are out to establish a new school of sexual concepts and practices. They say in their preface that they will consider their work a failure if it does not produce disciples "in a variety of geographical areas throughout the world."

They are not interested in individuals per se, but in married couples. Their objective is to create happy marriages.

Sex alone does not guarantee a successful marriage, they concede. But sexual intercourse is the ultimate form of communication between a married couple. Absence of it distracts from all lesser forms of understanding.

By treating sexual inadequacy, then, Masters and Johnson propose to make the marital relationship the patient.

Human Sexual Inadequacy is actually a report on what the Reproductive Research Foundation of St. Louis, Missouri, has accomplished during fifteen years of laboratory experimentation and eleven years of clinical trial and error, including the five-year operation of a clinic at Washington University School of Medicine. The primary result is a two-week course of therapy in which husbands and wives are treated together.

On the theory that no sexual dysfunction is *only* the fault of the husband or *only* the fault of the wife, the Masters-Johnson approach disdains the traditional psychotherapeutic method of treating one of a pair of marriage partners alone. A husband and wife are always interviewed together by dual-sex pairs of therapists. Since no man can experience orgasm like a woman, and since no woman can experience ejaculation, the male therapist interprets the husband for the wife, while the female therapist performs a like service for the wife to the husband.

If a wife tries to play upon the sympathies of the male therapist, the female therapist intervenes to prevent any of the psychological transference of loyalty that usually takes place between a psychotherapist and his patient. If a husband appeals to a female therapist for psychological support, the male therapist breaks the connection.

These four-way interviews are repeated daily throughout the two weeks of sessions. They are interspersed with periods of "pleasuring" between the husband and the wife alone. To undergo the therapy, couples must visit St. Louis on a holiday footing with nothing to distract them from conveying the love they have for each other. In a pleasingly high percentage of cases, the treatment works.

The heart of the method rests on the scientifically established fact that happy sex relationships are not due to acts of will but to relaxation. As the book puts it: "No man can will, wish, or demand an erection, but he can relax and allow the sexual stimulation inherent in erotic involvement . . . to activate his psychophysiological responsivity." Likewise, a woman who fears that her reactions to the sexual act do not match some of the more lurid descriptions written by novelists is automatically shutting off her real capacity for enjoyment.

Human Sexual Inadequacy points out, as it should, that America is still suffering from the sexual mores of a half-century ago, when a "good" woman was not supposed to enjoy sexual intercourse—at least she was not supposed to admit publicly that she did. Today's girls are escaping this plight and sometimes reaching an opposite extreme, but what is perhaps the worst sexual problem is still with us because the practical education of the male of the species has not advanced very far.

In the days when a man's sex life began in a house of prostitution, it was to the advantage of the prostitute to dispose of him as quickly as possible. "Hurry up! Get on with the job!" was her exhortation. Thousands of cases of premature ejaculation were produced in this manner. Thousands of wives went through life bearing troupes of children without knowing true sexual pleasure. Today, the house of prostitution has given way to the call girl. She is too expensive for the beginner, who gets his first experience in the back seat of an automobile or under other circumstances more encouraging to speed of performance than to thought of his companion's pleasure. Lifetimes of premature ejaculation are still the result. Few of the hundreds of thousands of men so afflicted seek competent professional help, which isn't widely available in any case. Their wives, feeling they are "just being used," seek the company of other men or sometimes turn to other women.

To many, the most surprising disclosure of *Human Sexual Inadequacy* will be the relative ease with which premature ejaculation can be controlled through use of a simple pressure technique and lateral coital positioning. The book cites 186 cases in which there were only four failures, two of whom did not really try.

But nothing should be said to diminish the other chapters of the book. It is enormously encouraging to know that impotence, dysfunction of the orgasm, painful intercourse, and sexual inadequacy due to age not only can be but have been treated effectively in hundreds of people ranging in age from twenty-three to seventy-six years—all under conditions scientifically confirmable, all as married couples seeking to make their marriages happy.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Israel Diary—II

WEDNESDAY. There are essentially three kinds of tourists who visit Israel: Jews seeking a firsthand look at the modern wonders their brethren have wrought, Christians who come to trace the footsteps of Jesus and other biblical figures, and archeology buffs drawn by the layers of culture and civilization being uncovered almost daily across the land.

Since the 1967 war, Jews have flocked to Israel in record numbers, but the Christian flow has subsided. Statistics are not kept on such matters, but an El Al official guesses the ratio of American Jews to Christians has mounted to 4-1 in the last three years. "This is a sensitive business," he says. "I don't know, I think there is a great feeling of alienation in the Christian community since the war. The Vatican is certainly less happy with Israel now acting as custodian of most of the biblical sites as a result of the cease-fire lines." He refers more to fundamentalist Christians who would visit Israel chiefly for religious illumination than he does to those who come in a holiday spirit.

Surely Israel has places and events that appeal to tourists for more than spiritual reasons. Such an area is the Mediterranean coast, which I follow northward from Tel Aviv one rainy morning with my appointed leader, Joel Aviv. His precious new Plymouth, purchased during a recent visit to Brooklyn, is the biggest and boldest car on the road. Israelis, who are used to seeing and driving Fiats, Renaults, and Volkswagens, gawk at our passing bronze chariot.

Aviv's own background fascinates me infinitely more than the facts and figures he can spout on Israel, his adopted home. His last name means spring in Hebrew. He was born Robert Gabor in Budapest, escaped the Nazis in his teens, and was taken in by a Hungarian farmer, a Christian, while his own family was being disposed of in what Israelis call The Holocaust. After the war, at sixteen, he sailed for Palestine in a refugee ship, thrashing his way ashore to enter the British-controlled land illegally.

The rain quickens as we reach Caesarea, an attraction for all tourists. We emerge from the car long enough to inspect some fallen and chipped columns unearthed from this ancient city built by King Herod the Great in 22 B.C. and named for his patron, Augustus Caesar. We drive to the shore nearby and gaze through the rain at a remarkably intact sea wall, its marble columns standing just out of reach of the surging water. Beside us, passengers in a mini tour-bus are getting the same sheltered view.

Caesarea has Israel's only eighteen-hole golf course. It is the biggest patch of lawn in the country, an odd sight in a land committed to growing things of more utilitarian purpose. The course was opened in 1961 on a piece of land acquired nearly eighty years ago by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. More than 1,500 foreigners have membership in the club, some of whom spend their entire holidays on the links. Diplomats and other favored souls have invested the club with a certain snobbishness. Caesarea also has a branch of the Club Mediterranee, converted from a former Rothschild estate.

A few miles up the coast we stop for a midmorning blintz break at a roadside diner. Four Russian Israeli men are drinking glasses of hot tea at the counter. They must forgo their custom of taking the tea over cubes of sugar held in their mouths, because the diner offers only grain sugar. Aviv chuckles. "Always the Russians drink tea. I have it only when I am sick."

By noon we are in Haifa, and the rain has stopped. Of their three main cities, Israelis say Haifa is for workers, Jerusalem for scholars, and Tel Aviv for dancers (substitute swingers). We climb through the clean, shaded streets of a city built on three levels, until we are standing on a lookout 1,000 feet above the harbor. The air is sweet with mimosa. Aviv points to five French-made gunboats resting snugly in the harbor, spirited away from Cherbourg on December 25. It is the first reminder of the day—other than seeing uniformed soldiers hitchhiking along the road—that I am in a country at war.

Hassidic Jew at the Wailing Wall—notes to God stuffed in the cracks.

Turning away from the coast, we head east for Nazareth through the Valley of Armageddon. This is Israel's breadbasket, a region green with wheat, alfalfa, and sugar beets. As the rain picks up again, we stop for lunch at the Israel Restaurant in Nazareth, an establishment run by Christian Arabs and remembered by Aviv for its tender lamb chops. Christmas decorations are still up—strands of colored popcorn strung across the room and adorned with five-sided paper stars of Bethlehem. While I put away three or four of the tiny, flaky chops, a huge red-haired Arab stands above the table trying to peddle an *a-gal* (a band to hold the Arab headdress, or *kafiya*, in place). I try to see myself as Lawrence of America. When the Arab detects a mild interest on my part, he leaves the restaurant for a moment and returns with a *kafiya* and *a-gal* he says are more authentic. I give him fifteen Israeli pounds (about $4.30), which is too much, but after lunch he escorts us to the car beneath a large umbrella.

Nazareth's main Christian shrine is the Basilica of the Annunciation, rebuilt in the last decade to become the largest church in the Middle East. It stands above the grotto where Mary received the message of God, according to the gospel delivered by an Arab guide who shows me through the church. Jewish guides qualify their description of biblical sites by saying, "This is thought to be the place," or "Theologians believe this to have existed," while Arab and Christian guides take a fundamentalist approach. The upper level is hung with large and impressive art works donated by Christian communities from all over the world. A mosaic from Japan shows Mary in a kimono, she and the child Jesus depicted as Orientals.

Northeast of Nazareth, Aviv and I descend to the Sea of Galilee, the second lowest point on earth at 696 feet below sea level. Only the Dead Sea (1,292 feet) is lower. We pass a hillside on which a flock of sheep is grazing, the spot where Christ supposedly delivered the Sermon on the Mount. In late afternoon as a mist rises around the lake, we pull into Vered Hagalil, a sort of Israeli dude ranch. Over mugs of coffee the boss, Yehuda Avni, talks of his novel venture, which he calls "my own form of revolt against the giants." The restaurant, built of Scandinavian pine, is decorated with wanted-dead-or-alive posters, wagon wheels, and other Wild West objects. *Avni*

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means stone in Hebrew. He was Edward Stone of Chicago, Illinois, until he moved to Israel twenty years ago and went to work on a kibbutz in the Negev. There he met and married his wife Yona, a *sabra*, or native-born Israeli. A *sabra* is also a cactus plant that has a thorny exterior but a soft, sweet liquid flowing within.

Vered Hagalil is not the kitschy tourist snare I have envisioned, nor is Avni a fast-talking Chicago pitchman. "I always had an urge to start something like this," he says. "I like horses, I like growing roses, I like the hills and the water. Some years ago I walked through most of the country looking for a place where I could do it all, where I could play and create. This seemed the ideal spot."

Avni and his family (there are sons, eight and sixteen, and a daughter, eighteen, in the army) settled in 1961 on the forty-acre plot of rocky hillside within view of the lake. They have a stable with twelve Arabian horses that can be rented by the day and ridden over the biblical trails of the Galilee. Avni has raised a flourishing field of roses and has cleared away tons of basalt and limestone rocks that pepper the countryside.

"We are missionaries," he says laughing, "because we provide an American menu." He has introduced chili con carne, Southern fried chicken, pancakes and maple syrup, hot fudge sundaes; his wife has contributed borscht and eggplant salad. With the help of his family and several young employees, Avni has completed several stone cottages and is building a few more so that eventually sixteen to eighteen guests may be put up overnight. Someday, when he gets to it, Avni will carve a swimming pool and tennis court from the grudging soil. "We don't play cowboys here," he says. "People who have to be amused all the time don't want us, and we don't want them."

Aviv and I stop for the night at a nearby kibbutz, Ayelet Hashahar. There are a half-dozen tour-buses parked outside, and the lobby is buzzing like a Tel Aviv hotel. Of Israel's 240 kibbutzim, this is one of fifteen that operate guest houses for overnight visitors. Its 104 units are spread across flowering grounds in separate two-tier buildings—a kosher motel. The central building houses souvenir and duty-free shops, a bar, and a large kosher restaurant with a *fleishik* (meat) and *milchik* (dairy) section. As the day's load of tourists pours into the dining room, I complain to Aviv that I am still feeling my lunch. A woman at the front desk overhears my plight and goes off to find a remedy. "Sorry, no Alka-Seltzer," she says on returning, and hands me a glass bubbling with bicarbonate of soda. "Now, drink it all," she says. At a time like this, I am thankful to be in a country full of Jewish mothers.

THURSDAY. Israel depends on its spreading network of kibbutzim to produce a third of its agriculture. Ayelet Hashahar's main crop is apples, and it also keeps 1,100 beehives. It depends heavily on the income from the daily flow of tourists, who generally stay a single night ($9 full board). To maintain the guest houses, it must hire outside labor, people from neighboring villages, to work in the kitchen, operate the shops, and tend the rooms. In a sense this undercuts the notion of pure commune life: that the kibbutz will function as an entirely self-sustaining unit.

"The old kibbutz ethic has been shattered," an ex-kibbutznik has told me in New York. "People growing up on a kibbutz today want some of the physical comfort and sense of privacy they could have in the main cities. So the old kibbutzim are losing a little of their original verve. Today defense has become the key. Young people are more attracted to the new border kibbutzim where their survival is in question every day." Since the 1967 war, a dozen kibbutzim have been established on territory claimed within the new boundary lines. Children born on these embattled outposts have seldom seen the light of day, forced to stay underground in bomb shelters.

We drive into the hills to the town of Safad, noted in guidebooks as a prominent artist colony. Its clean, narrow streets are honeycombed with dozens of galleries and studios. Much of the work I see depicts life in the Eastern European *shtetls* of the last century, a life that is preserved, in fact, on the main street of Safad. A bearded man in high rubber boots clumps down the street on a tiny horse-drawn cart hardly bigger than a child's plaything. He stops before a little shop and unloads crates of milk bottles. He brings to mind Tevye the milkman.

Eating lunch at the kibbutz, I meet a woman who is on tour with a United Jewish Congress group from the States. She is traveling without her husband; all the others are middle-aged couples. She says she can't wait to send her twenty-one-year-old son, a college senior, on a vacation to Israel this summer so he can meet some nice Jewish girls. She is flushed with the pleasure of visiting Israel, of seeing Jews at work and play, of eating in a kibbutz guest house patronized on this day only by Jews. "I feel so comfortable," she says.

On an afternoon flight to Jerusalem

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I am the only non-Hebrew speaking passenger aboard. The stewardess, seated behind me, delivers her messages over the loudspeaker in Hebrew and translates over my shoulder into English. I stay at the Inter-Continental in the Old City, an area retaken by the Israelis in the Six-Day War, the richest cultural and historical sector of Jerusalem. The hotel is staffed almost entirely by Arabs, who provide bowing, smiling, scurrying service, something you might not get in an Israeli-run hotel. I am told the Inter-Continental wanted to build a swimming pool, but chose not to do so out of deference to the Arabs, whose religion doesn't permit bathing in the seminude. "After the Six-Day War," Aviv says, "the Arabs came into Tel Aviv by the busload and stood with their eyes popping out, watching the women in bikinis at the hotel swimming pools."

At the Shemesh (Sun) Restaurant, I see striking signs of a war still raging. A group of wounded soldiers—men and women swathed in bandages, some sitting legless in wheelchairs—are seated around a table eating a dinner paid for by the management. "It happens every Thursday," Yezekiel, the owner, tells me. "We 'adopted' all the veterans of the Six-Day War and bring them over from the hospital for dinner once a week. Each week there are fewer and fewer, as they recover and leave the hospital. But as you see there are some to take their place."

FRIDAY. Jericho, a short drive from Jerusalem, was a favorite Arab winter resort before the 1967 war. Since then most of its Arab population has pushed on, and the hotels on the main street stand vacant amid cascades of brilliant poinciana and bougainvillaea. On a dusty hill outside of town, Aviv and I join a group of American Baptists who are listening to an Arab guide as he points to an excavation where he says Joshua brought down the walls of Jericho. Israeli archeologists doubt the walls date back 4,000 years. They think they are closer to 1,000 years old. "It would be lovely to believe," says Aviv. As we approach the Dead Sea and draw closer to Jordanian territory, I ask Aviv, half-jokingly, if he is prepared for an attack by Arab terrorists. He pulls a white cloth from beneath the front seat and unwraps a loaded pistol. "Al Fatah, I am ready," he shouts with mock rage. But he will use the gun if he has to.

The day is bright but too chilly to test the fabled floating magic of the Dead Sea, and besides, the water is adrift with dead fish and refuse. Near the barren hills that held the Dead Sea Scrolls, I see a green crop flourishing in the dusty earth, a man working his

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way through with a hoe. It is no mirage. It is Nahal Kalyia, one of the new kibbutzim established since the war on the site of a Jordanian army camp.

Jerusalem's Old City is too rock-strewn and treeless for my taste, but it holds more intrigue than the new section, which has neighborhoods with wide, shaded streets. Israelis from the New City are still discovering Old Jerusalem, prowling the teeming bazaars and covered byways like bargain-hunting tourists. Of course, the main lure is the Western (Wailing) Wall, a daily scene of emotional outpouring by Israelis and outlanders alike. Friday evening, as the Sabbath begins, I make my way through the Arab *souks*, following the long-frocked Hassidic Jews who take the trail often. We finally

emerge in a large square under twenty-four-hour patrol by guards who search each visitor for explosives. Night has fallen, and the wall is aglow in spotlights. Most of the worshipers have come and gone, but a few remain before the wall, men on one end, women on the other. The wall is much higher than I imagined, perhaps sixty feet, and it shows the stonework of several different ages. Standing before it, I see scraps of paper wadded up and stuffed in the cracks—messages to God.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Interest on Four-letter Words

Is the FCC acting in the public interest when it proposes to fine an educational broadcaster for allowing certain Anglo-Saxon four-letter words to be aired during a taped interview with the leader of a rock music group? A majority of the commission recently said yes to that question, in a decision involving WUHY-FM, a public radio station in Philadelphia. Commissioner Nicholas Johnson dissented; Commissioner Kenneth Cox dissented in part. Several communications lawyers with whom I have talked believe that the FCC is not acting in the public interest.

The commission in its decision welcomed a court review of its action, pointing out that this is a case of "first impression," without judicial or administrative precedent. At present, the managers of WUHY-FM are in a dilemma: They know that there is a significant First Amendment issue involved, but that public radio stations have no money for Supreme Court cases and little time and energy to allocate to a long drawn-out test.

WUHY-FM also has an exemplary community image, and its directors could question the wisdom of taking up a torch, the light from which might bring pain to the eyes of some supporters. The station may waltz a bit with the commission and then pay the $100 forfeit, or it may decide, with the help of friends, to fight in the courts. But the new ground broken by the commission will not lie fallow. Sooner or later—on this or another case—the battle over the use of four-letter words in broadcasting will be fought. The challenge will certainly not be from any of the commercial broadcasters but will probably come from a community- or listener-supported station, for it is on such marginal stations, at "underground" program times, that the young, the black, and the poor are pressing the proscribed words into public discourse. Herein lies the crux of the disservice done the public interest by the FCC decision. The commissioners are naïve when they assume that language is merely a tool to tell about what is and what people intend to do. Language is a means—and one of the most important ones—by which man shapes his universe. The rebels, using words as weapons, do not aim them with "obscene, indecent, or profane" intent. The words are decidedly asexual; they are used as intensifiers of meaning. They are signs, icons of disaffection, deeply connected to fundamental beliefs, values, and morals. The words used by Jerry Garcia in his WUHY interview were not "gratuitous," as the FCC ruled (and as the station, unfortunately, agreed). They were more than stylistic gloss on content.

What a man says cannot be split from the manner and tone he employs to say it. Words by themselves are only a small part of the communicative act. When Jerry Garcia interjected his intensifiers while discussing ecology, philosophy, and music, he was presenting his whole, authentic self; he was propagandizing for a world that is different from that perceived and shaped by the FCC majority.

By extending the acceptable limits of language, the young are focusing attention on matters that would otherwise be neglected. If the public interest is thereby served, a reasonable use of language has resulted. Constitutionally, such use overrides the fact that many listeners may be offended. The FCC argues that the public interest lies in the stopping of an emerging trend to use forbidden language on the air. If this trend isn't halted, the FCC majority contends, millions of offended listeners will stop using their radios. The argument is patently weak. If the words are so infectious that even commercial stations start using them, then the trend does represent contemporary community standards and ought to be encouraged.

If and when a court test comes, the defense should make its case on the broadest possible grounds. W. G. Eliasberg, in the *Journal of Criminal Psychopathology* (April 1942), wrote trenchant words on the subject of pornography that may be usefully applied here:

> Time and again the ideals, the ideology, the modesty, the hidebound feelings and time-honored convictions that would not go of their own had to be given up, under the impact of high-voltage bombardment and cathartic explosions. Such bombardment has always appeared immoral at first. If they would understand that ethics is not just dust-laden conservatism, that with the increase of frustration and abnegation, aggression and social unrest also increase, our moralists might be made to cooperate with advanced, so-called daring, writers and artists.

Read "FCC commissioners" for "moralists" and you have a conclusion in the public interest.

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May's child.

What is television doing to our children?

There are some who say television gives children strange ideas. Right. And here are some ideas your children may get from television in May.

They might be intrigued by oceanography or marine biology. Maybe being a potter, or a photographer, or a sculptor will catch their eye. Perhaps they'll be led toward conducting, or writing.

Of course, May brings bitter as well as sweet. Your children will see what we have done to our world, and it won't all be pleasant. They'll find out what ecology is, and what it can mean to the rest of their lives. Television feels bound to report to your children the bad as well as the good. Because they—and you—have the right to know and the need to know.

So for May, then, some programs to open young minds.

Teacher, Teacher. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Drama about mentally-retarded youth, with David McCallum, Ossie Davis, George Grizzard. Saturday, May 2 (7:30-9 pm).

Discovery. The Young Oceanographers; Thundering Waters of Niagara; Lights, Cameras and Underwater Adventure; Strangest Mammals of All; The Great Salt Lake. Sundays, May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 Noon).

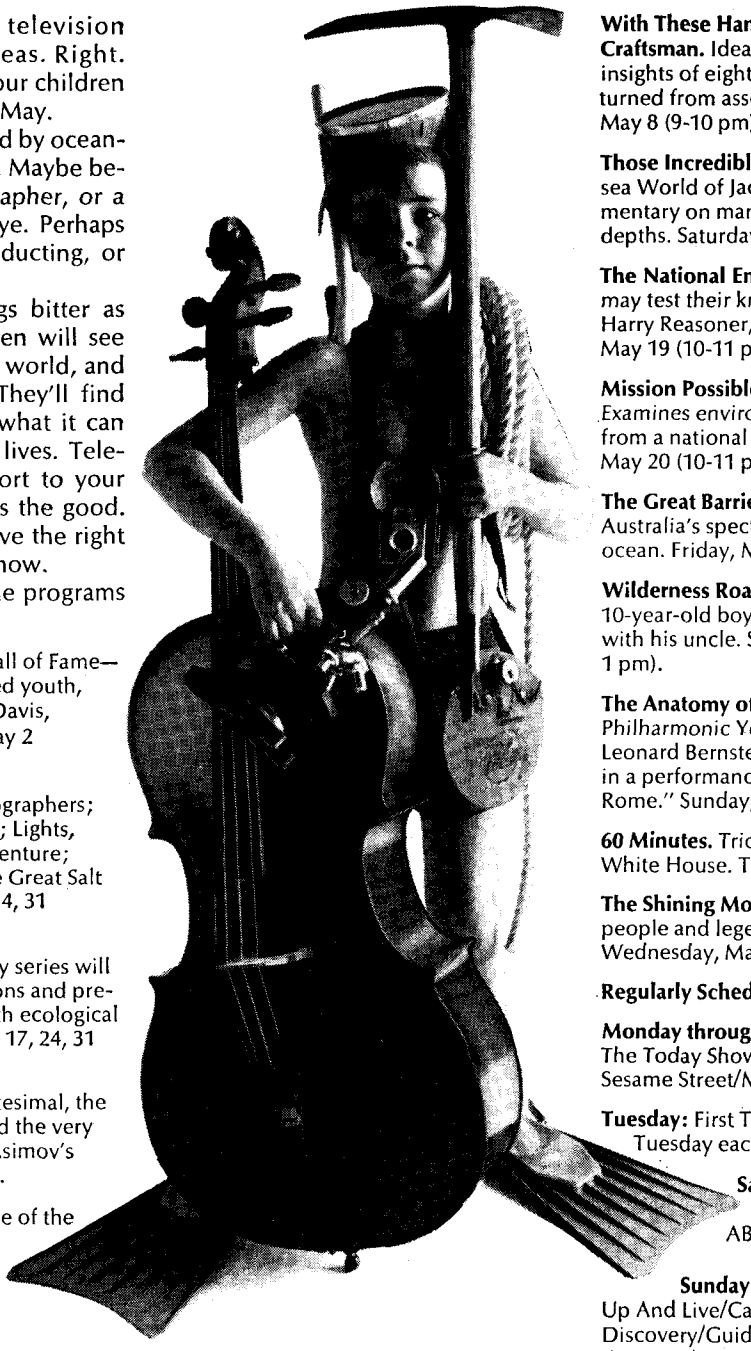
In Which We Live. New weekly series will explore environmental situations and present concern of Americans with ecological problems. Sundays, May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (5:30-6 pm).

The Unseen World. The infinitesimal, the very distant, the very quick and the very slow are highlighted in Isaac Asimov's script. Sunday, May 3 (8-9 pm).

Now. Black Mayor in Dixie; Eye of the Storm; Missing in Randolph; Women's Liberation. Mondays, May 4, 11, 18, 25 (10:30-11 pm).

Once Before I Die. GE Monogram—Report of seven amateur mountaineers climbing Himalayas. Tuesday, May 5 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Cartier-Bresson's California. Impressions of section of American life by French photographer. Tuesday, May 5 (10-11 pm).



Television Information Office
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With These Hands: Rebirth of American Craftsman. Ideals, viewpoints, creative insights of eight Americans who have turned from assembly line methods. Friday, May 8 (9-10 pm).

Those Incredible Diving Machines. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Documentary on man's drive to master ocean depths. Saturday, May 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The National Environment Test. Americans may test their knowledge of ecology, with Harry Reasoner, Mike Wallace. Tuesday, May 19 (10-11 pm).

Mission Possible: They Care for a Nation. Examines environmental deterioration from a national viewpoint. Wednesday, May 20 (10-11 pm).

The Great Barrier Reef. Exploration of Australia's spectacular shield against the ocean. Friday, May 22 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Wilderness Road. American Rainbow—10-year-old boy studies Arizona's wildlife with his uncle. Saturday, May 23 (12 Noon-1 pm).

The Anatomy of a Symphony. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts—Leonard Bernstein conducts and narrates in a performance of Respighi's "Pines of Rome." Sunday, May 24 (4:30-5:30 pm).

60 Minutes. Tricia Nixon conducts tour of White House. Tuesday, May 26 (10-11 pm).

The Shining Mountains. Project 20—The people and legends of America's Rockies. Wednesday, May 27 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/ The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/ Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/ CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/ Discovery/Guideline/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/ G-E College Bowl/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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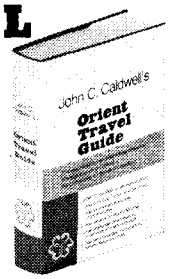

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

A Man Called Camel

A FEW WEEKS AGO, writing of *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, I referred to the unique singleness of vision that results when a director has the right—and the ability—to edit a film his own way. For good or ill, the final version is unmistakably his. *A Man Called Horse*, directed by Elliot Silverstein, illustrates the same maxim in reverse. Silverstein, who leaped into prominence with his direction of *Cat Ballou*, admits that *Horse* is "maybe 85 per cent my own," but specifically he rejects certain of its montage sequences (particularly a hallucinatory vision that seems almost to have come from another movie entirely), some of the editing in the climactic battle, and a musical score that, however proficient, departs significantly from his own concept of using authentic Sioux chants accompanied by equally authentic Indian pipes, drums, and rattles. Obviously, the right to a "final cut" embraces considerably more than simply how the film is edited. It includes also such important intangibles as style, texture, and taste.

Someone once said that a camel is a horse put together by a committee. While Silverstein's *Horse* is no camel, it is a rather spotted pony. The documentary feeling that the director was seeking, the sense of living with and learning the ways of a Sioux tribe early in the nineteenth century (which the hero of the film is forced to do), is marred for the audience by music that is often emphatically of this century. The clash of cultures that Silverstein had hoped to apotheosize in the hallucinatory sequence emerges instead as a romantic, *Elvira Madigan* vision. Even the Indian maiden with whom Horse falls in love seems less the noble savage than a studio casting director's notion of a sweet Sioux.

But it is idle to speculate on what might have been, particularly since, even as it stands, *A Man Called Horse* is a highly original and absorbing film. An English nobleman (Richard Harris), steeped in tradition and pride, is captured by an Indian war party and contemptuously kept alive to work as a beast of burden. Slowly, as he learns their customs, he realizes that his only chance for freedom is to win the Indians' approval on their own terms—to kill marauding Cheyennes, and to undergo the ritual tortures by which the men of the tribe prove their manhood. Even when he weds the daughter of the tribal chief, however, it is with the ultimate goal of escape.

All this has been staged with a sense of authenticity that suggests close scrutiny of the work of America's frontier painters, writers, and scholars. Even the matter of language, so often a stumbling block for films of this kind, has been handled with rare inspiration: The Indians speak Sioux, Horse speaks English, and a captive French half-breed (Jean Gascon) supplies the translations. It is astonishing how few are needed. In fact, with its emphasis on natural settings and vivid action, *A Man Called Horse* often recalls the mute power of the silent screen, the power to make us look, absorb, and wonder at the exotic world so persuasively created out of shadows.

Unfortunately, no such persuasion arises from *Halls of Anger*; this is all the more curious since it was filmed in its entirety on locations in and around Los Angeles, and the script deals with the thoroughly contemporary, readily recognizable problems resulting from forced integration on the high school level. In *A Man Called Horse*, the Indians are unfriendly to the whites; in *Halls of Anger*, the Negroes are even more so. This may be a new trend, but it's going to take something a bit more credible than *Anger* to make it stick. Perhaps one should admit that it took some courage for writers John Shaner and Al Ramrus to tackle an unpopular theme, and for Herbert Hirschman to produce the film. But having demonstrated their courage, was there not also the necessity for them to have explored such a theme with some insight and responsibility? Instead, we are introduced once more to a super-Negro, handsome Calvin Lockhart, a basketball hero who grudgingly assents to his becoming the assistant principal in a black ghetto school that is undergoing a slight infusion of whites. Predictably, the blacks resent the intrusion, ganging up on the white students and ultimately precipitating a strike. The white principal, the villain of the piece, is all for calling the cops; but Lockhart leaps in, risking his entire career, and gets the students—black and white—back to their classrooms. The script's oversimplifications are as staggering as its hypoed melodramatics are depressing. After this and *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, one wishes that Hollywood's liberals would return to escapist fare until they learn more of what they are being liberal about.

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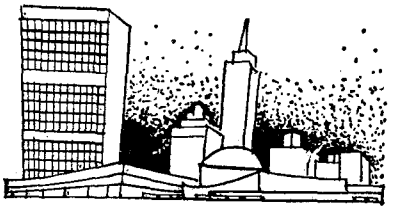
ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

Affluence and Effluence

A notion has taken hold in the United States to the effect that the *only* people who should be encouraged to bring children into the world are those who can afford them. This notion expresses itself in two ways. First, the problem of world over-population is supposed to apply to places like Asia and Latin America rather than to the United States. Second, family planning is supposed to be far more essential for poor people (and nations) than for the non-poor.

These are harmful fallacies. The fact is that in terms of polluting the environment and using up the Earth's resources the United States is one of the most *over-populated* countries in the world. Nowhere is there more pollution per person than in the United States. The average American uses more electric power than fifty-five Asians or Africans. The generation of electric power is a prime producer of pollution. A single American accounts for more detergents, pesticides, radioactive substances, fertilizers, fungicides, and defoliants in the rivers and oceans than are produced by a thousand people in Indonesia—a nation that is generally cited as a prime example of human overcrowding. One American is responsible for putting more carbon monoxide and benzopyrene in the air than 200 Pakistanis or Indians. One American consumes three times more food than the average person who comes from places that account for two-thirds of the world's population. The average American is responsible for 2,500 pounds of waste per year—many times the world average. If abandoned refrigerators, automobiles, and other bulky objects were to be included, the figure would be astronomically higher.



The United States, with less than 2 per cent of the world's people, accounts for almost 30 per cent of poisons being dumped into the sky and the seas. The notion, therefore, that Americans are less of a drain on the Earth than Chinese or Indians, because there are so many fewer of us, is an absurdity and a dangerous one.

The same hard facts apply to the argument that the size of a family should be governed by its income. Actually, the higher its income, the greater the total burden a family imposes on the environment, whether it is land use, combustion engines, highway construction, spew from jet planes, asbestos in the air, or nonsoluble chemicals drained into the sea. Effluence and affluence have a way of going together.

Much is said about population density in places like Calcutta, Jakarta, or Tokyo. In terms of swarming humanity, however, nothing approaches the midtown area of New York City between 4 and 6 p.m. on a weekday. Men have solved the problem of flying to the moon, but they are completely stymied when it comes to getting from one point to another inside New York.

The problem of population control has to be recognized and approached in a world environmental context. In coping with population pressure or anything else that affects the environment, the presiding need is to protect human life on this planet. The situation today is that the world's population is increasing faster than the supply of food and available resources. At the present rate of population expansion, land depletion, reduction of available water, and exhaustion of natural resources, within thirty years this planet will experience survival tensions the like of which have never existed before. One figure alone is worth pondering: The approximate annual rate of world population increase is 2 per cent. If, starting with a few thousand human beings 5,000 years ago, the human race had experienced a constant 2 per cent annual increase, the Earth today would be swarming with people fighting for standing room.

Any view of the future must begin with a sense of the whole. The human habitat is in jeopardy. There can no longer be privileged sanctuaries on this planet. Nor can nations be regarded as the ultimate form of human organization. It now becomes necessary to develop the United Nations into an agency with adequate authority to attack world problems, most especially with respect to war and environmental destruction. The role of Americans in helping to bring this about will be speeded by the development of a world philosophy and outlook.

—N.C.

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HOW SAFE IS THE NATION'S DRINKING WATER?

by SALLY LINDSAY

Every three months a computer in the Cincinnati office of the federal government's Bureau of Water Hygiene gives a readout of the status of all public drinking-water supplies that serve interstate carriers; that is, trains, planes, buses, and ships involved in interstate commerce. The most recent readout was made March 18, 1970. It covered 678 water supplies that serve some eighty-one million persons.

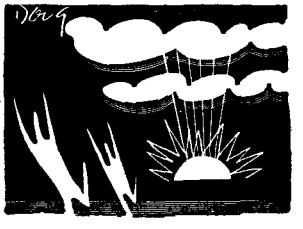
The chart on the facing page lists those interstate water-supply points across the country that had sufficiently serious deficiencies at the time of the readout to be rated *provisionally approved* instead of *approved*. (Interstate water supplies that do not appear on the list, such as New York City, were classified *approved*.)

Only three classifications are used to rate drinking water: *approved, provisionally approved*, and *prohibited*. *Approved* means that the water supply essentially meets all the standards set by the U.S. Public Health Service for both facilities and quality, that the reliability of the system is very high, and that it is deemed capable of continuously providing water that meets the standards. *Prohibited* means the water is unsafe and cannot be used on interstate carriers. *Provisionally approved* does not necessarily mean that the water is unsafe; it means that in the judgment of the state and federal inspectors either the facilities have some major deficiencies that cast doubt on the capacity of those systems to provide safe water continuously, or an occasional water sample has fallen below the quality standards, or both. Improvements, therefore, have been requested. They are usually made as rapidly as possible, with the result that water supplies classified *provisionally approved* on one readout are frequently upgraded to *approved* on the next. Many of the watering points listed here have already made the necessary improvements and would be rated *approved* today.

About fifty million gallons of drinking water per day are consumed in the United States. Most of this amount comes from the country's more than 20,000 municipal and privately owned water systems. The states are responsible for the water systems, called public regardless of ownership if they serve twenty-five or more consumers. The federal government, specifically the Bureau of Water Hygiene, which comes under the Environmental Health Service of the U.S. Public Health Service, is responsible for monitoring the supplies of drinking water made available to interstate carriers. These watering points, as the PHS calls them, are usually in large cities and transportation centers, and are therefore the major water supplies of the country. Those same sources of drinking water, of course, also supply local communities. Thus, when the federal government evaluates water supplied to interstate carriers, it is also evaluating the quality of the drinking water available to the local citizenry.

Standards for drinking water were first established by the PHS in 1914, and were revised in 1942 and again in 1962. Most of the states have adopted the PHS standards intact, although some states have made slight modifications. Whether rated by the states or the PHS, two aspects of all public water systems are evaluated: their physical facilities, and the quality of the water produced. The physical facilities include the source of the water, and the pumping, treatment, storage, and distribution equipment. Quality involves color, odor, taste, turbidity, bacteriological count, certain chemical and pesticide levels, and radioactivity.

The water supplies that come under PHS jurisdiction are monitored almost constantly. Suppliers are required to submit samples for bacteriological and chemical analysis on a monthly schedule geared to the size of the population served—approximately one sample per month is required for every 1,000 persons supplied, with a minimum of two samples per month. State and PHS inspectors, who are usually sanitary engineers, examine the equipment at watering points, paying special attention to chlorination systems or alternative systems of disinfection; they check the pressure in the pumping systems to make sure it is high enough to prevent nonpotable water or other substances from being sucked in, and are on the lookout for cross-connections that link pipes and mains carrying potable water with those carrying nonpotable or unanalyzed water.



Every three years the PHS makes an exhausive study of all interstate water supplies. And once a year the states submit reports to the PHS on the interstate supplies within their boundaries, making recommendations on how each supply should be rated. The trimonthly computer readouts of the PHS are updatings of these annual reports.

No system of inspection and classification can, of course, guarantee absolute safety, and within the existing water-monitoring system there is ample room for improvement. The PHS and the states, for example, could use more staff, more facilities, and more funds to good advantage. Additional classifications for evaluating water supplies would do much to eliminate the ambiguity of the *provisionally approved* rating, which even many inspectors find difficult to define, and would help pinpoint the actual deficiencies to be corrected. And, finally, the drinking-water standards themselves should be revised to include safe levels for the new synthetic inorganic chemicals now being used by industry and frequently present in pesticides, herbicides, and insecticides but not mentioned in the current PHS manual on standards. A committee is presently working on such revisions.

Are the nation's drinking-water supplies safe? Most observers believe that within the limits of current knowledge they are—especially those in large communities. But they also believe that, in order to keep the supplies safe while new and possibly harmful chemical substances are being loosed in the environment at an ever accelerating rate, a comprehensive research and testing program on the long-range effects of those chemicals is required. However, the PHS, by law, has authority to adopt standards only for the purpose of controlling the introduction or spread of communicable diseases. It has no legal authority to deal with the kind of noncommunicable chronic disease that may be induced by some chemicals. Clearly, the law should be updated.

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U.S. CITIES WITH SUB-STANDARD DRINKING WATER SYSTEMS

(As of March 18, 1970)

MAJOR DEFICIENCIES

1) *Failure to maintain adequate sampling schedule for measuring bacteriological standards, indicating inadequate monitoring program, or failure to send sampling reports to the Public Health Service.*
2) *Samples do not meet PHS bacteriological requirements.*
3) *Failure to meet PHS chemical standards or provide adequate chemical data.*
4) *No chlorination, inadequate chlorination, or no other system of disinfection.*
5) *Low pressure in distribution system (which can cause backflows and cross-connections between potable water and water of unknown or questionable safety).*
6) *No cross-connection control code, inadequate cross-connection code, or no continuing program of cross-connection inspection. (Involves possible pollution of potable water system by water of questionable safety.)*

ALASKA

Kodiak (1)
Nome (6), (3), (1)
Unimak Island (1)

CALIFORNIA

Avon (2), (3)

COLORADO

Bond (1), (3)
Denver (1), (3)
Grand Junction (2)
La Junta (1), (3)
Pueblo (6), (2)

GEORGIA

Augusta (6), (3), (1)
Brunswick (6), (3), (1)
Macon (6), (1), (3)
Savannah (3), (1)
Waycross (6), (3), (1)

IDAHO

Idaho Falls (1), (3)
Lewiston Orchards (6)
Nampa (1), (3)
Pocatello (1), (3)

ILLINOIS

Beardstown (1), (2), (3)

INDIANA

Mount Vernon (6), (3)

IOWA

Cedar Rapids (1), (3)

KENTUCKY

Ashland (1), (3)
Catlettsburg (1), (3)
Central City (1), (6)
Corbin (1), (3)
Fulton (1)
Louisville (1), (3)
Somerset (1), (3)

MAINE

Bucksport (1), (2), (3), (6)
Searsport (1), (2), (3), (6)

MARYLAND

Piney Point (1), (5)

MASSACHUSETTS

Fall River (6)
New Bedford (2)

MISSISSIPPI

Escatawpa (6), (3), (1)
Pascagoula (1), (2), (3), (6), (4)

MONTANA

Missoula (3), (2)

NEW JERSEY

Bayonne (6)
Camden (6)
Deepwater (1), (3)
Hoboken (1)
Jersey City (2)
Kearny (3)
Newark (1)
Paulsboro (1), (3)
Perth Amboy (1), (3), (6)
Westville (1), (3)
Woodbridge-Sewaren (1), (3)
Wrightstown (1), (6)

NEW MEXICO

Tucumcari (1), (3)

NEW YORK

Ogdensburg (1), (3)
Oswego (1), (3)
Rome (1), (6)

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville (6)

PENNSYLVANIA

Altoona (6), (4), (2)
Meadville (1), (3)
Scranton (1), (3)

PUERTO RICO

Aguadilla (3), (1), (2)
Mayagüez (6), (3), (2)
San Juan (6), (3)

RHODE ISLAND

East Providence (6)

SOUTH CAROLINA

Cainhoy (3), (1)

TENNESSEE

Alcoa (6), (1)
Chattanooga (6)
Clarksville (1), (3), (6)
Johnson City (6)
Kingsport (6)
Memphis (6), (3)

UTAH

Ogden (3)

VIRGINIA

Crewe (6), (3), (2)
Hot Springs (3), (4)

WASHINGTON

Edmonds (1), (2)
Everett (1), (2)
Hoquiam (2), (1), (3)
Raymond (6), (3), (2)
Vancouver (6), (3), (1)

WEST VIRGINIA

Ceredo (1), (3)
Charleston (6)
Grafton (6), (3)
Huntington (1), (3)
Point Pleasant (2), (3), (6)
White Sulphur Springs (3), (1)

WYOMING

Cheyenne (1), (3)
Green River (6), (1)
Sheridan (6), (2)

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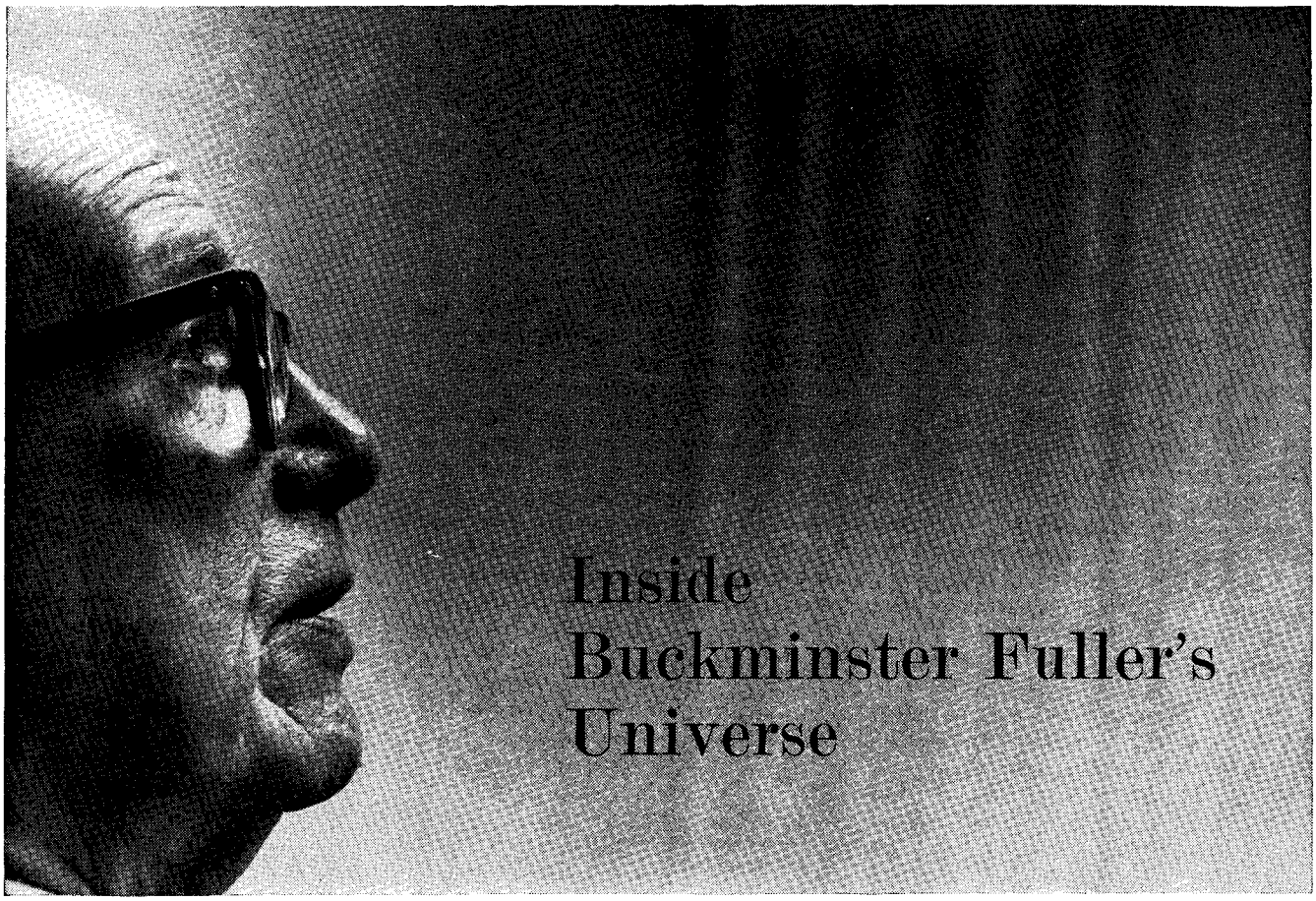

Inside Buckminster Fuller's Universe

—Declan Haun, Black Star.

Fuller has taught today's young people to think of the planet as one complete environmental system of human beings, resources, ideas, and possibilities.

by HAROLD TAYLOR

Buckminster Fuller, whose name is high on the campus lists of favored environmental persons, is a comprehensive, all-purpose, long-distance, world-around genius-talker who teaches everything to everyone everywhere. Wherever you look, there he is in his blue suit, with wide-open magnified eyes, pouring out his ideas in a flood of words, intoxicated by the universe and fed by an internal stream of energy that re-creates itself as it is used, and that may very well be a conscious effort by the universe to use Fuller to illustrate its own principles. For him, the universe is simply an endless, beginningless, wrap-around environment, "a non-simultaneous complex of unique motions and transformations."

Forty years ago when he first began talking on a broad scale about the universe, what it contained, what to do with it, and how to live in it, he was seldom understood and only rarely appreciated. His thoughts, and the language he used to express them, occasionally reached the outer limits of inscrutability. His ideas for the total reorganization of the environment through invention and technology were condemned as visionary, and too often were ignored as the work of an eccentric poet-engineer.

But during all those years he has existed inside the world's culture as an unseen force, until he is now present everywhere in a world intellectual environment that has changed itself into a mood of readiness to understand the Fuller universe. Because of the ideas he has placed in orbit, people are now thinking differently about the beautiful things that can be done with the energies and resources of the whole Earth. He has given substance to hope and relevance to fantasy.

On his part, Fuller over the years has found his own way to clearer and deeper expression of a philosophy of science, art, and society—an expression that uses the imagery of a fully developed poet, the ideas of a scientist, designer, and practical engineer, and the spiritual energy of an authentic prophet. He has simply gone on developing his mind and his knowledge at an accelerating rate, and at the age of seventy-five, as he confronts the audience for his ideas on a world scale, he has made a conscious effort to strip down some of the ambiguities and complications of his style of thought and expression, the better to have what he wants to say understood. He is making, as he says, an operating manual for Spaceship Earth.

Aside from all else, Fuller has a purity and generosity of spirit that make it possible to forgive him almost anything and to stand in awe of so complete a devotion to the interest of mankind. Wearing three watches, for local, home, and future time, he travels the world to help it in its business, planning a theater in Oxford with Samuel Beckett, planning a city in Tokyo Bay or Minnesota, teaching in universities on every continent, seeing the Earth as a sphere and thinking of it as a spaceship, spreading the word about the possibilities in life and the enormous capacity of the human mind for making the world work for 100 per cent of its inhabitants. He does all this in a spirit of egalitarian enthusiasm for all mankind, believing in his bones that anything desirable is possible, that

HAROLD TAYLOR, president of Sarah Lawrence College from 1945 to 1959, writes and lectures on many subjects. His most recent books are *Students Without Teachers: The Crisis in the University* and *The World as Teacher*.

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by changing the environment we can change the quality of all life. "Unfavorable circumstances, shortsightedness, frayed nervous systems, and ignorantly articulated love and fear of elders tend to shut off many of the child's brain-capacity values. I was lucky in avoiding too many disconnects," he says in *Utopia or Oblivion*.

"There is luck in everything. My luck is that I was born cross-eyed [he learned to see only big patterns], was ejected so frequently from the Establishment that I was finally forced either to perish or to employ some of those faculties with which we are all endowed — the use of which circumstances had previously so frustrated as to have put them in the deep freezer, where only hellishly hot situations could provide enough heat to melt them back to usability. . . .

"I made a bargain with myself that I'd discover the principles operative in the universe and turn them over to my fellow men."

From almost anyone else that kind of statement would seem at best pretentious and at least no bargain. In Fuller's case, he has kept his word.

Among those of his fellow men most ready and willing to accept his principles are the members of the younger generation who, in their stretch of contemporary history, have grown up with a full acceptance of the idea that through science and technology "humanity can afford to do anything it needs and wishes to do." In one great leap he has crossed the generation gap and has taken the young with him on a trip through the universe. The young can agree in advance with Fuller's argument that the political systems of the world are organized in such a way that whenever money is needed for improving all human life in a nourishing environment the politicians say it costs too much and it can't be done—except in the case of war when "under lethal emergencies vast new magnitudes of wealth come mysteriously into effective operation. We don't seem to be able to afford to do peacefully the logical things we say we ought to be doing to forestall warring — by producing enough to satisfy all the world needs."

The young are also prepared to accept the fact that the very conception of wealth as accumulation of capital is in the present circumstances obsolete, and that wealth is to be measured not by amounts of money in banks but by the amounts of energy, physical and mental, that are available to solve the problem of making the world work for its inhabitants. Fuller's simplest example is taken from the money spent under the GI Bill to send millions to school and college after the war. As he says in his *Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth*: "This act was politically rationalized as a humanly dignified fellowship reward of their war service and not as a 'handout.' It produced billions of dollars of new wealth through increased know-how and intelligence thus released, which synergetically augmented the spontaneous initiative of that younger generation." To continue with that kind of thinking about education would be "to give each human who is or becomes unemployed a life fellowship in research and development or in just simple thinking. . . . For every 100,000 employed in research and development, or in just plain thinking, one probably will make a break-through that will more than pay for the other 99,999 fellowships. Thus, production will no longer be impeded by humans trying to do what machines can do better." Instead of looking for ways in which each human being can earn a living, we should be looking for more ways in which work tasks can be automated through the use of computers, until nearly all the waking hours of all mankind can be spent in whatever kinds of experience a man chooses to invest himself.

The link between this view of the use of money and technology and the character of the universe is quite direct. Fuller points out that the universe, with the Earth planet in it, has been arranging its resources in its own way over endless stretches of time and space, and by whatever happy accident the Earth has been honored by a mixture of benevolent energy radiations from the sun and gravitational pulls by the moon. The combination of these energies, along with the accumulated energies within the mineral stock piles deposited below the Earth's surface, has given the Earth's inhabitants an extraordinarily favorable environment in which to pursue a full and rich life. The universe is not running down. It is regenerating itself. Man is not excluded from a hostile universe, like Bertrand Russell's speck in space, but is part of the entire enterprise, the part that comprehends and benefits from the comprehension. Every discovery leads to further discovery and teaches man how to do more with less.

Man is therefore unique among living phenomena in being able to make tools that extend himself. As these tools have been invented, they make possible the invention of other inventions, until a lightweight communications satellite can replace the hundreds of thousands of tons of transoceanic cables on the floor of the sea. The development of automatic machinery in place of simple craft tools has made other tools and other discoveries possible, each discovery leading to further applications of technology to further problems in an endless progression. Having found himself, after millions of years, on a planet that turns out to be a spaceship, what is needed by man is an operating manual that did not come with the ship, but that has now been supplied, and just in time, by Buckminster Fuller.

The main instruction in the operating manual is to put all human efforts into reforming the environment and stop trying to reform people. They will reform themselves if the environment is right. This means that the causes of conflict between social groups, nations, and ideological blocs will be removed when the needs of the people of all nations are met. Fuller believes that meeting these needs—for housing, food, clothes, and freedom to develop one's life—is not only possible in a practical way but absolutely necessary in order to avoid the destruction of the resources and the people of the planet. Having given up hope that the politicians, the Great Pirates, will do anything about it all, since their think-

(*Continued on page* 69)

"I keep forgetting. Are we moths or butterflies?"

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DDT IN MOTHER'S MILK

Despite data that DDT residues are mounting in human tissue, and despite the known negative effects of DDT on other organisms, the chemical is still being used.

by CHARLES F. WURSTER

Twenty-five years ago several scientists reported that DDT fed to dogs soon appeared in their milk. It was hardly surprising, then, when another report in 1951 told how DDT, present in the diet of humans since World War II, had also appeared in human milk. The finding has been confirmed many times since then.

Although this contamination has long been "known" to the scientific literature, it was not known to the general public until 1969, when a Swedish scientist, Dr. Göran Lohfroth, testified at the DDT meetings in Madison, Wisconsin, where the petitioner's case was presented by the Environmental Defense Fund. Lohfroth pointed out that human milk now contains .1 to .2 parts per million (ppm) of DDT residues, which is two to four times higher than the 0.05-ppm tolerance limit permitted by the Food and Drug Administration in cow's milk shipped in interstate commerce. This information was the basis for my own remark, in a newspaper interview made soon afterward in May 1969, that, if mother's milk were in any other container, it would be banned from crossing state lines. The comment found its way into some newspapers, and I was deluged with letters, many from nursing mothers—not all of them were friendly. Some suggested that I was irresponsible and had done harm to nursing women and their babies. The subject is sensitive and controversial, and it deserves a closer look.

CHARLES F. WURSTER is assistant professor of biological sciences at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and chairman of the Scientists Advisory Committee of the Environmental Defense Fund. His research has involved studies on the effects of DDT on non-target organisms.

DDT residues have become universal pollutants of our biosphere; they contaminate virtually all animal tissues, and they become more concentrated with each step in the food chain. Cattle accumulate DDT from their diet, store some in their tissues, and pass some into their milk. We do likewise. Since we are higher in the food chain than are cattle (we eat cattle and other meat), we store more DDT in our tissues than they do. (In fact, human meat contains more DDT than the FDA permits in meat for human consumption—it's a good thing we're not cannibals!) Human milk is therefore more contaminated than cow's milk, a difference that is further increased because women secrete a higher proportion of the DDT into their milk than do cows.

The biological significance of the DDT residues we ingest is difficult to interpret. We know that DDT does not kill people outright, even at far higher dosages than we, or nursing babies, take in. Nor are there obvious, overt symptoms of DDT poisoning. Recent studies by a team of scientists supported by the National Cancer Institute, however, have confirmed earlier evidence that DDT is a cancer-causing agent. The experiments were done with mice, and earlier work with rats and trout gave similar results. The tendency of a chemical to cause cancer in test animals indicates a high probability (but not a certainty) that that chemical is also cancer-causing in humans, but we cannot run a controlled experiment on humans to confirm this probability. Two other studies have shown that human cancer victims carry much more DDT in their fat than the rest of the general population, a finding that could be interpreted as being consistent with the animal experiments. In other words, the contamination of human tissues with residues of DDT may well be inducing a low level of cancer in the general population, but this possibility cannot be verified.

Our knowledge of the damage being caused by DDT to other organisms is much more extensive. We know that residues of DDT have caused extreme declines in the populations of many wild species, especially among the larger birds and fish. These effects are caused primarily by reduced reproduction, rather than direct mortality, and in some cases even the physiological and biochemical mechanisms are understood. Some species face extinction because of DDT.

What, then, is the worried nursing mother to do? Certainly she should continue to nurse her infant; the advantages of breast-feeding are well known. Switching to another diet is hardly a solution, because other foods also contain DDT. Nursing infants are little worse off than the rest of us; we are all in the same boat. Babies are born with DDT in their bodies. Fetuses in the womb contain it because DDT

"What am I doing on this mountain today? Getting some fresh air, that's what."

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passes the placental barrier; it was probably present in the original cell at conception. Mothers can minimize their DDT burden, and thereby the amount in their milk, by avoiding household sprays containing DDT (or other chlorinated hydrocarbons), and by minimizing their intake of eggs, fatty meats, and fish.

I would suggest that any irresponsibility lies not with those scientists who tell the truth about DDT, but with those who continue to advocate its use in spite of acceptable alternatives. It is they who have contaminated our Earth. Reassuring headlines from Washington have told us that DDT would be "phased out" to "essential uses" during the next two years, but our government has been "phasing out" DDT for a decade already, and most current uses (the greatest is on cotton) are apparently considered "essential" by DDT advocates. There has been far more talk than action on the DDT problem, and its use goes on as before.

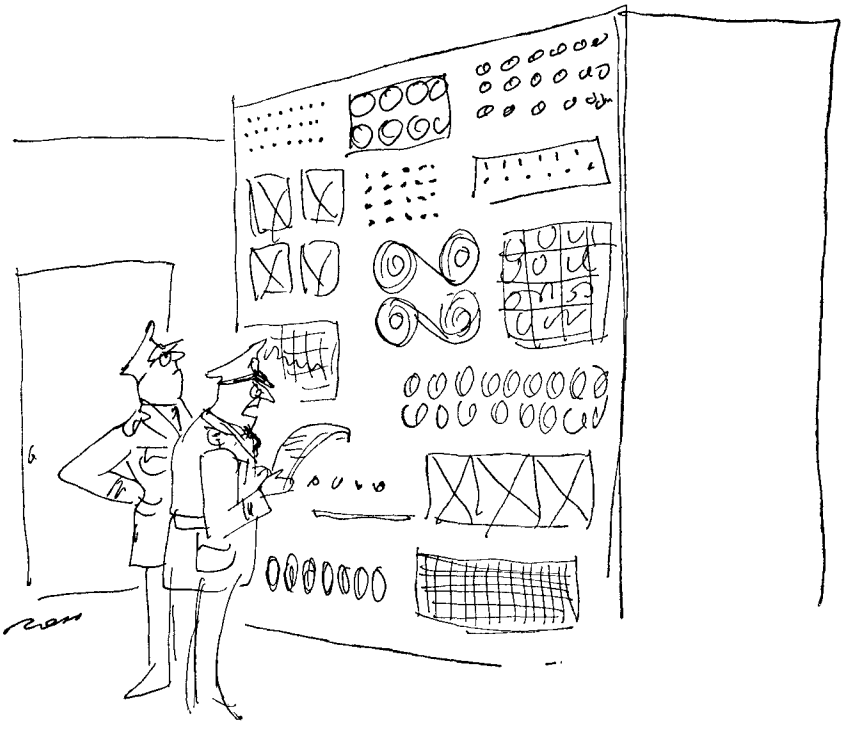
Federal laws that are intended to protect us from such chemical assaults often have not been enforced by those federal agencies charged with doing so. The Delaney Amendment prohibits the presence in human foods of agents that cause cancer in "man or animal," yet the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has chosen to ignore it. The Environmental Defense Fund (EDF), an organization that goes to court with environmental problems, has asked the Court of Appeals in Washington to compel HEW to enforce this law.

Primary responsibility for regulating pesticides lies with the Department of Agriculture, but getting action from USDA is like moving a barge loaded with sand through thick molasses. The federal law applying to insecticides provides for the protection of man, other vertebrates, and "useful invertebrate animals," but USDA has administered this law more for the benefit of insecticide manufacturers than for the protection of non-target organisms. On a recent TV program, Dr. Theodore C. Byerly, assistant director of science and education for USDA, virtually admitted this by stating that environmental factors had not been considered by USDA in formulating pesticide policies prior to October 1969—in spite of the fact that this federal law has existed since 1947. Since USDA apparently ignored protection of the environment, is it surprising that we have serious environmental problems with certain insecticides?

Last November USDA announced cancellation of the registration of DDT for uses on tobacco, shade trees, in the household, and in aquatic areas, leaving all other DDT registrations intact. Although the announcement received wide publicity, cancellation is not as meaningful as it may sound, for it takes effect only when manufacturers fail to appeal the move. The law provides a lengthy appeal procedure for manufactureres and users—which may take years—and during the appeal period use of the material continues as before. When the major manufacturers of DDT appealed USDA's cancellation notices in January, they effectively blocked restrictions on DDT usage, thus allowing the continued input of DDT into the environment.

If USDA had seriously intended to stop the use of DDT, it would have canceled *and suspended* the registrations. Only suspension, a procedure also provided in the law, swiftly reduces use of an insecticide. Cancellation without suspension has proved futile when manufacturers oppose the move. EDF has also taken the USDA case into federal court, requesting that the court compel USDA to enforce the law it is supposed to administer by canceling and suspending all registrations of DDT. These two cases are still pending in federal court.

The presence of DDT in human milk is not just a problem for nursing mothers. With a profound impact on the biota of our planet, DDT contamination has become a threat to us all. If all environmental problems require a quarter-century of scientific research, controversy, and legal battle before effective action reduces the continuing biological damage—as has been the case with DDT—it may be too late for mankind. Let us therefore take action not only on a local level, but internationally as well, through such a body as the United Nations, to guarantee the survival of the global ecosystem.



"I don't like these answers. Let's give it a security check."

WIT TWISTER #162

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

She could _ _ _ _ _ _ _
no pity in his face,

Yet pled with the stern tyrant,
throned above:

"Reduce this block to _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _! Show him grace!

"_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ the sentence! Spare the man I love!"
—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 70)

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Earth Watch

World-Wide Environment Notes

Pollution in the Chem Lab

ROCHESTER.
AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR of chemistry at the University of Rochester made the laboratory part of his freshman course in inorganic chemistry relevant by relating it to water analysis and pollution. Instead of using preprepared samples in teaching standard methods of analysis, the professor encouraged his students to use their own samples taken from such sources as dormitory water taps, dining room coffee urns, the Genesee River, which runs through Rochester and is heavily polluted, and beer taps in local taverns. In addition, U.S. Public Health Service manuals on water analysis were substituted for the standard textbooks traditionally used.

Respectable . . . Cloth Coats

SAN FRANCISCO.
SEVERAL SOCIALLY prominent women here and in other parts of the country who are leaders of fashion have launched a campaign against the use of furs in order to preserve those wild animals threatened with extinction. High on the list of formerly coveted skins now considered *outré* are timber wolf, leopard, ocelot, wild fox, and baby seal. Also proscribed are articles made from lizard, alligator, and snake skins.

"We are asking all men and women of conscience to join in pledging that they will not in the future purchase articles made from wild animals, that they will not participate in the possible extinction of species and the loss of wildlife to satisfy momentary fashion," said one of the West Coast leaders. More than 1,000 have already signed the pledge available from Friends of the Earth in San Francisco and New York.

In the Courts

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
TWO university professors and their wives have brought a $2-billion suit for damages against six copper companies charging that smoke from their smelters is injurious to health, restricts visibility, and "damages the natural beauty of the environment."

ALEXANDRIA, VA.
A CITIZENS ASSOCIATION and two conservation groups have filed suit to block an apartment development that would destroy about nine acres of Hunting Creek Estuary, which shelters wildlife along the Potomac River. The suit charges that the development would damage a valuable natural resource belonging to the people.

STATEN ISLAND.
A COALITION of conservation groups is suing New York State and the city of New York to block construction of the Richmond Parkway through the Staten Island green belt. The suit charges that the route being planned would "violate social and natural values," and require the destruction of many homes.

BROOKLYN.
SIX BROOKLYN political leaders have filed suit against the Army Corps of Engineers to compel the corps to stop dumping sewage in the ocean within 100 miles of the New York and New Jersey shorelines. The plaintiffs charge that by permitting the dumping of sewage within five miles of Ambrose Light the corps has caused the contamination of twenty square miles at the entrance to New York Harbor.

WASHINGTON.
PETITIONS FOR REVIEW have been filed in the U.S. Court of Appeals by the Environmental Defense Fund, the Sierra Club, the Audubon Society, the West Michigan Environmental Action Council, and six California individuals asking the court to require the U.S. Departments of Agriculture and Health, Education and Welfare to take swifter and more effective action in eliminating the use of DDT than has been taken to date.

DEEPWATER, N.J.
E. I. DUPONT DE NEMOURS & CO. is suing the state of New Jersey, claiming that the state's prohibition against burning fuel containing more than 1 per cent sulphur is an "unconstitutional deprivation" of the company's property. DuPont maintains that, in setting the regulation, the state "wrongfully assumed that it was empowered to prevent, control, and prohibit air pollution without regard to balancing the substantiality of threatened injury against the cost to persons and the public at large of complying with regulatory measures." The cost to duPont of burning more expensive low-sulphur fuel is estimated at $900,000 a year.

Kaput?

PORT VICTORY, S.C.
A WEST GERMAN chemical company has suspended plans to build a $200-million plant here for the manufacture of dyes and plastics, because of objections raised over the potential degradation of local waters by effluents that would have amounted to an estimated 2.5 million gallons a day.

The BASF Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary of Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik, A.G., had bought a 1,800-acre site on Victoria Bluff, four miles upstream on Port Royal Sound from Hilton Head Island, South Carolina's principal shore resort area. The estuary is presently pollution-free and has thousands of acres of shellfish-producing waters and marshlands.

The governor of South Carolina, Robert E. McNair, favored construction of the chemical complex on the grounds that it would bring 600 new jobs to the economically depressed area. Conservationists, fishermen, and vacationers opposed construction because of the threat of pollution.

No Deposit, Lots of Litter

NEW YORK.
IN A SPEECH to a group of businessmen, Mrs. Virginia H. Knauer, the President's special assistant for consumer affairs, lashed out at glass container manufacturers for their $7.5-million advertising campaign to promote the use of nonreturnable bottles for soft drinks. Nonreturnable bottles, she charged, contribute to the littering of the countryside, they "end up in the trash and contribute to our garbage problems," and they cannot be pulverized.

A spokesman for the Glass Manufacturers Institute defended the advertising program saying, "One-way glass must be promoted if it is to capture its share of the convenience market which otherwise would go largely to cans."

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Pollution-free Engine

MOSCOW.

TASS, the Soviet press agency, reports that Russian engineers have designed a 130-horsepower truck engine that causes almost no pollution from gas exhaust. The new engine is said to have "chambers attached to each of the cylinders to ensure the complete combustion of gasoline," and to have been "successfully tested by a government commission and been recommended for mass production."

Social Scientists Sign Up

TOKYO.

WINDING UP a four-day conference on "Environmental Disruption in the Modern World," some forty social scientists from thirteen countries adopted a resolution calling on their colleagues around the world to join with the natural scientists and technicians to help solve mounting environmental problems.

"The social scientists face a moral and intellectual challenge," the Tokyo resolution said. It asked for more research into environmental disruption, regional programs of environmental management within countries, and an international program of environmental control over the use of water and the atmosphere.

Icebergs as Water Source

HAMBURG.

A WATER SHORTAGE here has led scientists to consider the feasibility of a fantastic idea—towing icebergs from Greenland to the shores of northern Germany, where they would be placed on land and allowed to melt. The use of icebergs was first suggested by an American scientist as a possible solution to the chronic water shortage in southern California. A single iceberg twenty miles long, 100 yards wide, and 300 yards deep could supply an entire region with drinking water for a year.

Protection Urged for Coasts

STRASBOURG, FRANCE.

NO CONEY ISLANDS for Europe was the battle cry at a recent meeting of the Council of Europe, attended by representatives of twenty-four European countries. Shocked by the mushrooming of ugly new buildings along the British coast, the Mediterranean shore, and around the scenic lakes of Switzerland, participants at the meeting called for immediate measures to conserve unspoiled coastal areas.

A council report predicts that leisure activities will triple in Europe in the next thirty years with "water-based pursuits among the most popular." Other threats to the shore line are the preference of industrial concerns for building in coastal areas because their executives like water sports, and the general rise in incomes, which has enabled many Europeans to build second homes, often on the seashore. Stricter zoning of shoreland is expected to be the first line of defense.

Tootless in Rio

RIO DE JANEIRO.

THIS CITY has cut down the din in its streets by the simple expedient of disconnecting the horns on its 4,500 buses. As the noise level diminished, however, a new nuisance was discovered—the roar of the bus engines, previously drowned out by horn blowing. The city government is now considering ways to quiet the bus engines, and has also asked the taxi drivers' union, in an unprecedented request, to silence the horns on 16,000 cabs.

The Dutch Tidy Their Canals

THE HAGUE.

DUTCH OFFICIALS have drafted tough new legislation to fight pollution in their country's vast network of inland waterways. Concerned mainly with pollution of surface water by industry and towns, the laws' drafters have proposed fines of up to $7,000 for violation of anti-pollution ordinances. Subsidiary laws also being drafted include a ban on the pouring of quantities of ships' bilge water into canals. Bilge water often fouls waterways with oil. Under the new law, vessels will be required to pump all sizable amounts of bilge water into receiving stations or service boats that will be operated by the government in cooperation with private oil companies. No attempt has been made to stop boatmen from dumping sewage into the water. "Here in Holland," said the chief of the juridical department of the government's Institute for Water Supply, "people have a habit of dumping everything—even old furniture—straight into the water; you cannot prevent that."

A Hush at the Airport

LONDON.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has moved to require jet planes landing at London Airport to reduce their noise levels after January 1, 1971. The new ruling is designed to force the progressive introduction into airline service of "the much quieter aircraft which modern technology now makes possible," said a representative of the Board of Trade. The new regulation does not apply to early models of the Boeing 747 jumbo jet, now in service and quieter than some of its predecessors, but will cover subsequent models. The government action is the result of years of complaints from residents living near the airport. —S. L.

A Move Against Detergents

OTTAWA.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT plans to ban phosphates in detergents in two years. J. J. Greene, Minister of Energy, Mines, and Resources, announced recently that phosphate pollution would be made a criminal offense under the water control legislation now being considered by Parliament. Mr. Greene said he would offer an amendment to the pending bill to have phosphates progressively eliminated from detergents until they are completely outlawed by the end of 1972.

Most dishwashing detergents are considered safe. The big offenders are heavy-duty laundry detergents and those dishwashing products that have a 25 to 50 per cent phosphate content.

A recent laboratory analysis of twenty-four brands made by a University of Toronto study group called Pollution Probe disclosed the following phosphate percentages in some commonly used household detergents:

Whisk (Lever Bros.)	10.5%
Bold (Procter & Gamble)	32.5%
Ajax 2 (Colgate-Palmolive)	36 %
Drive (Lever Bros.)	41.5%
Cheer (Procter & Gamble)	44.5%
Bio-Aid (Colgate-Palmolive)	49 %

Copies of the Pollution Probe survey can be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Pollution Probe, University of Toronto, Toronto 181, Ontario, Canada.

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THE PERILS OF CONCENTRATION

The New York City Planning Commission calls for construction of additional downtown office buildings—the last thing the city needs.

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

In a children's game called Blockhead, you pile very light wooden blocks higher and higher and higher. The point is to see how far up you can go before the whole fantastic structure collapses. New York City has been playing this game for years.

And for years people have been saying that New York City is destroying itself. But, instead, it has kept on growing, at least commercially. It has created more new office space in the past two decades than the next nine largest American cities combined. And still more office skyscrapers—among them the hideous, 110-story, twin-towered World Trade Center to accommodate 130,000 workers and visitors—are currently either under construction or on the drawing boards.

Yet, the New York City Planning Commission in the recently published first installment of its voluminous master plan calls for even more office construction. "We hope to see several hundred thousand more office workers in the next ten years," the commission says. "Concentration is the genius of the city, its reason for being, the source of its vitality and its excitement." Fine. But the most important thing about a city is its people.

It is true, as the commission maintains, that even Manhattan, like the seemingly crowded downtown districts of most other cities, still has a lot of unused and under-used space that could be made profitable. It is probably also true that advanced urban design can accommodate still more people efficiently. And it is quite possible that, as the commission has it, much of the talk about the hazards of overcrowding can be dismissed as a bogey.

Downtown, in most American cities, needs a judicious dose of more concentration and excitement. But does it in New York? Do we really want more crowding in the streets? More bodies crammed into subways? More fighting for taxis and restaurant seats? More brownouts and blackouts and overloaded telephone circuits? More irritation, frustration, and strain? As Mrs. Beverly Moss Spatt, the Planning Commission's lone and forthright dissenter, put it, more concentration in New York City is "sheer madness."

New York already has quite enough excitement, most of it of the wrong kind. What the city needs now is tender loving care.

In addition, the city's untidy, underused spaces are also sometimes the source of its charm and diversity. They contain artists' lofts, for instance. And where else, but in a messy downtown junk yard, can you buy an old barrel to cut in half and use as a planter? It was, as another example, in the dilapidated little shops known as "Radio Row"—since displaced by the World Trade Center—that hobbyists were able to find every electronic gadget they desired.

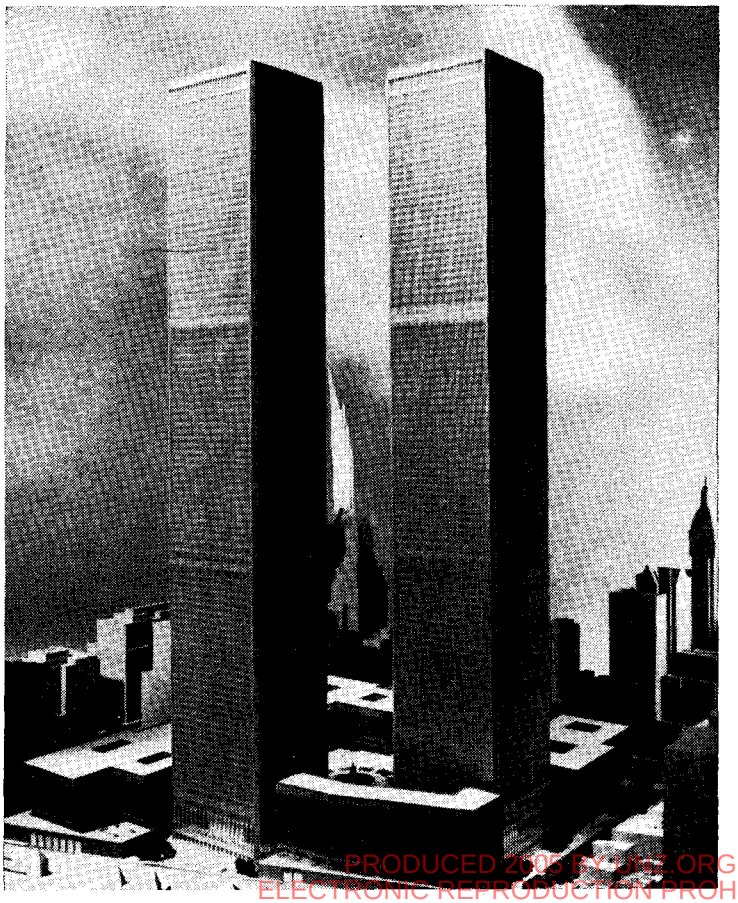
No, people should not be forced to squeeze through dirty, underground passages in order to get to and from work by subway. The commission's plan conjures up visions of cleaner subways, new underground walkways and concourses, lovely pedestrian malls and plazas, pedestrian bridges over the streets, and more aerial bridges and walkways between buildings. It talks of multilevel circulation, omni-buildings, and megastructures. The Italian "futurist" Antonio Sant'Elia sketched such visions back in 1914. We incorporated some of them into Rockefeller Center, with splendid results.

Multilevel circulation will be used to handle the human traffic at the World Trade Center. But, unlike Rockefeller Center, the World Trade Center is being built by the New York Port Authority, a public agency. And even when Rockefeller Center itself was recently expanded, with the construction of the Esso, Time-Life, and other

WOLF VON ECKARDT is the architecture critic of the Washington *Post*. The author of many magazine articles and several books, his latest book on new towns and the design of a human environment will be published soon by Doubleday.

Architect's model of New York's new World Trade Center.

—Wide World.



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buildings, its underground concourse and walkways were not similarly extended. The owners of the new skyscrapers could not agree on property rights nor on who should pay for what. And the city refused to move the obstructing subway station.

What hope is there, then, that the builders of the commission's proposed additional office buildings will invest in "livability," in costly systems of multilevel circulation, and in sensible urban design? The expensive prestige building, like the Seagram, is no longer a corporate status symbol, says *Fortune* magazine. So current skyscrapers are built for speculation and are cheap and shoddy.

City planning, despite much current pseudoscientific cant, is not objective. It can be an art, but it is primarily an expression of the economic, social, and esthetic aspirations of those who hold power, that is, it reflects the greed, the politics, and the taste of the Establishment. However, these things are subject to fashion, and they do change.

A generation ago, when the New York City Planning Commission was created, many intellectuals hated urban life, and the leading city planners tended to see overcrowding as the root of all evil. Today, the city has been happily discovered by the intellectuals, and leading city planners now extol the bustle and excitement created by urban concentration.

Such credos are easily rationalized. Those who oppose high densities, for instance, like to cite John B. Calhoun's interesting rat experiments, which show that rats behave erratically, become homosexual, and eat their young when forced to live in overcrowded conditions. But we have not been told how rats respond to extremely low densities such as those found in the suburbs.

Humans, in any case, adjust amazingly well to the inconveniences and even the health hazards of whatever life-style they believe in. And the quality of life is largely what we believe it to be. Consider what New Yorkers put up with.

But for how much longer? Fashions, credos, and America's view of itself are changing. New York City, with its overpowering cathedrals of commerce scraping the sky, has been a symbol of the power and ambition of Yankee empire building, and a glorious one at that. Now, however, we seek a new, a more humane, a more joyful, and a more civilized environment. We are tired of technocratic games of chance.

The New York City Planning Commission and its Blockhead game, I submit, are simply behind the times.

The Third Environment

by ALBERT SZENT-GYÖRGYI

Claude Bernard, the greatest of all physiologists, demonstrated that human beings have two environments, external and internal. The discovery of the internal one, the "*milieu interne*," was his greatest contribution to science. Our cells have to live in this internal environment, which nature, with extreme care, tries to keep constant.

Owing to the great development of the human brain, a third environment has also emerged: the spiritual environment. It looks as though we may ultimately master the pollution of the external environment, and the wonderful progress of medicine may take care of the internal one. So, our existence has become dependent on the third environment, the spiritual one. This environment, too, is heavily polluted, more so than the external one has ever been, and it now threatens us with extinction. The spiritual environment is befouled with hatred, fear, jealousy, brutality, and rapacity; with the craving for domination and the shortsighted narrow national egotism and expansionism that could make our globe uninhabitable. Action in this area of pollution is of the utmost urgency.

But there is one thing we must bear in mind. Not long ago the astronauts showed us how little Earth looks from a vast distance. No trace of man is visible. If mankind should destroy itself, the Earth would look no different. Man's disappearance might even make the planet look prettier and greener, although it might become more barren initially. In any case, if we wipe ourselves out, there will be no one to shed tears for us. From a cosmic point of view, life has no value. It has meaning only to the degree that we endow it with decency, good will, the cultivation of beauty, and moral and intellectual values. If we defile life by killing or dominating each other, we rob it of all value.

When mankind's spiritual environment is considered from a distance, it looks much the same as Lake Erie looks now at close range—thoroughly polluted. We find, for example, a great nation that started its existence by demanding equal rights for everyone occupied in spending its means to build monstrous machines and organizations for the purpose of killing; keeping its hold over a small, heroic, and distant nation by maintaining in that country through police methods a corrupt puppet government that is hated by its people. We find that same great technically developed nation showering millions of tons of napalm and herbicides on its less well-developed opponent, and find it justifying the slaughter of its own sons by showing that ten times as many "enemy" are being killed. We find that nation building up a new army in the distant country, which may perpetuate the war, instead of helping the citizenry achieve what it wants. We find the two most powerful nations of

the world in a deadly race to increase and improve their atomic arsenals, spending trillions of dollars acquiring the potential to obliterate each other while a sizable part of mankind is starving and children the world over go to bed hungry.

The cleansing of our spiritual environment is surely mankind's most compelling problem. Just as a computer's activity depends on its programing, so man's activity depends on the matter in his brain, most of which is programed during childhood through education. Since it is the old who teach the young, new ideas historically have made slow progress, but that has lately begun to change. Everywhere there is discontinuity, and youth has begun to search out its own ways. The signs are increasing that today's youth is reaching out over the heads of its elders and their governments toward a wider human solidarity and a new form of human life. We elders can, according to our tastes, send these young people to jail or, alternatively, hope that their search will be successful and that they will one day establish a new and more livable world.

ALBERT SZENT-GYÖRGYI is research director at the Institute of Muscle Research, Marine Biological Laboratories, Woods Hole. Dr. Szent-Györgyi won the Nobel Prize in Medicine in 1937.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

Brilliant Stroke

I THINK the shuffle that produced both an Environment Section and a column by John Lear was a brilliant stroke.

I've always found Mr. Lear both lucid and fascinating but the whole Science Section formidable to my humanities-trained mind. Now I'm enjoying Lear more, without the guilt feelings about other science articles I'd be putting off reading.

And the Environment Section seems to be neatly aimed right into the heart of an American public that has discovered suddenly it will have to educate itself in a hurry about ecology.

TOM BLACKBURN,
Notre Dame, Ind.

After the Teach-ins

IT IS HARD to disagree with the conclusions of Barry Commoner's thoughtful article "Beyond the Teach-in" [*SR*, Apr. 4] that we must take our knowledge about the environmental plight to the people. But he omitted drawing a logical and most important inference: That which is symbolized by the teach-in must be internalized within the curriculum of the total educational system, from kindergarten through graduate school, and on into adult continuing education. The internalization must manifest itself as a major point of emphasis in the educational system. I believe that this is *the* mandate of the 1970s.

In short, our schools need to produce students who *know* a great deal about ecosystems, and *act* in the conscious awareness that they are an integral part of an ecosystem . . . planet Earth. This seems to be the price we must pay for survival.

JOHN A. DAY,
McMinnville, Ore.

Food from the Sea

THE ARTICLE "The Food-from-the-Sea Myth" [*SR*, Apr. 4] was very well written and read with much interest by this woman reader. But why does co-author Anne H. Ehrlich not deserve her name on the cover as well as his, Paul R.? Okay, *he's* more famous, after *The Population Bomb* and Johnny Carson, and you have to sell to the newsstand gazer crowd. But once you have them flipping the pages, why not a brief biographical note on her as well?

SYLVIA WROBEL,
Lexington, Ky.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At the time the cover went to press, the editors made the error of thinking Paul R. Ehrlich was the sole author of the article. The editors have extended their apologies to Mrs. Ehrlich.*

IN THE RECENT ARTICLE by the Ehrlichs, it seems to me that the potential inherent in aquaculture, or the deliberate and controlled growing of marine life, was passed over rather more rapidly than the actual present experience justifies. While aquaculture is not yet highly developed on a very large scale, the practical results achieved so far in Japan, Australia, and Spain appear to warrant considerable optimism in the development potential of this source of protein. In particular, the emergence of Spain in the last decade as the world's greatest mussel producer is due largely to that country's concerted development of aquaculture.

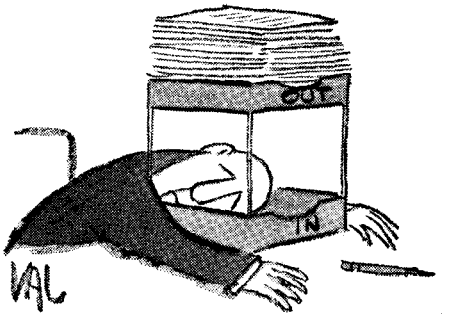
In the United States, the development has not proceeded as far, although some notable experimental examples are already present. In particular, the success of Dr. Timothy Joyner and associates of the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries in the Seattle area in growing salmon in pens would appear to indicate that large-scale production is possible in this way, and that the amount of food and labor required is a rather small fraction of the value of the fish yield.

An incidental but important aspect of certain kinds of aquaculture is that the cultured organism's growth rate is highly influenced by temperature, and particularly in colder waters some artificial raising of the temperature can be beneficial. This suggests that at least here there is one use of the waste heat from such sources as power generating stations to produce a net benefit, rather than such waste heat simply being an irritating by-product.

BRUNO AUGENSTEIN,
Santa Monica, Calif.

THE EHRLICHS' ARTICLE contains a correct statement that may lead many to an incorrect inference. In the article, the highlighted sentence, "Nowhere is man's ecological naïveté more evident than in his assumption about the capacity of the atmosphere, soils, rivers, and oceans to absorb pollutants," tends to imply that we may soon exceed the soil's capacity to absorb pollutants.

Soils have an enormous and as yet underexploited capacity to absorb pollutants and convert them into plant nutrients or innocuous substances. The amount of natural plant and animal wastes now decomposed by soil is far less than its potential capacity. Soil pollution has meaning only with regard to radionuclides, pesticides, and excess salts, and even they, with the exception of salts, are far less harmful in soil than in the atmosphere, rivers, and oceans.



Pollution occurs when waters and the atmosphere are the final site (sink) of pollutants, or when they convey pollutants to a sink. The soil is an ideal pollutant sink, because it is far more reactive and has a greater pollutant capacity than waters or the atmosphere. One recent estimate of the soil's pollution-abatement capacity is one acre to 250 people for *all* solid and liquid refuse—municipal and industrial. That is about 40,000 acres for Greater New York and would easily fit in the Hackensack meadows, for example. Much of this pollutant sink could be a wildlife sanctuary, a green belt, or even farmed during use, and this use could continue indefinitely. Organic matter would be oxidized to carbon dioxide or converted to humic matter, phosphates would be held avidly by the soil, and nitrates would be absorbed or denitrified by plants and soil microorganisms. High-quality water would be produced and would be available for re-use. At present we waste our sewage water by dumping it into the sea and polluting it with salt.

An obsession to move our wastes as fast and as far away as possible has led us to use air and water as pollutant sinks and conveyers, and therefore caused pollution. Using the soil as our pollutant sink, we can live with our wastes and even profit by them. I fear that the Ehrlichs' statement will cause us ignorantly to dismiss our greatest resource for pollution control and abatement.

HINRICH BOHN,
Associate Professor,
Department of Agricultural
Chemistry and Soils,
University of Arizona,
Tucson, Ariz.

PAUL AND ANNE EHRLICH have neatly ignored that which has increased production on land: fertilization. At sea this would not be done with sea plants but with animals. Rafts out in that desert could use organic waste to feed small plant and animal life that would not be harvested but would feed seeded fish, which would be trapped by the foodless surrounding area. The technology of deep-sea anchoring exists, as does at least a beginning knowledge of waste ecology.

And if transportation of the waste is a problem, we might consider the use of compressed air to raise nutrients from the bottom to reach the light supply on top. The power supply could be solar or nuclear in origin.

MIKE FIRTH,
Iowa City, Ia.

IQ Scores

WHEN IQ TESTS are used to support popular ideas, e.g., that malnutrition among Mexican children results in lower intelligence [EARTH WATCH, Apr. 4], the reliability of such data is not questioned. On the other hand, when IQ scores are used in support of unpopular views such as a relationship between intelligence and race (A. Jensen, *Harvard Educational Review*, Winter 1969), these tests are almost universally damned. If IQ and brain size turn out to be accurate measures of the ability to learn, I'm afraid that we are

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now only seeing a few worms from a very large can.

MARTIN H. MACH,
Santa Cruz, Calif.

For or Against Pollution?

IT IS A WELL-PUBLICIZED FACT that phosphates from laundry products are a major source of water pollution. In order to find out the rationale of television continuing to advertise some of the worst offenders among these products, I recently wrote to two stations in this area. Both stations had recently exhibited commercials for high phosphate enzyme detergents, and both commercials involved Procter & Gamble products, as it happened. After making it clear in my letter that I considered such advertising irresponsible, I asked them to define for me their environmental editorial policies in view of the several excellent documentary efforts on environmental abuse that both stations have, on occasion, presented.

That there would be a rationale, I expected. That it would take the curious logic it did, startled me. WKZO-TV, a CBS affiliate owned by the Fetzer Broadcasting Service, is located in Kalamazoo. Gordon S. Anderson, operations director, informed me that "television (more than any other medium) is probably the prime mover and motivator which has publicized pollution into a now popular cause. In response to your inquiry, our station policies support all fair and equitable attacks against pollution. We do not, however, initiate sanctions against legal entities. However, we fully cooperate with any effort to halt advertising of any product which is legally ruled off the air."

In the same vein, Bob Kirby, assistant sales manager for WOOD-TV, an NBC Time-Life affiliate in Grand Rapids, replied that "only through legislative action can we make inroads in worthwhile areas. If WOOD-TV refused to advertise every product which has pollutant potential, then soon there would be no finances or facilities to produce a series such as 'Our Poisoned World'. . . . We still continue to advertise products that are legal, such as Oxydol. We will also continue to try to keep the public informed so that, if legal restrictions are not placed against certain products, the consumer will, at least, have the knowledge to use items that are safe; or, at least, less harmful."

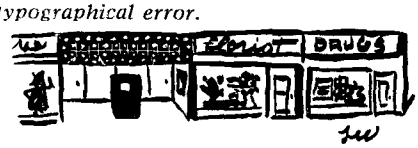
JOHN EASTMAN,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

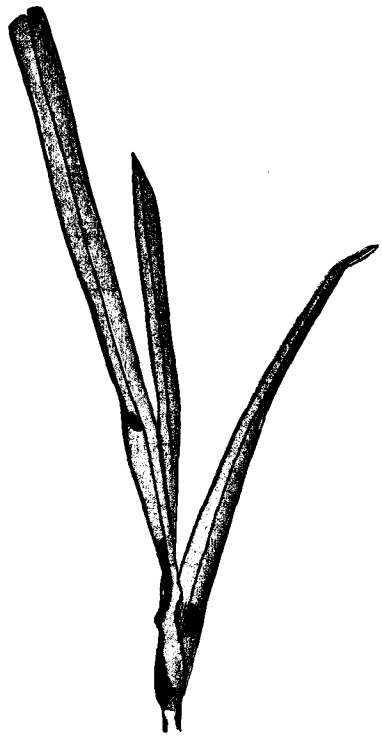
Erratum

SURELY HARVEY WHEELER in "The Politics of Ecology" [*SR*, Mar. 7] means not *Clifford* Pinchot but *Gifford* Pinchot, who was Teddy Roosevelt's great crusading forester.

LLOYD THORPE,
Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our thanks to Mr. Thorpe for calling attention to an unfortunate typographical error.*





Oxygen Giver

A blade of grass.

Using the rays of the sun as its source of energy, grass synthesizes carbon dioxide, water and minerals to promote green growth. In the process, it takes pollutants from the air, filters out dust particles, and gives off oxygen in return.

In fact, actively growing grass on a 50 by 50 ft. plot releases enough oxygen to meet the needs of a family of four, day by day.

The world needs more such greenery.

Copies of this message available from Scotts, the grass people, Marysville, Ohio 43040. No reprint permission necessary.

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A Quiet Call for Action

TERRACIDE

by Ron M. Linton

Little, Brown, 376 pp., $7.95

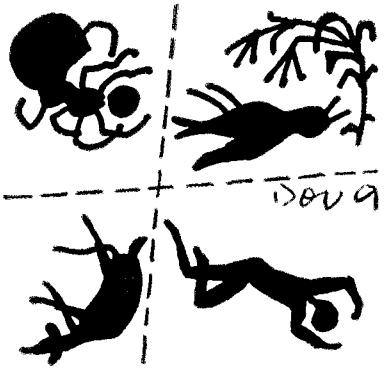
IN presenting his objectives, Ron Linton—like others before him—has undertaken the task of rendering scientific reports intelligible and readable. Success ultimately depends upon how well an author can translate typical journal conclusions into a form that retains the essential scientific findings without becoming so superficial as to be meaningless.

But writers concerned with the environmental sciences face a compounded task, for mere reporting is not enough; there are both the desire and the need to create concern with, and insight into, problems of the environment. To achieve these ends, Linton uses two methods. The first, and most effective, is through the use of case studies. From these he selects specific examples to demonstrate how, through mismanagement, misinformation, and poor judgment, both the individual and the group are directly affected by environmental deterioration. For example, he discusses air pollution in not only the urban setting, but the so-called untouched environment. Big-city dwellers may take heart in knowing they are not alone in breathing foul air; Linton details similar conditions in places ranging from Lewiston, Idaho, to Polk County, Florida.

It is possible for the case study approach to degenerate into a series of paragraphs each describing an account of someone's work or research. For the most part the author avoids this tedious approach; the studies he cites are both interesting and well integrated. Obviously, in using such a method, one must be highly selective in the choice of material, and some readers will be disappointed to find that their particular environmental interest is not discussed. The main emphasis here is on the actual physical well-being of man under given environmental hazards. Standard conservation esthetics become secondary, and little attention is given, for example, to depletion of resources, man in nature, and long-term ecological effects such as those relating to tidal estuaries. But, considering the scope of the book, the case studies used are well chosen.

The second approach, which is used much more sparingly, is less successful. The author applies the findings of current research studies to descriptions of potential future environments. In this age when science facts and fantasies are everyday items, little impact is derived by describing a situation, no matter how frightening, that *might* occur at some future, unspecified time. Most people react to present situations and problems much more readily than to possible future conditions; as Linton demonstrates so well, a strong case can be presented for action based purely upon past and present environmental catastrophes.

One of the major problems in assessing the nature of an environment is interpreting the interrelations among natural, man-modified, and man-made systems. To gain a comprehensive picture of such interactions, a holistic framework is necessary; an ecologic approach, as overworked as the term may be, is basic to a complete understanding of the environment. But few writers, even in professional journals, ever really attain a completely ecologic approach, for the investigating methodology is often biased toward the discipline of the writer. Further, in many cases the entire ecosystem response is simply not known. Linton avoids this problem; rather than attacking terracide from the holistic aspect, he relies upon a systematic approach. While this may initially appear to be a hindrance, it actually adds to the value of a book of this type. To gain the holistic view, it is necessary to be aware of many basic facts, and part of the purpose of this book is to provide those facts. In some ways, the book may be considered a preface to environmental ecology. Admittedly, because of the systematic approach, there is a little repetition concerning the side effects of a given environmental hazard. However, a good description of the way in which a single element of the environment directly affects an individual probably provides the most effective mode of communication for this kind of survey.



Organized into three parts—"People," "Things," and "Awakenings"—the contents cover a wide range of problems. The first part primarily concerns what people do to other people in the name of technological advance, which is itself designed to meet the demands of a consumer society. Using such chapter headings as "Breathing," "Smelling," "Hearing," and "Drinking," the author cites graphic evidence of the assault on our senses that results from the haphazard use of the environment, and from the uncontrolled use of chemicals. His description of the problem of noise pollution and the account of what happens to a kernel of wheat from the time it is planted to the time it becomes part of a piece of bread on the table provide enough detail to make everyone concerned about his future well-being.

In discussing "Things," the author's organizational approach is not nearly as clear, the contents varying from a historic survey to the nature of future technology. The limited amount of space devoted, for example, to the development of industry causes it to be dealt with superficially. However, the basic problems of atomic power, and of liquid and solid waste disposal, are well described. It is a pity in this section the author did not give more consideration to actual proposals for solving the specific problems he outlines. But it is clear that he considers solutions best dealt with as an entity, for the final part of the book—"Awakenings"—consists of a review of Congressional actions concerning the environment, and a summation of the author's consideration of the problems. Here the systematic vs. holistic approach is reversed, for the proposals he suggests are not actual solutions but solutional policies.

The author has had considerable government experience, and perhaps it is natural that his solutions should pertain to eventual government legislation. It is surprising, however, that he makes little mention of the public awakening that has taken the form of action groups. His major proposals have been voiced before and consist essentially of population control, planned urban development, and more money. Just as these proposals pertain to governmental response, so do the author's proposed implementations of such policies. Here he calls for nationwide environmental monitoring, establishment of meaningful criteria, research, and enforced compliance. Each

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of these would seem to necessitate a central control agency.

However, before governmental action can occur, there must be a concerned citizenry, and perhaps helping to create one is the whole point of this book. Knowledge and information (Parts I and II) lead to concern, and concern to ultimate action at the federal level (Part III). But between the two is the no man's land of indifference, and it is here that ecotactics, Earth Days, and the like play their part. Thus, contrary to dust-jacket declarations, *Terracide* does not attempt to solve all of our problems, but it does provide two important considerations that contribute toward the case against terracide.

In the spectrum of available books concerning the quality of the environment, *Terracide* might be considered a "quiet" book. It does not scream "Dump Dow" or "Sterilize overproductive parents" in emotion-packed pages. Rather it nags at you. If the purpose of the book is to create individual concern, it succeeds, for after you put it down you feel a nagging concern, for instance, every time you enjoy a meal, hear a pneumatic drill, or take out the garbage. It is this type of conscious awakening that environmentalists have been trying to achieve for a number of years. If, in the long run, attrition is more effective than instantaneous emotionalism, then Ron Linton's contribution certainly aids the case against the willful destruction of our environment. **John E. Oliver**

John E. Oliver is a climatologist who teaches environmental science and the physical bases for ecological studies at Columbia University.

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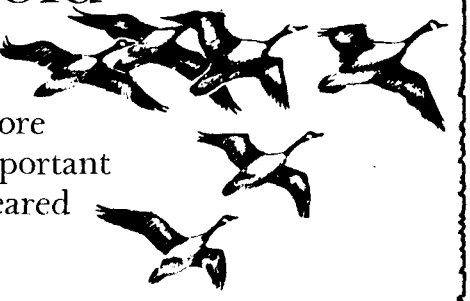

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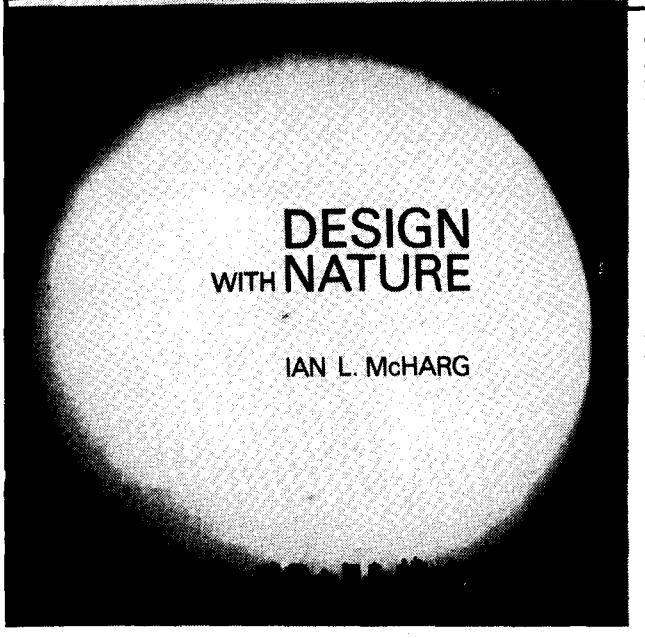

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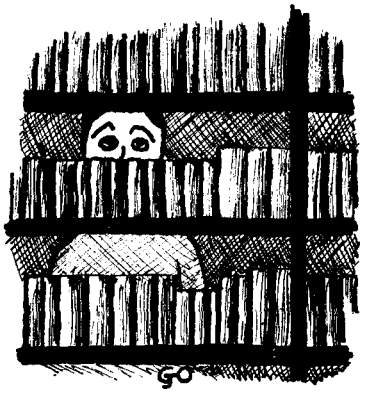
Environment Book Roundup

Ecotactics: The Sierra Club Handbook for Environment Activists, *edited by John G. Mitchell with Constance L. Stallings (Pocket Books, 287 pp., $.95),* explains both imaginatively and optimistically how groups of individuals, especially students, can take action to improve the quality of the environment. Most of the twenty-eight contributors are young; several are still in college and graduate school. They thoroughly understand the tremendous political and economic power of the country's major polluters. But they understand, too, how well-informed and well-organized citizens can bring pressure to bear against the government officials and industries responsible for destroying the Earth's air, land, and water. Most of the writers are veterans of effective anti-pollution campaigns on their campuses and in their communities. They draw on their own experiences as they tell other eco-activists how to initiate action projects; how to attract the attention of the news media; how to influence Congressmen; how to make use of the law; how to plan an environment teach-in; and how to develop curricula for ecology courses.

The Environmental Crisis, *edited by Harold W. Helfrich, Jr. (Yale University Press, 187 pp., $7.50),* is a series of twelve lectures delivered in a 1968-69 symposium at the Yale University School of Forestry by a group of distinguished spokesmen from the fields of science, law, regional planning, economics, and government. The collection is a comprehensive introduction to the major components of the environmental crisis. Ecologist LaMont C. Cole, botanist David Gates, and regional planner Ian L. McHarg provide clear explanations of the delicate biological interrelationships that make up the Earth's ecological system, and show how man's destruction of the Earth's natural biological balance threatens all life; biologist Paul R. Ehrlich, food resource authority Georg Borgstrom, and plant pathologist James G. Horsfall document the threat of massive food shortages in the wake of uncontrolled population growth; and Charles R. Ross, a former member of the Federal Power Commission, describes how the federal government protects industries that pollute the environment in their stampede for economic profits.

Superhighway-Superhoax, *by Helen Leavitt (Doubleday, 324 pp., $6.95),* scrutinizes the development of the federal highway system, a multibillion-dollar public works project that provides financial benefits to automobile, steel, petroleum, and construction interests; political benefits to a large number of government officials; and that precludes the development of efficient mass transit systems, thereby leaving the public no alternative but the automobile. The crux of the highway program, the author explains, is the Federal Highway Trust Fund, which finances federal highways through the receipt of taxes on gasoline, tires, and auto accessories. In 1969, the fund provided $5-billion for highway construction, whereas the federal mass transit budget for the entire country was only $175-million. An additional problem, the book points out, is the fact that the use of land for highways diminishes the tax bases of the cities. Naming names, the author untangles the intricate web of government officials and private interests who jointly promote ongoing highway construction and who, she says, have literally taken the public "for a ride."

Approaching the Benign Environment, *edited by Taylor Littleton (University of Alabama Press, 121 pp., $6),* consists of three lectures given by inventor-philosopher R. Buckminster Fuller; James R. Killian, Jr., chairman of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Eric A. Walker, president of Pennsylvania State University, for the Franklin Lectures in the Sciences and Humanities at Auburn University. They explore the question of whether man can retain his humanity and ideals within a rapidly changing scientific and technological society. Specifically each in his own way expresses concern about the narrow education of engineers and scientists who, increasingly, are being called on to help solve society's social problems, many of which were partially created by technology itself. Fuller, whose lecture "Education for Comprehensivity" comprises most of the book, gives an intriguing historical analysis of the societal extinction inherent in specialization. Man was born to be "generally adaptive," he says, "and yet we have become specialists."



The Conservation Fraud, *by Charles Zurhorst (Cowles, 164 pp., $4.95),* criticizes the government for failing to meet its responsibility for solving the pollution crisis. The attack on the government, however, turns out to be a fraudulent premise for a scantily researched book that, in fact, tries to paint government as the big bad polluter and industry as the almost innocent bystander, having little responsibility for pollution. With little subtlety, the book jacket says that the author "has been a public relations consultant for oil, chemical, and manufacturing companies." He criticizes the federal government for spending "well in excess of $20-billion a year" for a poorly organized conservation program "that would make a Junior Achievement center blush with shame," but he doesn't say how any of that tremendous sum was spent. And he lashes out against conservation groups, especially the Sierra Club and the National Audubon Society, for being "powerfully influential in Washington," another sweeping charge that he fails to support with facts.

The Diligent Destroyers, *by George Laycock (Doubleday, 225 pp., $4.95),* indicts the dam builders, highway engineers, and strip miners who have caused irreparable damage to the country's rivers, forests, and mountains as the price for gaining economic and political profits for a small segment of society. The author makes a detailed case against the Army Corps of Engineers, who build one big dam after another without any overall plan, while destroying wildlife preserves and the country's few remaining wild rivers. The corps, which he calls "the world's largest construction organization," stays in business, he charges, chiefly to satisfy Congress's insatiable appetite for pork-barrel projects. Furthermore, he states that both the corps and the Bureau of Reclamation, which is responsible for large water projects in the Western states, "are famous for shaving cost figures" for their proposed projects. The author gives first-hand descriptions of his visits to many of the rivers and mountains mentioned, both before and after they were scarred by man, making the book especially readable.

Carol Lawson

Carol Lawson is a free-lance writer and a consultant to the Ford Foundation.

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Buckminster Fuller

Continued from page 57

ing and sources of authority come from a vested interest in the politics of scarcity and nonspending, Fuller turns to education as the major counterforce against destruction and oblivion.

Here he is on the firmest of all the ground he walks. His ideas for educational reform go directly to the issues raised by students about the irrelevance and triviality of the present curriculum. Special studies, says Fuller, are studies that produce specialists, and specialists are people about to be replaced by computers. The main task of the human intellect is to put things together in comprehensive patterns, not to separate them into special compartments.

This means that the education of children and college students must be arranged so that each will have the chance to escape from the constrictions of specialized knowledge, and can learn to look at the world as a spaceship with identifiable and world-wide characteristics. One way of doing this is through Fuller's World Game, the objective of which is to work out ways of "how to make humanity a continuing success at the earliest possible moment"—in other words, how to make the world work.

Fuller started a pilot project for the game last summer at the New York Studio School of Painting and Sculpture with twenty-six students from physics, biology, art, architecture, and anthropology in a six-week session, during which he spent two weeks talking about his ideas. The main body of work was done in student research projects on contemporary social and cultural trends, using films, libraries, United Nations documents, and government reports in order to compile specific data about the whole Earth. For example, exact information was assembled on world population growth, the sources and extent of physical energy in the world, the uses of atomic energy as fuel for industrial production, and the amount of protein and food substances necessary to keep the whole world alive at a high level of nourishment. Particular kinds of questions were asked about world trends and facts relevant to preserving the environment, such as how much copper, aluminum, and steel are involved in food production, what the world per capita consumption of fibers is, how much gasoline was burned by cars last year, what are the essentials a country must have in order to industrialize.

Answers to questions such as these became necessary to play the World Game, and the need for investigation of new questions and the invention of the questions themselves sprang from the fact that the students, individually and in teams, were out to solve practical world problems, one of which was how to feed the entire world at what the students called a "bare maximum."

Fuller's long-run plan for the project is to have students in universities around the world work at the problems in teams, exchanging ideas and information from country to country, and making proposals based on their studies to the United Nations and the leadership of their own and other countries. To this international information network will be added new information fed into computers from satellite scanners, which, as Fuller points out, are not only collecting shared information about weather trends on a whole-Earth scale, but are inadvertently telephotoing the whereabouts and number of beef cattle around the surface of the entire Earth, along with the exact condition of the world's crops at each season of the year.

The students in the Studio School World Game worked out preliminary solutions (scenarios) for satisfying what they considered to be the two most vital needs of the world population, electrical energy and food supply, and then went on to preliminary studies of world housing needs, medicine, income, communications, and transportation. They ended the six weeks with presentations of their findings in charts, drawings, graphs, and written statements, having made, in the course of working together, a chart four feet high and sixty feet long around the game room to present some of their basic data for use as they went along.

Each of the students has continued to work on the World Game after returning to his home campus; some are teaching it to others, some are making plans to include it in social science courses as a basic part of the curriculum. At the University of Southern Illinois, where Fuller holds a professorship, a headquarters has been estab-

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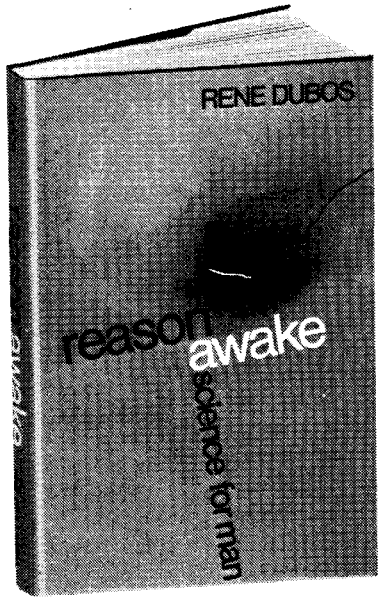

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lished where students are now at work to enlarge the numbers of students and teachers participating in the game, while going ahead with their own research. All those connected with the project testify that they will never be the same again.

It is in his capacity never to leave people the same again that Fuller rises to the level of his genius. That quality is harder to understand from his writing than it is from his physical presence, when he spins out his two-, three-, or four-hour talks, and sets his own mind in motion as he explains what he means. What he does is to increase the range and velocity of ideas, his own and yours. He lifts you out of whatever you have been thinking and takes you on a Fuller trip. We can build a mile-high city and float it out to sea. We can build a dome the size of two football fields and fly it in to make an instant university. We can feed and house everyone on Earth, eliminate all office work, use the office buildings of New York as residences with all the work computerized in the basement.

To people who say the hell we can, Fuller says let's see, let's do a comprehensive anticipatory design plan, figure it all out, stay away from politicians, work out the details, and if it can't be a mile high, how about half a mile?

Even when he is outrageously wrong, even when he oversimplifies, even when he overcomplicates, even when he jumps to huge conclusions on the slimmest of empirical fact, he changes your mind and extends your consciousness.

Consider one final example. Using as an axiom his own principle of not owning cars but renting new ones at airports, Fuller makes the overall deduction that it is time for mankind to stop owning things, and gives us a new proposition: "Possession is becoming progressively burdensome and wasteful and, therefore, obsolete."

But not long ago, after one of his three-hour talks to students at a conference in Pennsylvania, he was seen on the parking lot peering hopefully under the hood of his rented new car. In doing so he was on the way to understanding another law of the universe that he habitually and conscientiously ignores—Murphy's Law, which runs, "Anything that *can* go wrong, *will* go wrong."

Until Fuller can get that law either repealed or disproved, he is going to have trouble fitting it into the operating principles of his universe. When faced with that challenge, Fuller will simply run up a comprehensive anticipatory design plan to take care of Murphy.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 59: discern, cinders, Rescind.

Indonesia

Continued from page 39

the defeat of the plot and the collapse of the communists.

While Brackman makes no attempt to excuse or condone the slaughter of thousands of communists and alleged communists that followed, he does much to put it into perspective and explain how the massacre could happen. He holds, however, that the United States, "out of respect for humanity, should have spoken out publicly against the horror."

Brackman includes chapters about the effect of the September 30 affair on Peking and Moscow. For the former, it was "a setback of the first magnitude." For Moscow, the purge came not only as a surprise but raised the problem of how it should be treated. A year after the event, the Kremlin finally accused Sukarno and, by implication, the Indonesian communists of having rejected peaceful coexistence and "slipped towards dangerous adventures." This was similar to Moscow's criticisms of Peking.

For the first time the so-called "Cornell Paper" is discussed openly and at length. This document, produced by members of the Modern Indonesia Project at Cornell, bears no author's name or publication date, but it apparently came out within three months after October 1, 1965. Its position is that the coup was "neither the work of the PKI or Sukarno himself." Brackman wonders what motivated the people who produced the paper, and quotes with favor the explanation given by the head of the RAND Corporation Asia Section, Professor Guy Pauker, who believes the authors "simply possess an irrational sympathy towards the communists."

Brackman agrees with Indonesian leaders that what they did, they did without outside help, but he is convinced that if the Americans had pulled out of Vietnam in 1965 the encouragement to the communists, not only in Indonesia but throughout Southeast Asia, would have been so great as to insure a PKI takeover in Indonesia sooner or later.

In concluding, the author has some important observations. He asserts that the September 30 affair shattered "the notion that communism in Asia is necessarily the wave of the future." He also contends, in view of the fact that the PKI so closely identified itself with Indonesian nationalism, that the episode "discredited—or at least should have discredited—the thesis that 'nationalism' is necessarily the antidote to communism in Asia." Warning that the PKI could come back, although the present prospects for this look dim, Mr. Brackman adds, "Should the present quasi-military government retain power for an inordinate period or devolve into a genuine military régime, the PKI's chances, however slim, would obviously improve."

The most recent information from Indonesia indicates that Suharto and his colleagues appreciate this danger and are determined to prevent it.

For anyone truly concerned with the difficulties of developing countries in Southeast Asia and the way communism can complicate their problems, this book has much to offer. It is not necessary to agree with all of Mr. Brackman's judgments, but he should be commended for bringing together in a comparatively short book so much material that can help us judge the future as well as the past.

John M. Allison is a former United States Ambassador to Indonesia.

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Shakespeare

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and women who are more real than our own brothers and sisters. I have been vexed for some time now at the persistence of scholars in trying to make Shakespeare out as a belated medievalist, a latter-day carpenter of morality plays, a supporter of the status quo (I see no proof that he was for the status quo or against it). Greatly as I admire Dante, I do not see how a reading of him can provide any "clue" to Shakespeare. The clues to Shakespeare can be provided solely by observation and experience of life itself; the only way to read "Shakespeare's theater as a whole" is to read it with a lively, open mind and a warm heart. Who reads without these, encyclopedic though his knowledge may be, reads in vain.

The book under consideration is made up largely of essays written by Mr. Fergusson "to introduce the plays in the Laurel Shakespeare series," arranged here in chronological order, and supplemented with five short essays. This will explain why some of what is said is familiar, occasionally too much so (*e.g.*, "Hymen was the Greek god of marriage"), once in a while inexcusably trite (*e.g.*, Shylock as "the wronged and suffering"). But Mr. Fergusson can be very good, too: "Each of the Henry IV plays presents a different phase of the demoralized, but passing, time. In *Part 1* the Prince and Falstaff can mock the worried régime with gusto, to our perennial delight; but in *Part 2* everyone is older. The Prince has tired of his playboy role and of his huge playmate; Falstaff, feeling unloved, has grown even more shameless; and the King, like his unsponsored reign, has lasted too long."

Some of Mr. Fergusson's comparisons are as excellent as they are lively: "Beatrice, for all her learning and intelligence, reminds one of a little girl who can't resist sticking her tongue out at the boys; and Benedick, that bearded warrior and polished gentleman, is like a boy who expresses his interest in girls by pulling pigtails." He is no doubt correct in suggesting that Bertram, instead of being depicted as a cold fish, ought to be played by an attractive and engaging actor in order to explain Helena's love for him. Fergusson's words on Iago are wise: "Shakespeare always presents evil as a mystery that we can't quite solve. He does not attempt to tell us how Iago 'got that way.' But by the end of Act I he makes us feel that Iago and Othello are bound to have a life-and-death struggle. The very being of Othello reduces Iago to futility: he literally cannot bear to let him live." That is a brilliant summing-up of the villain.

I am far less pleased with Mr. Fergusson's article on *Hamlet*. The theme of the play, he asserts, is that the "illness of the state, and of the young prince who is 'born' or destined to cure it, is clearly the basis of the play as a whole." I dissent. The theme of the play, as I have elsewhere attempted to show, is the catastrophe that an amazingly gifted, strong, intuitive, and brilliant prince brings upon his own head by an insufficient control of his rash nature. Shakespeare was primarily interested in men and women, not conditions of the state. Mr. Fergusson throws in, too, a sort of pseudo-Marxism one would not have expected to meet after the 1930s: "The cynical courtiers live off of Denmark; the Danish people . . . all suffer from and illustrate the Danish corruption." Small evidence for that. "Claudius has deprived Hamlet of the crown." Not so. It belonged to Gertrude still.

Like so many commentators, the author sees Shakespeare as a "passionate" defender of the sacredness of the crown—*i.e.*, one who held "that the monarch is divinely designated to 'figure' God on earth." I have always found that hard to swallow. Who says: "There's such divinity doth hedge a king/That treason can but peep to what it would,/Acts little of his will."? A murderer and adulterer, the villain of *Hamlet*. A critic cannot have it both ways: either Shakespeare was a philosopher à la Plato, and his words must be taken literally, or else he was a dramatist, in which case we must interpret what is said according to the character of the speaker. It is when Lear is mad that he describes himself as "every inch a king!" Are we supposed to take that as Shakespeare's reflection on what a true king is like? Henry IV's "Then, happy low, lie down!/Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" are surely not the words of a man who figures as God on earth. Shakespeare's sympathies for the crown were entirely dependent on the character of the monarch in question. To say more is to deprive him of his unfailing humanity.

Mr. Fergusson's book will be found provocative by those who do not agree with him here and there, as well as by those who do throughout. There is more than enough in it to reward the attention of any reader.

Bernard Grebanier wrote "The Heart of Hamlet," "The Truth About Shylock," and "The Great Shakespeare Forgery."

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(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 73)

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NEW HAMPSHIRE—Monadnock region. 3 bedroom house and/or travel trailer. 603-835-6684.

COLORADO CABIN, Sangre Cristo Mountains. 3 bedrooms, modern conveniences. Trails, hiking, fishing. Box V-420.

LARGE ISOLATED FARMHOUSE near Cooperstown, N.Y. Magnificent view. SR Box V-308.

CHILMARK, MASSACHUSETTS — Martha's Vineyard. Modern 3 room cottage. June $250; July $450. First 2 weeks in August $300. SR Box V-391.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y. House for 1-2, in quiet countryside. Car essential. May 15th-October 15th. $1,125. Tel. 914-PA 4-5137.

VERMONT FARMHOUSE, beautifully restored, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3½ hours NYC. $125 week. Call 201-334-1630 days.

WASHINGTON, D.C. is only four miles from this 4 bedroom country home in McLean, Virginia. Available July and August. SR Box V-716.

WAITSFIELD, VERMONT. Chalet. Sleeps 12. Family rates. Weekly-monthly. Near golf, swimming, tennis. McLauchlin, 7 Chestnut Hill, Loudonville, N.Y. 12211.

MUSICIAN'S HOUSE, Amherst, Massachusetts. Bluthner grand, fireplace, 1 bedroom. June 18th-August 30th. $650. SR Box V-476.

SKI CHALET in Smokeshire Valley in Chester, Vermont. 2 bedrooms, spring water, all conveniences. No children. 10 acres. Respond to Box 288, Marion, Massachusetts 02738.

COTTAGE, near Bar Harbor, June, July. 3 bedrooms, furnished, electricity. $135 weekly. Kenneth Hutchins, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

SOUTHERN VERMONT, near Jamaica. 3 bedroom Techbuilt house, $225 month. Box V-483.

BERKSHIRES—Secluded, rustic, all comforts. Sleep 6. Summer or part. J. Austrian, 517 East 87th Street, NYC 10017.

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HOUSE WANTED

Ph.D. NEEDS HOME for 5, books, dogs, horse; good high school; New York commuting. Box V-309.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA. N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420. Summer rentals available.

For Rent—Furnished

SUMMER, N.H.'s WHITE MOUNTAINS. Furnished condominium housekeeping apartments in a beautiful, secluded mountain valley. 2-5 bedroom units fully equipped with every convenience. Fireplace. Golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, children's program. Reasonable. Village Condominium, Box C, Waterville Valley, N.H. 03223. 603-236-8301.

MEXICO CITY—Stylish apartment in desirable location. Acapulco seaside house. Pesquera, Mar Mediterraneo No. 146, Mexico, D.F. 17. Phone 5-27-25-04.

EAST 60's—Artist's apartment. Living room, bedroom, dining-room kitchen. Handsomely furnished. May-October. $275. 212-TE 8-3561.

For Summer Rental

CHARMING FLOOR-THROUGH West Village NYC apartment available June 17th-September 16th. $500 plus care two cats, plants; includes utilities, telephone, maid. References. Box V-720.

EAST 30's. Handsomely furnished, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, high floor, doorman, air conditioned, fireplace. June 1st-August 30th. $500 monthly. 212-LE 2-5071 evenings.

DUBLIN—Top floor, twin-bedded 2 bedroom flat. Historic Georgian Square. Central to everything: Trinity, museums, shopping. $280 month. 213-454-2765.

MANHATTAN. Spacious 4 rooms, Hudson River view, doorman. SR Box V-494.

APARTMENT WANTED

MANHATTAN—1½ room unfurnished studio wanted by businesswoman. To $175 monthly. Box T-929.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SKI CLUBS—Need a hostelry? Three story building near Stowe, Vermont. $30,000. 609-877-9218.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

NOVA SCOTIA—for sale—100 acres, 150 year old house, 3 fireplaces, central heating. SR Box V-463.

ENJOY VERMONT—Panoramic view—150 acres, farmhouse, fireplace. Trout brook, quiet secluded area. Only $35,000. Janice F. Morrill, Broker, Rt 2, St. Johnsbury, Vermont 05819. Phone 802-748-9340.

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HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-515, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

RECORD SHOP—Ideal retirement business, beautiful location, discriminating clientele. 804 Anacapa, Santa Barbara, California 93101.

AMAZING!! HOME BUSINESS! "Processing business forms." Write today! Wessales, Box 93-SR, Charleston, S.C. 29402.

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CRAFT PROGRAM FOR 15 TEENAGERS in Berkshires plus seminars on social issues. Box 201, Putney, Vermont 05346.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides ranch/travel adventures, boys 13-17. 24th summer. Girls' travel program: Pacific Coast, Alaska. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

UNDER SEA ACADEMY—Join a marine archeological expedition. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. Phone 412-335-8844.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream. Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 45th year. Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

NOMADIC CAMP: Horseback, tipis. Oglala Sioux Reservation. Write Dode Brown Hair, Box 571, Allen, S.D.

THREE WOODLAND CAMPS. Boys 7 to 15. Established 1908. June 25th through August 19th. Enrollment limited to sixty boys per camp. Camper counselor ratio three to one. Balanced flexible program includes time to enjoy being a boy. Write Winona, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

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RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

VACATIONS

SAILING INSTRUCTIONS. Tennis, swimming. Maine coast. Lester Rhoads, Boothbay, Maine 04537.

N.H.'s WHITE MOUNTAINS. Golf, tennis, swimming, hiking and children's program in a beautiful, secluded mountain valley. Easy access. Accommodations at four modern inns, or rent a completely equipped 2-5 bedroom condominium apartment. Continental cuisine, lounges, entertainment. Reasonable. Free brochure. Waterville Valley Associates, Box A, Waterville Valley, N.H. 03223. 603-236-8371.

MAINE ISLAND HOME. Available except July 19th-August 29th. Box V-303.

TAOS—Art, culture, beauty in northern New Mexico mountains as the personal quest of resident artist. Free brochure. Trebor de Taos, Box 242, Taos, New Mexico 87571.

OCEAN COTTAGES. Large, new, housekeeping. Fireplaces, electric heat. May-November. Thompson House Cottages, New Harbor, Maine 04554.

NASSAU. BAHAMAS. Relax in elegant informality in 1-2-3 room apartments with kitchens, air conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded country inn, lovely old estate. Pine woods, gardens, orchards. Near beautiful Cove Beach. 20 rooms. Meals. 617-693-2298. Lambert's Cove Inn, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568.

DISTINCTIVE COTTAGE COLONY in the Green Mountains. Spacious, landscaped grounds. Exceptional quality food. Modified A.P. Pool. Lawn sports. Golf nearby. AAA, ALA, MOBIL. American Express. Mid-May—Mid-October. The Adams, Dept. 2, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods lodge and motel. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. On picturesque Arnold Trail. Private airstrip adjacent. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

STUDENT EUROPEAN CAMPING TOURS, all age levels, coeducational, group or semi-independent tours. Scholarships available. 22 days, $395. P.O. Box 2688, Winter Haven, Florida 33880.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

JACKSON HOLE COUNTRY. Dude ranch bordering Grand Teton National Park. Riding, fishing, hiking. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE on magnificent Vermont mountain estate. Color brochure. Box 11, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

WHITE CLOUD MOUNTAINS neighbor guest ranch. Fishing, swimming, horses, gracious dining. Patricia Young, Robinson Bar Ranch, Clayton, Idaho. 208-838-2354.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

(Continued on page 76)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 75)

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

NATURE'S TRANQUILIZER: A serene island, a small hotel and miles of winding trails through softwood forests to majestic cliffs where the sounds of birds, deep throated reef buoys and the wind in the trees awaken one's soul. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box R, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

FLORIDA WITHOUT AGORAPHOBIA. Efficiencies, private beach, pool, amenities . . . near Palm Beach yet secluded. Ocean Terrace Motel, Juno Beach, 33403.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $74 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guesthouse where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

COLORADO MOUNTAINS—Rent one of twenty professors'/physicians' modern vacation homes in remote 1,300 acre ranch. Antialcoholic owners prefer kids, quiet families seeking rugged recreation. SR Box T-914.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

DIVI DIVI—no double talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel, Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Pick a unique private casita with beachfront patio or a luxurious terraced room in the main building. Full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar sand beach. See your travel agent or for color brochure contact Utell International, 160 Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-2981.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

CAPE COD at its BEST. Directly on the ocean. Fabulous view on three sides. A combination of country, privacy, convenience. Private beach, mammoth pool, nightly dancing. Near golf, deep-sea fishing. Many deluxe rooms. $27 up per person daily (double occupancy) includes breakfast, dinner. June 20th-Labor Day. Cape Codder Hotel, Box CC-3, Falmouth, Massachusetts 02541.

SUPERB MAINE SEASIDE RESORT under two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. Theatre, art colony nearby. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

CROWN POINT, "The Everything Hotel." Plan your next vacation at the "everything" hotel; from $30.00 single to $55.00 double per day M.A.P. Crown Point Hotel, Tobago, W.I.

VACATIONS

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

CASUAL PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE—Country Inn, Guest Cottages on Berkshire Hills' largest natural lake. Finest New England Bed, Board, Brew. 250 acres, shore to woodland trails. Special June rates. Boulders on Lake Waramaug, New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

ONLY 2 HOURS from Boston—90 acre estate. Enchanting combination of sweetly scented pine groves and majestic ocean cliffs. View 7 miles to sea 3 directions. Dinner—Cocktails—Pool—Golf. Nearby Beaches, Theatre, etc. May into October. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907. The Cliff House & Motels.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Free brochure. Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington, Swimming pool, lawn sports. $75 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

TAKE A YOGA VACATION in the beautiful Poconos. Write for brochure: Yoga, RD3, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful inn for 20 adults or groups on Cape Cod. Patios, all private baths. Colonial atmosphere. Continental breakfast. West Harwich, Massachusetts 02671.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

SERENDIB—A handsome vacation home in the country. D. N. Blyler, RD 2, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania 17815.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

OLYMPIC PENINSULA: delightful lakeside cottages. Brochure: Rain Forest Resort, Quinault, Washington 98575.

VACATIONS

CUMBRES WEEKEND. Explorations in Personal Growth. Friday-Sunday—$95 includes lodging, meals, group sessions: Self-Appreciation, Sensory Awareness, Physical Reorientation, T'ai Chi, Art Workshops. For information reservations write Cumbres, Dublin, N.H. 03444.

HOTEL WITH ABSOLUTE PRIVACY. At Sapphire Bay, U.S. Virgin Islands, where the weather is perfect year 'round. Each individual guest house has its own private swimming pool secluded in a walled garden. Living room, bedroom, dressing room, kitchen and luxurious bath. Air conditioned. Maid service. Sensible daily rates. Idyllic for two—spacious enough for four or five. Quiet bar. Send for information about the most private hotel on the liveliest island in the Caribbean. For brochure or reservations by the day or longer contact Dept. S, Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York. 212-JU 6-4500. Or your travel agent. The Pavilions & Pools, Box 2208, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

BARBADOS—On sparkling Caribbean beach, fully furnished house, 3 air conditioned bedrooms, staff of four, utilities included. Ideal 3 couples or family. April 15th-December 15th, $225 week; after December 15th, $550 week. Mrs. C. O. Williams, Forster Hall, St. Josephs, Barbados, W.I.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. Conway 603-447-218.

THE FUN ON ST. JOHN. U.S. Virgin Islands is at Estate Beth Cruz Hotel. Family accommodations, efficiencies, daily clean-up maid service, hilltop spectacular views, freedom from insects, freshwater pool, informal dining room, bar, frequent native entertainment, rental cars.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. Each person $17 to $23 daily; two delicious meals included. Rates $2 less in June; open 20th. Owner-Manager Thompson, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

MENORCA ISLAND, SPAIN. Rent unique fishing village residence. 2 bedrooms, living room, terraces. SR Box V-488.

NATURE-SOLITUDE-panoramic view-relaxation. Tip Top Inn, Cuttingsville, Vermont. Brochure.

NORTHEASTERN PUERTO RICO. Homesites overlooking Caribbean. ¼ to 5 acres. High, wooded, private. Excellent sailing and golf nearby. A very sensible investment. Contact Caribbean Properties Limited, 171 Del Parque. Santurce, Puerto Rico 00911. Cable: Caribprop San Juan.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. Tel. 802-247-5766. Or write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 8, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, heated pool, water skiing. Write for folder. Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

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LA SORBONNE, College students. $680. 8 weeks. Includes round trip jet transportation, tuition, directors' fees, room and board for 6 weeks. 2 weeks free. Also, University de Grenoble. June-August. Write: World Youth Culture, Inc., New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. Tel: 203-966-3807.

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FILM SCHOOL—Cinema and still photography; poetry, synthesized music offered independently and as related motifs. Complete facilities in unique milieu. Praesteqaard, Kettrup pr., Fjerritslev 9690, Denmark.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship and complete field research in port. Applications accepted now for accredited Fall, Spring 1970-'71 semesters. Fall semesters emphasize Mediterranean-Latin American studies; spring semesters, Asian-African studies. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

STUDY IN SPAIN: Six week summer sessions - University Granada, 6 credits, $625.* Academic Semester $1,350*/Year $1,950* University Seville, 30 credits. *Total Costs. Box V-314, Tel. 203-372-4254.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1882

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Superficial	8 16 28 74 151 155 157
B. A lively old-time dance	158 174 178 6 18 59 67
C. Spread out	71 117 125 129 132 146 159 165
D. Lining membrane of the fourth stomach of a calf	177 186 190 204 12 15
E. Natural aptitude or gift for something	29 41 47 53 63 70 120 184
F. Couplet	81 106 127 24 40 65 68
G. Piraeus is its port	189 27 36 49 87 91
H. Austrian actor-playwright (1802-62; "Lumpacivagabundus")	92 97 104 113 142 149 187
I. Begging; beggar	197 22 34 107 139 199 4 19 35
J. Typically (3 wds.)	43 52 73 83 88 110 135 192 13 25
K. Followed by WORD Y: "Were . . . Brutus Antony, there were an Antony/ Would ———."	39 150 191 201 20 31
L. English author (1885-1930; "The Plumed Serpent", Mornings in Mexico")	176 79 137 5 51 122 133 144
M. Ingredient used by the "secret, black, and midnight hags." (3 wds.)	162 14 55 61 141 154 169 196 82

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Symbol of subjection or servitude	75 93 128 134
O. Flogged	85 89 11 109 140 163 175 183
P. "The precious life-blood of a master spirit," according to Milton (3 wds., "Areopagitica")	112 166 195 200 130 76 101 115 153
Q. Chinese tree bearing a small, aromatic, pulpy fruit in a thin, rough shell	180 203 95 1 45 54
R. Pattern, model	99 124 66 62 172 193 182
S. *Heraldy: twisted into a* knot	23 57 3 103 152
T. Paul told Timothy he had kept it. (2 wds.; Timothy 4:7)	121 138 77 202 90 143 102 111
U. Considers (2 wds.)	114 185 181 173 42 9 2 58
V. Exhibited (2 wds.)	33 160 50 167 17 148
W. Henry VIII's fourth wife (3 wds.)	164 145 30 119 69 44 188 194 37 168 123
X. Section of the Talmud containing the Oral Law	100 46 78 96 170 84 60 48
Y. 3 wds. following WORD K	171 118 198 131 10 98 72 179 80 26 7
Z. Strove toward (2 wds.)	56 161 86 94 126 105 64 147
Z¹ Low dormer over which the roof is carried in a wave line	116 21 108 38 32 136 156

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 Q	2 U	3 S	4 I	5 L	6 B		7 Y	8 A		9 U	10 Y	11 O	12 D	13 J	14 M		15 D
16 A	17 V		18 B	19 I	20 K	21 Z¹		22 I	23 S	24 F	25 J	26 Y	27 G	28 A	29 E	30 W	31 K
32 Z¹		33 V	34 I		35 I	36 G	37 W		38 Z¹	39 K	40 F	41 E	42 U		43 J	44 W	
45 Q	46 X	47 E		48 W	49 G	50 V	51 L	52 J	53 E	54 Q	55 M	56 Z		57 S	58 U		59 B
60 X	61 M	62 R		63 E	64 Y		65 F	66 R	67 B		68 F	69 W	70 E	71 C	72 Y	73 J	74 A
75 N		76 P	77 T		78 X	79 L	80 Y	81 F		82 M	83 J	84 X	85 O		86 Z	87 G	88 J
	89 O	90 T	91 G		92 H	93 N	94 Z		95 Q	96 X	97 H		98 Y	99 R	100 X	101 P	102 T
103 S	104 H	105 Z		106 F	107 I	108 Z¹	109 O		110 J	111 T	112 P	113 H		114 U	115 P		116 Z¹
117 C	118 Y	119 W	120 E	121 T		122 L	123 W	124 R	125 C		126 Z	127 F	128 N	129 C	130 P		131 Y
132 C	133 L	134 N		135 J	136 Z¹	137 L		138 T	139 I	140 O		141 M	142 H	143 T	144 L	145 W	146 C
147 Y		148 V	149 H	150 K	151 A	152 S		153 P	154 M	155 A	156 Z¹		157 A	158 B	159 C	160 V	
161 Z	162 M		163 O	164 W	165 C		166 P	167 V	168 W	169 M	170 X		171 Y	172 R		173 U	174 B
175 O	176 L		177 D	178 B	179 Y	180 Q	181 U	182 R	183 O		184 E	185 U	186 D	187 H		188 W	189 G
190 D		191 K	192 J	193 R	194 W	195 P	196 M		197 I	198 Y		199 I	200 P	201 K	202 T	203 Q	204 D

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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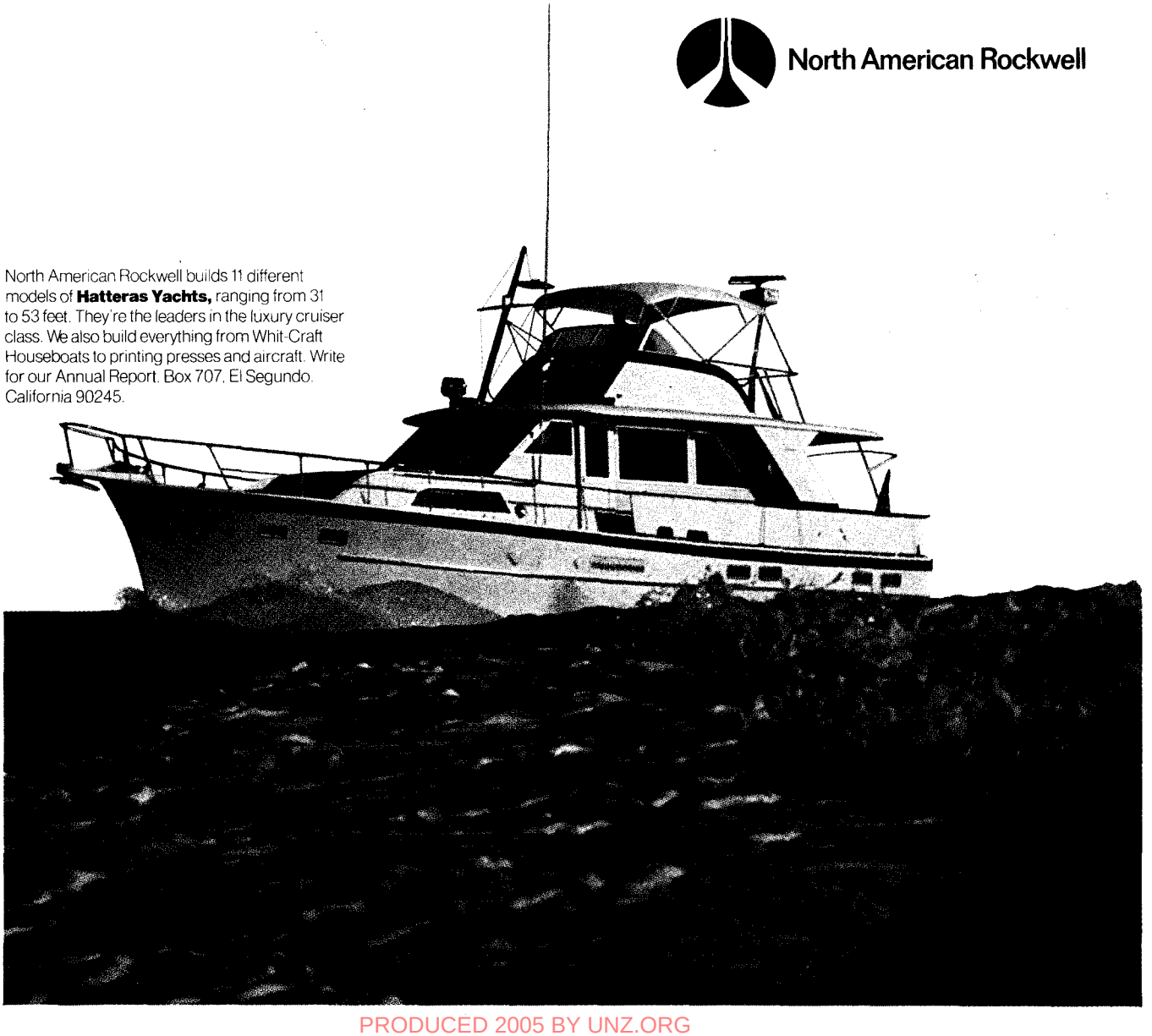

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